
A MISCELLANEOUS
COLLECTION

G F

ORIGINAL POEMS, &c.



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A MISCELLANEOUS
COLLECTION

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N.T. K
ORIGINAL POEMS,

CONSISTING OF

Odes, Epistles, Translations, &c.

WRITTEN CHIEFLY

On *Political* and *Moral* Subjects.

To which are added,

Occasional LETTERS and ESSAYS, formerly published in
Defence of the present *Government* and *Administration*.

Tanta eis morbi, atque uti tabes civium, animos invaserat, ut cuncta plebis, novarum rerum studio, Catalinæ incepta probabat. Nam semper in civitate, quibus opes nullæ sunt, bonis irvident, malos extollunt: vetera odere, nova exoptant; odio suarum rerum, mutari omnia student; turbâ et seditionibus sine curâ aluntur; quoniam egestas facile habetur sine damno.— Qui ubique probro aut pelulantia maximè præstabant; item alii, per dedecora, patrimoniis omissis; postremò omnes, quos flagitium aut facinus domo expulerat, hi Romam, sicuti in sentinam, confluxerant; eos atque alios omnes, malum publicum alebat; quo minus mirandum est homines egentes, malis moribus, maxima spe, reipublicæ juxta, ac sibi consuluisse.

Salust. bellum Catalinarium.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. WILSON, at the *Turk's-Head* in *Gracechurch-street*,

MDCCL.



To the Honourable

Mr. * * * *,

With the present *Miscellaneous Collections*.

———*Cape dona extrema*———

WHILE kings and patriots grace their lays,
Pleas'd in the strain a while to live ;
Their poets share the hero's praise,
And half th' applause they seem to give.

If * * * * adorns th' ambitious song,
In fair, but native colours shewn ;
As we his worth in verse prolong,
We add a lustre to our own.

Tho' modesty conceals a name,
His country's boast, and *Britain's* pride ;
It only serves to shew that fame
More beauteous, which it strives to hide.

The

DEDICATION.

The wretch's mournful brow to chear,
And sooth the soul with pangs oppress;
To dry the widow's falling tear,
And glad the sighing orphan's breast:

These pious cares to sorrow kind,
As now her mournful sons repine,
Which long inspir'd a PARENT's mind,
Shall once, lov'd Youth, revive in thine.

To G - - - 's fam'd race, oh, add a praise,
By thy alliance made more fair;
The noble still to nobler raise,
And grace each title which you share.

Not the proud stile, or garter'd knee,
Her prudent passion cou'd enflame;
Who told the world, when match'd to thee,
She chose for worth as well as fame.

Thy

D E D I C A T I O N.

Thy smiling *Cham* henceforth shall glide
More proudly, and more pleas'd along ;
Boasting thy lyre upon his side,
So often breath'd its tuneful song.

Whose rival swains now left alone,
Less pensive, in their shades repine ;
With fewer tears thy absence moan,
Which gives them leave to please and shine.

Thus the fair nymphs of *Venus*' train,
Who grace her steps on *Ida*'s hill,
With all their beauty strive in vain,
When she is near, to please or kill.

Thy *Tully*'s powers shall once be thine,
To melt the heart, and soul engage ;
In youth instructed to refine
The taste and sense of blushing age.

While

DEDICATION.

While senates list'ning to thy voice,
Or guided by thy matchless skill;
In his lov'd image shall rejoice,
And own they hear the FATHER still.

While thy chaste heart its glories draws
From the fair actions it befriends;
Pleas'd only with the great applause
Which truth inspires, and virtue lends.

Oh, if the muse can boast a pow'r
(Thy *Newton* clos'd, and *Locke* thrown by)
To draw away thy soul one hour
From fame's pursuit, and beauty's eye.

Here view the scenes together brought
Where faction rails, and madness raves;
And all that wisdom ever taught,
When *Walpole* plans, or *Hardwick* saves.

Here

DEDICATION.

Here see the wreath and lawrel tore
From treason's brow, and envy's crest;
Each dying on those shafts they bore
Aloft, to pierce their country's breast.

While thy pleas'd thought applauds the care
Of *Britain's* guardians thro' the song;
That fame, their wisdom shews so fair,
That power, their schemes have made so strong.

With the rich gifts that grace the age,
Thy patriot's scorning to be seen;
With sense and parts, inspir'd by rage,
With honour, nurs'd by spite or spleen.

Smile then upon thy poet's verse,
Which bids the world and thee adieu;
'Twill shed a fragrance round his herse,
If pity'd, or bemoan'd by you.

DEDICATION.

'Twill for life's silent cares atone,
Which now each pensive hour attend,
To have it wrote upon his stone,
That * * * * was once his muse's friend.

Till then, in virtue's cause engag'd,
From great, oh rise to greater still;
And what thy past have long presag'd,
May thy fair future years fulfil.

Thus nurs'd in arms great *Philip's* son
The distant view of glory fir'd;
And all the wreaths the *monarch* won,
In thought before the *youth* acquir'd.

T. N.

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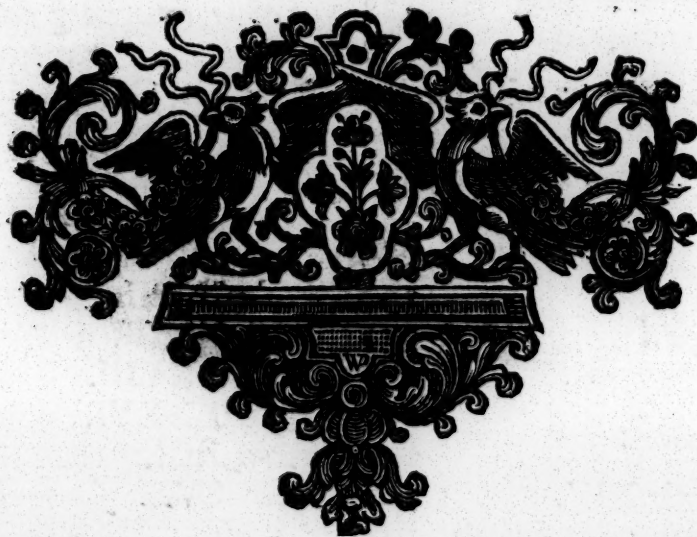
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M I S C E L

MISCELLANEOUS
COLLECTION
OF
ORIGINAL POEMS, &c.

Vindicta Britannica ; *an Ode to the real Patriot :
occasioned by the declaration of war against
Spain.*

THROUGH the dark storm, and angry tide
 Britain's strong vessel proudly steers ;
And taking W--LP--LE for her guide,
 No foe regards, or danger fears.

Around her brow they each look fair,
 And add by turns to her renown,
Whether her isle is pleas'd to wear
 The lawrel, or the olive crown.

B

If

If smiling peace her empire charms,
 Peace here shall fix her golden reign ;
 If war excites her sons to arms,
 Her fleets shall curb and awe the main.

Pleas'd to behold her fame compleat,
 With counsel join'd, when power unites ;
 Whose arms no rival shall defeat
 While prudence guides, and courage fights.

Let HADDOCK'S vengeful colours spread
 Like RALEIGH'S once across the air ;
 Fill ev'ry heart with equal dread,
 Wake in each breast the same despair.

Tell *Spain*, if *Britons* are her foes,
 How vain a fame her troops pursue,
 Who, e'er they conquer, must oppose
 The greatest strength, and wisdom too.

Whose king has found a pious way
 To humble those, his power who flight ;
 Who keeps his fleet at * home to pray,
 And sends his † saints abroad to fight.

* The two rich prizes were taken in view of the Spanish fleet, lying in Cadiz harbour.

† The image of St. Antonio is placed on the decks of all the Spanish ships that go abroad, and is address'd to with great solemnity, in all distresses and dangers.

All tongues, at last, thy plans avow
Just to the subject and the throne ;
Take then the wreath from *Fleury's* brow,
And plant it fairer on thy own.

Whose verdant leaves a light shall shed,
Dear to each faithful *Briton's* eye,
And throw a lustre round thy head
When whelm'd in shade, his glories die !

Whose altar shall the sage invoke
His fame to rescue from decay ?
Who views the schemes of ages broke,
And lost --- by one important day !

See the great issues of an hour !
Arm'd navies crowding ev'ry shore !
And *Philip* trembling at that power
He proudly seem'd to scorn before.

While *Bourbon's* eye looks sad, to view
Those fleets, which half his realms afright,
His lillies cast a fainter hue,
That blaz'd before with fullest light.

Aw'd then no more by *Iber's* pride,
Assert thy empire o'er the main ;
While nations, which thy force deride,
Tremble, great isle ; --- tho' they disdain.

Let thy dire flags, where'er they flow,

Terror and fear around display,

The rock it self a kinder foe,

The tempest dreaded less than they !

Shake then *Madrid*, with all her towers,

Be round her walls thy lightnings seen ;

While o'er her realms thy vengeance pours

Those shafts, which justice makes more keen.

Tell her pale king, he must behold

His wealths return no more with joy ;

Who drains each mine, and weighs his gold

For G E O R G E and *Britain* to destroy !

Place full before his aking fight

Thy squadrons form'd in dire array !

His soldiers dread, his navies flight,

And lost *Messina's* bleeding day,

Fix in his heart the self-same dread

His realms once felt, when o'er the main

E L I Z A's loudest thunder spread

The floating wrecks of half his *Spain*.

Wife to the wife, ah still appear,

Whoe'er thy pious care disclaims !

Still the same course of virtue steer

With the same zeal, whoever blames.

To gain thy foes a little ease,
And leave a theme for *St. J--n's* song,
When we have neither war nor peace,
We'll own thy schemes may then be wrong.

Guarding till then thy injur'd isle,
Add to her power the longest date ;
Less envy'd for thy sovereign's smile,
And *Britain's* love, than *Danvers'* hate.

Vain is the satire's keenest spight
In thy calm breast a pang to raise ;
When thus thy angry foes unite
To make thee lov'd, and give thee praise !

Great sage ! what magic hast thou found,
Thy bosom's quiet to maintain !
When the same hand, that gives the wound,
Removes the smart, and soothes the pain.

Thus when the sun each morn awakes,
And envious damps his glory shroud,
He scatters wide the mist, and takes
A fairer beauty from the cloud.

Let her brave sons in concord meet,
And *Britain* her own peace maintain ;
Madrid then arms her coward fleet,
With half her realms, and both in vain.

Bid our fierce passions cease to glow,
By thy kind voice at last suppress;
And pour those shafts upon the foe,
Which pierc'd so long thy country's breast.

Oh live to view this fair design,
On thy past fame a glory cast,
Thou like the sun shalt then decline,
Which keeps his brightest beams till last.

Tho' the great planet all the day
Cheers the glad world, and charms the fight;
Yet when he sets, his setting ray
Streams from his orb with fairest light.

Peace cherish'd long, and nurs'd by thee,
Gave to thy life its first renown;
BRITAIN AVENG'D, and COMMERCE FREE,
Its last great scenes with fame shall crown.

In life's decline, that calm repose
Which sweetens age, chuse then to taste;
And having quell'd all other foes,
Let *Spain* and ENVY be the last.

Rome's guardians thus with glory tir'd,
Wisely for ease exchanging fame,
Loft, in some peaceful shade retir'd,
The statesman's or the warrior's name.

Here,

Here from each woe their country freed,
By their own toil, the wise and brave,
To share that rest themselves agreed,
Which to the world their virtues gave.

Eas'd then of pomp, its weight resign,
Which does thy bosom's peace destroy;
That conscious fame, and gladness thine,
The virtuous only can enjoy.

In vain her charms shall grandeur spread;
More pleas'd, tho' distant now, to see
All *Europe's* kings, or court, or dread
One scepter, made so strong by thee.

*Verses to Peter Delme, Esq; on his marriage with
Miss Shaw, only daughter of Sir John Shaw,
Bart.*

FANCY in love too long has claim'd a part,
And the eye chose much oft'ner than the heart:
The fair been deem'd too long the fav'rite bride,
While outward grace was every gift beside:
From the bright feature if the arrow flew,
No shaft beside was wanted to subdue;
Pleas'd with the prize, the soul grew fond and lov'd,
Each smile and look the ravish'd sense approv'd:

To

To search for these, was all the lover's care,
And good esteem'd a meaner gift than fair.
The flowing step and dance, the song and dress,
Merits chose out in modern maids --- to bless.
Seldom did real worth the soul enthrall,
The lovely cheek, soft voice and eye, were all;
The volatile and vain their captives boast,
The virtuous only an unheeded toast.

IN thy wise choice both love and judgment meet,
Thy passion thoughtful, and thy flame discreet.
External form, too weak to melt and move,
'Tis something more that warms thy breast with love.
From fairest worth its birth thy passion takes,
And reason owns the choice which fancy makes
While her mix'd beauties, which by turns surprise,
Now touch thy heart, and now detain thy eyes;
In nature's softest mould each beauty cast,
That fairest still you view or doat on last:
'Tis neither this nor that can long employ,
While all conspire to give thy soul its joy.

THUS when the gems of night attract our eyes,
We know not from what star the lustre flies;
None can decide which most allures his sight,
When all diffuse the same soft beams of light.

BLESS'D

BLESS'D youth! what raptures must thy soul employ,
When beauty's self gives but a second joy?
When the bright Nymph, her triumphs to fulfil,
Can throw her charms aside --- yet conquer still?
(As rubies, which as strong a light unfold,
And pour a lustre round, without their gold.)
With ev'ry outward grace whose cheek can part,
Yet still have power to please, and reach the heart.
Tho' of one joy depriv'd, you still must live,
To know your heaven has nothing more to give;
It's richest blessings your's, beyond its power
To shed another on the bridal hour:
To one lov'd form delighted to impart
Grace, without pride; and virtue, void of art.

OUR *British* youth, by thy example taught,
No more with smiles allur'd, or titles caught,
The fair addressing, shall their taste improve,
Mix thought with passion, sense unite with love;
Shall place desert alone before their eye,
Nor sigh for coronets, for brilliants die;
Virtue no more for vanity shall quit,
Or worth decline, to doat on wealth or wit:
Beauty in none, the lover's eye shall see,
But those, oh chosen bride! who please like thee,

Whose cheek shall always warm, and breast inspire,
 And make possession ardent as desire.
 Be pleasing still, when beauty wears away,
 The fleeting short-liv'd phantom of a day.

THE lover's heart soft features oft inspire;
 Good nature some, good sense does others fire;
 Birth has on many fix'd love's gentle chain,
 Virtue on more, and life without a stain:
 Where these all meet, the eye and soul to move,
 The eye must wonder, and the soul must love;
 Tho' scarce from choice can that soft passion flow,
 Where to adore, is only first to know.

*On the late King's leaving Hanover, when he
 came first to England to receive the crown.*

SAD solemn scene! when *Britain's* voice
 Invites her monarch to renown;
 With sighs he makes a throne his choice,
 And with reluctance takes her crown.
 See! the great hero scarce decides,
 Nor knows whose wishes to obey,
 While one fond realm his absence chides,
 And one still courts his longer stay!

Oh

Oh stop thy ear ! oh turn thy eyes,
Unus'd to view a nation's moan !
Thou canst not sure attend their cries,
Nor with thy subjects, mix thy own !
Too well thy conscious virtue knows,
Why in each breast such anguish lives ;
Nor wilt refuse to share those woes,
Thy mournful absence ever gives !
Whose peoples sighs and fond desires,
As now he takes a sad adieu,
And from each aking heart retires,
Afflict him still ; and still pursue.
Till from their grief as he withdraws,
To gain *Britannia's* destin'd coast,
Faint and more faint in her applause
Their less'ning sorrows all are lost.
Mysterious ! that his country's love
Shou'd e'er afflict the hero's mind ?
That her reluctant sighs should move
His breast, to wish her not so kind ?
Who now unable to compose
The passion in his breast that lies,
Tries to accuse their grateful woes,
Yet chides 'em with o'erflowing eyes.

That eye, impatient to engage

The proudest foe, without its fears ;
Cou'd better bear an army's rage,
Than thus behold his peoples tears.

The pointed spear, the flying dart,

The creft or helmet might disdain ;
But while their fighs fly round his heart,
The creft is weak, the helmet vain.

The hottest fun thus wants a power

To break the hard and stubborn clay,
Which from a soft diffolving shower
Receives the drops, and melts away.

But now he fails --- a-crofs the main

A thousand eyes as fast pursue ;
Which weeping, give his heart a pain,
Tho' *Britain's* crown is now in view.

On no unkind relentless foe

They charge the grief each bosom bears,
To his great worth their pangs they owe,
And blame his virtue for their tears.

'Twas this that brib'd *Britannia's* voice
To call their hero to renown ;

'Twas this that fix'd her envy'd choice,
Gave them despair, and him a crown.

His

His saving arm, unkindly brave,
His country can no more enjoy ;
While those the father's love wou'd save,
The monarch's glory does destroy !

With anxious hearts, and gushing eyes,
Each kindly envies his renown ;
And whelm'd with grief, to *Britain* cries,
“ Give back our king --- and take your crown.

“ Tho' her complaints the sovereign mov'd
“ To hear, and hasten to her aid ;
“ He cannot there be more belov'd,
“ Altho' he lives by more obey'd.

“ Pity ! our wishes to withstand,
“ His fame beyond his empire flew ;
“ Those seas, which bounded his command,
“ Had not confin'd his glory too.

“ While to ourselves our grief's unkind,
“ Striving the hero to detain,
“ The sighs we breathe assist the wind,
“ The tears we shed augment the main ! ”

Thus the great orb that rules the day,
In limits scorns to be confin'd ;
And rolling on his glorious way,
Is, to each earth he visits, kind ;

Each

Each happy empire, where he shines,
Pertakes the bounty of the skies ;
While in one region he declines
But fairer in the next to rise.

*Verses occasioned by the death of four children
of Stamp Brooksbank, Esq; who all died of the
Small-Pox very young, in a month's time, and
were interred in the same vault.*

W H O E' E R thou art, by pity led
To these cold mansions of the dead ;
If thou hast left one single tear,
Oh, spare the drop, and shed it here !
Or if thy heart shou'd feel no pain
For what these pensive urns retain ;
The marble where their ashes sleep,
Will teach the hardest breast to weep.
In the sad tomb before thy eye,
As youth and beauty withering lie ;
Sigh o'er the moving scene, or own
Thy heart less pitying than the stone !
Death, as each fatal shaft he drew,
In tears beheld 'em as they flew ;

Did at his own success complain,
And his own triumphs view'd with pain.

Nor does this solemn, silent gloom,
Shade the dead only in their tomb;
The living too have here a part,
Which holds each anxious parent's heart.

Oft from the grave each image brought
By fancy to their pensive thought;
As once in life, all beauteous shew,
And nurse in death, their pleasing woe.

Whose breast, now rescu'd from despair,
Removes the shroud, and shews 'em fair;
Till back each lov'd idea flies,
And the stern grave recalls its prize!

No more in smiles they now agree
To clasp the hand, or press the knee;
On the fond father's arm to rest,
Or lean upon the mother's breast.

What has the guiltless mind to fear,
Oh death! from thy derided spear?
When innocence dispels the gloom,
And sheds a light around the tomb?

Ye shades! of endless bliss possess,
Take to your bowers each smiling guest;

So pure, ye need not these refine,
With your own rays above to shine!

E're yet they reach your seats above
Of joys unmix'd, and boundless love;
They have no frailties to atone,
No stains to purge, or guilt to moan.

See 'em in smiles resign their breath;
Dying, without the dread of death!
Into each breast whose flying dart
Inflicts the wound, without the smart.

Would'st thou be taught, proud, wretched man!
How frail thy hopes, how short thy span;
Survey this grave, these urns explore,
And viewing these, be vain no more!

On life's weak thread no more rely;
Age must, and infancy may die!
Youth but infirm, on which we trust,
And beauty only fairer dust.

And thou, dear youth, but dear in vain,
Accept this pious, pensive strain!
In life, that praise she often gave,
The muse now leaves upon thy grave.

Oh think that passion void of art,
Which moves and melts thy poet's heart!

Sincere

Sincere the sigh, unfeign'd the woes,
Which feels each tear before it flows.
E'er heaven shall boast another prize,
Lamented by so many eyes ;
Its orbs above shall cease to fly,
And death on his own arrow die.

On Milton's Paradise lost.

IMMORTAL bard, accept the praise
Oft by the Muses pay'd before ;
Nor blush to feel those sacred bays
Surround thy brow, which *Virgil* wore.

Greece may her *Iliad's* worth proclaim,
Proud *Rome* her rival *Æneiad* boast ;
Yet each lament their poet's name,
In thy superior glory lost.

What passions does thy various muse
Into each glowing breast inspire ;
By turns, love's gentle flame infuse,
Or warm it with the warrior's fire ?

She leads the captive soul away,
To scenes beneath, and now above ;
Bids it her different powers obey,
And as she guides --- despair, or love.

D

In

In each sad heart what tender woe,
Does our first parents guilt inspire;
From their blest shades we view 'em go,
And sigh ourselves as they retire!

Who but laments the hapless pair,
Their fate who in thy numbers read;
Or who that marks their souls despair,
But feels his own with anguish bleed!

Can man's sad eye a tear withhold,
Or breast, a pitying sigh restrain,
In verse like thine their story told,
And heaven by each implor'd in vain?

Across the dreary, pathless vale,
Moist with each exile's sorrows made,
They breathe, by turns, their mournful tale,
And weep their woes to every shade.

On the cold turf we view 'em lie,
Beneath no arching palm, now spread;
No jess'mine blooming to the eye,
No banks of myrrh, to raise their head.

Yet still we see each silver stream,
Thro' *Eden's* shade the springs that play;
While on the pleasing, anxious theme,
The soul, tho' sad, wou'd ever stay.

The flowers that breathe, the shrubs that blow,
Round each clear fount the groves that stand,
Nurs'd by thy muse, as beauteous shew
As rang'd at first by nature's hand.

If beauty's eye demands thy strain,
To thy fair *Eve* let *Venus* yield ;
When thy great warriors tread the plain,
Let *Rome's*, let *Sparta's* leave the field.

What is the earthly battle's rage,
Or what the cannon's loudest found ;
Compar'd to that where gods engage,
Where lightnings blast, and thunders wound ?

Let *Michael's* mein awake thy dread,
His waving sword each fear alarm ;
The helm that glitters round his head,
The shield that blazes on his arm !

While on yon fiery gulphs we gaze,
Which every form of horror wear,
We cannot think without amaze,
We cannot view without despair !

The livid flames such anguish spread,
Such woes the sulphurous seas unfold ;
We tremble in each victim's stead,
And seem those wretches we behold.

Whose heart can bear the chilling thought,
Who views yon prostrate squadrons lie
Fix'd on the plains, where miriads fought
Vaulted with fire, instead of sky?

None but a cherub's arm had power,
Amidst their ranks such shafts to throw;
None but thy muse cou'd paint the shower
Of winged flame, that pierc'd the foe!

The victor's strength, the poet's fame,
With the same transport we admire;
While nought can match great *Raphael's* flame,
But *Homer's* force, or *Milton's* fire!

As we, oh matchless bard! once more
On * silver wrought thy looks behold;
We prize the sacred image more
Than kings, or warriors stamp'd on gold.

The first fair fame, oh poet, thine!
The next is his, whose bounty gave
The solemn bust, and storied coin,
To bear that fame beyond the grave.

* *A beautiful silver medal of Milton, struck at the expence of Mr. Auditor Benson.*

*An ode to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle.
Imitated from the French.*

WHILE youth your poet once inspir'd,
And fancy warm'd, and genius fir'd;
Around his harp the muses hung,
And *Phæbus* smil'd whene'er he fung:

But years, alas! and trembling age,
Have check'd his flights, and damp'd his rage;
Who strives in vain to wake the lyre,
Tho' *George* invites, and you inspire.

Gay scenes no more his breast can warm,
Nor beauty please, nor musick charm;
Releas'd from every mortal woe,
How soon to mix with shades below!

As *Britons* there around me press,
Your acts to hear, and conduct bless;
To learn what nations just or brave,
Your schemes exalt, or counsels save!

What kings above have lost a crown
By your resolves, and *George's* frown;
O'er what sad realms his sword has past,
Or what lov'd states he rescu'd last.

The crowd impatient, till they hear
If *Onslow* still adorns the chair :
If *Brunswick* still is doom'd to awe,
And empires save, like great *Nassau* !

Instead of names renown'd of old,
What ages time has now enroll'd ;
To arts and arms success to give,
What *Lumleys* now and *Talbots* live !

By kings belov'd, if *Richmond* born
To polish courts, and camps adorn ;
Does with each noble gift engage,
In youth, the praise of wond'ring age !

If the best model fram'd to give,
How peers should please, or princes live,
Pallas does still her counsel lend,
Fond in each act to be his friend !

If plotting treason, damp't with fear,
Trembles to view her end is near ;
If *Walpole's* prudence meets success,
And envy gives him leave to bless ---

If the dire fury whelm'd with pain,
To find her schemes and threatnings vain ;
Sinks not, oppress'd with cold despair,
To view his fame each day more fair !

To these relating with a smile,
The blessings shower'd on *Britain's* isle ;
What gifts by you her sons possess,
Whom wealth and freedom join to bless !

That treason now despairs to thrive,
Her schemes all vain, while you survive ;
Tho' *Fog* in print each week appears,
And still *Moll-y* enjoys his ears.

Each ghost seems pleas'd, as I unfold
A name, unmatched by names of old ;
By all, his noblest worth approv'd,
To subjects dear --- by kings belov'd ---

That faction, tam'd at last, in dread
Of hov'ring vengeance, hides her head ;
Sickens in lonely shades, to view
Britain's great fame retriev'd by you.

While the glad tribe exults, to hear
What foes your virtue praise, or fear ;
That *Albion* all their arts derides,
While *Brunswick* rules, and *Holles* guides.

The theme now chang'd, with pride I tell,
How blest above we poets dwell ;
In freedom's cause whoever wrote,
No muse disdain'd, or bard forgot :

Each

Each genius nobly to enflame,
Riches, the dowry now of fame;
That *Clio* in her coach is bore,
Who seldom kept a pad before!

As thus I praise your generous hand,
Shou'd some unlucky ghost demand,

" Pray, Sir, amidst the happy few,
" What titles, or what post had you?

" The bounteous statesman you commend,

" On earth, no doubt, his poet's friend;

" With merit charm'd, so good to all,

" Must needs oblige you with a *stall*!

" Your case had been extremely hard,

" In life to miss a small reward;

" By *Phæbus*, for your boasted lays,

" Deck'd only with a wreath of bays.

" When *Caroline* vouchsaf'd her ear,

" And *Walpole* smil'd the verse to hear,

" You could not breathe a loyal strain,

" Or sing to him you praise, in vain!

" To write, rewarded with a smile,

" Is hardly worth a poet's while;

" And for lean fame --- there's little in't,

" Which never pays for what you print.

But

“ But, doubtless, you, amongst the rest,
“ His hand has reach’d, and bounty blest;
“ At court, perhaps, an easy place,
“ Or pension --- begg’d you by his *Grace* --- ? ”

Ah, noble Sir ! to spoil the jokes
Of these facetious, laughing folks;
When I descend to sing your fame,
What may I call my P R E B E N D’s name ?

In smiles, near what cathedral, tell,
You gave me leave at ease to dwell;
To make amends for fortune’s frown,
And lay life’s burden gently down.

As then a fleeting shade I go
To visit kings and chiefs below,
Great hero’s awful forms to view,
And sages, lov’d and prais’d like *You*.

Whom peaceful arts had once renown’d,
Their brow with wreaths of olive crown’d;
Deep rays of light around ’em cast;
The *Pellhams* of fam’d ages past !

If ask’d by these, who may enquire,
How large my church, how tall its spire !
Where my rich glebe, when mortal, lay,
Ah, Sir, instruct me what to say !

For me, tho' 'tis no easy task
 To clear these questions, folks may ask;
 May I reply, that 'twas my fate
 To share your smiles --- tho' something late?

Shou'd I beneath your worth extend,
 Nor taste that bounty I commend;
 Far from your eyes an exile live,
 Some might suspect that praise I give.

As then your virtues I unfold,
 How wou'd it grieve me to be told
 (Myself a poor neglected name)
 I flatter'd, when I sung your fame?

Forgetting then your poet's lay,
 Give not your foes a cause to say,
 On earth they could one mortal find,
 To whom *Newcastle* was not kind.

*To Mrs. D. A. on her birth-day, being then four-
 teen years old.*

SAY, fairest nymph! what art you find
 To please the eye, and charm the mind;
 Claiming a double triumph, due
 Both to your cheeks and virtues too.

Those beauties now, which in their morn
With infant-light thy brow adorn ;
Shall soon a fuller light display,
And opening, boast a perfect day.

Once more shou'd virtue leave the skies,
And live reveal'd to mortal eyes ;
The cherub in that form wou'd shine,
With looks and features such as thine.

Such light above the blest'd shall wear,
With thy resembling glories fair ;
Within whose bowers they ne'er shall find,
A brighter form, or purer mind.

Let others, who from death arise,
Borrow fresh lustre from the skies ;
'Twill be thy fame, when thither bore,
To boast thy own, and ask no more.

Yet has thy small and narrow space
Of life, a room for every grace,
That does the eye and heart engage,
Of smiling youth, and wond'ring age.

Yet seem not in thy early prime
To chide the slow advance of time ;
Lest perfect seeming e'er thy noon,
Heav'n shou'd demand thee back too soon.

Ah! who shou'd blame the flying dart,
If sent by fate to pierce thy heart?
Since death, so many wonders told,
Might well mistake, and think thee old.

The bud that first its leaf displays,
The first upon the stem decays;
And ah, how seldom known to bring
Its incense to enrich the spring?

Altho' thy sweetness has a power
To emulate the fairest flower:
To seem more like, ah, do not try;
To bloom so fast, so soon to die.

Yet if the muse can ought presage,
The wonders of thy growing age;
The gods their favourite shall defend,
And ripen each soft grace they lend.

Time, which from others steals away
To-morrow, what it gave to day;
On thee fresh beauties shall bestow,
And bid the fair, still fairer grow.

Each smiling day, or happy hour,
Add something to thy former power:
With some new gift thy soul supply,
Or lend new sweetness to thy eye.

Each fairest worth thy rosy prime
 Now boasts, shall still increase with time;
 And thy rich harvest kindly bring
 All that was promis'd by thy spring.

What envy shall one day arise
 In each despairing virgin's eyes;
 Whose beauties all shall fade, and die,
 And please no more, when thou art nigh.

Danvers and Moore ; or, the rival quacks.

SAYS *Danvers*, *Moore*, thy art is but a jest,
 For five it cures, it injures ten at least.
 Cripples and crutches still each day are seen;
 Lords with the gout, and ladies with the spleen :
 Graves dug, shrowds bought, physicians fee'd, and fear'd,
 As oft, as if thy drop had ne'er appear'd.
 Whoe'er thy counsel, or thy med'cine takes,
 Nor burns his flannel, nor his couch forsakes;
 Their usual pains both fighting sexes feel;
 Young beaus take merc'ry, and young misses steel:
 In suburb garrets fultry finners fry,
 Swallow thy pill --- then drivell, doze, and die!
 Tho' crowds each day around thy counter press,
 * *Roome* does not drive one mourning-coach the less :

* *An eminent undertaker.*

Still

Still their old fees both clark and parson clear,
And bury juſt the number --- of the year.

THO' few, ſays laughing *Moore*, my packet ſaves,
It ſeldom ſweats 'em into fools or knaves :
More myſtick powers to thy receipts belong,
Which dim weak eyes, to make 'em ſee more ſtrong !
By clouding, pour more light into the mind,
As * faith ſees always beſt, for being blind ;
Does thro' thick fogs its objects beſt explore,
And when it hardeſt winks --- believes the more.
Patriots who ſwarm where *Craftſmen* write and rule,
Grow ſeldom craz'd by vomit or a ſtool ;
Eas'd of their guineas by my flight and ſkill,
They loſe their gold, but keep their ſenſes ſtill ;
Pay down their fee, and cripples as they came,
Limp homeward --- juſt as wiſe, and juſt as lame !
But e'er thy patients any help can gain
To mend their heart, thy doſe muſt turn their brain ;
To think --- deſtroys its virtue, ſtops the cure ;
All thought forbid, to make it work more ſure !
Like lulling opiates thy learn'd ſheets appear,
Which ſtupify the head before they clear ;
The wond'rous ſecret only in thy keeping,
Which makes a realm more wakeful --- by her ſleeping.

* *Implicit faith of the church of Rome.*

Thy converts, just like boys for fame that strive,
Who always shut their eyes before they dive.
Empty and thin wou'd *Twick'n--m's* hall appear,
Here a starv'd poet, there a moping peer ;
(With penfive heart, sad looks, and thoughtful face
Sighing lost freedom, and *departed places*.)
Cou'd *Taylor's* art restore the realm to light,
Unseal those lids which thou hast clos'd in night ;
Soon in a chariot shou'd thy rival ride,
Lacquies behind, and slaves on either side ;
If, doubly fam'd, my powders and my pill,
Cou'd, with their worms, a nation's *maggots* kill.

Wise *Britain*, by sham-patriots ever rul'd,
Pleas'd with her choice, and fond of being fool'd ;
Kindly within her learned isle secures
Sage quacks in politicks, as well as cures ;
Does in her weekly sheet the cordial blefs
Pour'd from *Moore's* bottle, and from *Francklin's* press ---
Which fill her ravish'd sons with joy extream ;
Restore lost health ; and teach 'em how to dream.
O'er their own happiness these fond to weep,
For rescued freedom all their sorrows keep ;
Whom truth displeases, and whom shadows charm ;
Quite cool in reason, and in passion warm !

Seldom

Seldom with zeal, with phrenzy often fir'd,
 Who think the mad, the only heads inspir'd :
 Adore thy journal, and my drop commend ;
 While he that cheats 'em most, is most their friend.
 They damn the sheet that leads them to be wise ;
 All blessing the dear pen which fastest lies.

To bubble fools, and each our purse to fill,
 Thy engine is a pen, and mine a pill !
 Depending each for glory, and for gains,
 On a strong faith, and penury of brains :
 Our pupils in each street and square shall dwell,
 Fam'd for believing much, and swallowing well ;
 Who damning good advice, shall chuse the worse,
 Bend low to heaven, and thank it for a curse.
 Thine blindly follow where their masters lead,
 While mine prefer a *Moore* before a *Mead* ---
 Who joy sincere in each delusion take,
 Nor ever sleep so sound, --- as when awake.

THY frugal journal, who wou'd then refuse
 For two-pence, who may all his senses lose ?
 These manage well --- from reason cheaply part ;
 Quite dizzy, with a *Craftsman*, and a quart ---
 None sure can wish the charges to abate,
 To be a mad-man at a cheaper rate ;

Who to guide councils, rule and govern states,
 Determine wars events, and empires fates ;
 Direct a realm, reform a wicked court,
 Want but one journal - - - and two pints of port.
 Their alphabet ne'er learnt, who praise, or blame ;
 For why shou'd spelling be a help to fame !

AH ! to her senses shou'd the realm return,
 My drop must perish, and thy sheet must burn :
 What statesmen from their garrets wou'd descend,
 The court to model, and the laws to mend !
 What sages from behind their counters throng,
 Senates to teach, and shew where kings are wrong !
 What crowds wou'd press my levee for a pill,
 To ease their gout ! - - - and be as gouty still.
James then no more must on thy help presume,
 Nor *St. J--n* hope to fetch a king from *Rome*.
 Few then the musty wares we sell, wou'd lack,
 Or prize the patriot, or esteem the quack ;
 My poison purchase, or thy treasons buy,
 Or pay us adoration, for a lye.

*Verses address'd to one of the suppos'd authors
of Common Sense.*

IF vulgar sense is common sense,
As all learn'd criticks have agreed,
Thine to its title has pretence,
For thine is common sense indeed.

Common and prostitute agree,
Whoe'er bids most, when put to sale,
Is sure to buy both her and thee,
The patriot's tongue, and strumpet's tail.

Whate'er is common we despise,
Our wives, and wine, if common, slight;
Change then thy style, if thou art wise,
And proper sense, not common, write.

Poet! in time, the droll give o'er,
For reason, wicked rhiming quit;
One page of wisdom will be more
Thy friend, than fifty sheets of wit.

With sneer and joke tho' long endow'd,
And each great gift by all is own'd;
Statesmen but seldom are subdu'd
By songs, or kings by rhyme dethron'd.

But if resolv'd each week to blend

The pert and vain, dear critick, know
Thy sense too mean to make a friend,
And malice to disturb a foe!

Wouldst thou the patriot's fame dilate?

In rage and opposition rise;
Too little to deserve their hate,
Mankind can only yet despise.

Yet ah! suppress that giddy pride,

Which hopes that statesman's heart t'afright;
Who can e'en *St. J--n's* thrust deride,
And shakes his sides at *P-----y's* spite.

Fair freedom's lov'd and fav'rite cause

Shall he desert, or meanly quit;
Give up his country's loud applause,
In dread of *S-----p's* frown, or wit?

Shall he bribe *L--tt---n's* pert pen,

Wish it more friendly, or less keen;
Or beg him not to print agen,
Beyond his love, who likes his spleen?

Through sonnets then to glory climb

In verse, and clinch, attack thy foes;
For know, a dangerous wit in rhyme,
Has often prov'd a dunce in prose.

Ten epigrams from thy 'scrutore

On courts, or bribes, on this, or that ---
Will gall the *prime*, and hurt him more
Than twenty speeches from thy hat:

Whose reasonings, tho' some Whigs despise,
Nor own it learn'd, or deeply read ;
Others esteem both grave and wise,
And like the hat, beyond the head ---

Let pigmy-patriots then retire,
Viewing their giant-brothers slain ;
Nor from their popguns sputter fire,
Where cannons oft have charg'd in vain !

Their lying Journals let 'em fill
With trade quite lost, and tradesmen broken ;
Enriching each learn'd Magazine
With speeches never heard, nor spoken.

While pilf'ring *C-ve* selects from thence
Something each fruitful month divine,
And shews his want of common sense
In praising, and in printing thine.

*An ode to his Grace the Duke of Richmond,
occasioned by some fine Italian paintings at
Goodwood.*

WHILE * *Rome*, her genius to enflame,
Selects from *Britain's* patriot race,
The statesman's deed, or warrior's fame,
Her thoughts to fire, and canvas grace;

In paint each hero's glory shewn,
To the same glory does inspire;
But, 'till to theirs, you add your own,
Richmond! your list is not entire.

Of *Rome's* great acts, thus *Cæsar* wrote,
But tho' his sword was oft embrued
In hostile gore, the chief forgot
'Twas his own arm the foe subdu'd.

Tho' this the *Gallic* legions broke,
In conduct wise, in action bold;
The soldier's praise he loudly spoke,
The general's fame but faintly told.

* *These historical pieces were all finish'd at Rome by the most eminent painters.*

Each eye but half our virtue reads,
 Till *Wootton*, or till * *Creti* join
 Your fairest worth, and rival deeds,
 To grace and fill the patriot line.

Late, in some emblems, just as these,
 May your own fame, and acts be seen :
 But, rather shew what *Richmond* is,
 Than teach us what he once has been.

A double joy it will inspire,
 The piece thus finish'd to our view ;
 In youth still blooming, to admire
 The hero, and his story too !

Oft on his living worth to dwell,
 Its fair resemblance now to see ;
 And charm'd with each, to mark how well
 Each virtue, and its shade agree.

These on the canvas strongly laid,
 With so much lustre shall appear ;
 'Twill give a joy to † *Dorset's* shade,
 That *Richmond's* glories shine so near.

* *An eminent Italian painter, now living at Rome.*

† *One of the pieces consecrated to the memory of the late Earl of Dorset.*

While the great * warrior's manes smile
To view the son, the peer, and friend,
With the same passion guard our isle,
As his own sword did once defend.

Yet, *Wootton*, let thy noblest thought
Despair, the plan, tho' well design'd,
With skill dispos'd, and judgment wrought,
To represent the hero's mind.

Thy lights, tho' fair; thy shades, tho' just;
Rely not on thy potent art;
Nor on thy strongest colours trust,
For powers to reach, or shew his heart.

Virtues that please, as well as awe,
The statesman's sense, the warrior's fire;
These thy nice pencil cannot draw,
And thy pleas'd thought alone admire.

Disdain not then the poet's skill,
When plan'd, the figure to improve;
'Twas from the muse, and *Homer's* quill,
That *Phydias* first design'd his *Jove*.

Had the great *Grecian* never sung,
Who, in the statue, had admir'd
That terror, on his brow which hung,
That look, which half *Olympus* fir'd!

* *Earl of Cadogan.*

The flames his eye-balls round disperse,
Without the muse, had been unknown ;
The godhead taught to awe in verse,
Before he learnt to frown in stone.

Blush not, great artist, then to use,
Your hand to guide, and genius fire,
Some hints suggested by the muse,
And draw for once as we inspire.

In language only we express
The thoughts which in our bosom lie ;
Which you in colours fairly dress,
And paint *ideas* to our eye.

Let then the base beneath be strong,
Sublime the arch or column raise ;
Meant, as it rises, to prolong
Britannia's fame, and *Richmond's* praise.

Select from time's indulgent stores,
And all her fav'rite blessings shed
Of golden æra's, smiling hours,
Around the blooming hero's head.

Each corner of the ample space
Some mystick wonder shou'd unfold ;
And modern truths the pillar grace,
By art conceal'd in tales of old.

Near its proud height let *Freedom* stand,
Goddeſs ador'd by *Britain's* iſle ;
Supported here by *William's* Hand,
And cheriſh'd there by *Richmond's* ſmile.

Let her lov'd king's indented ſhield,
Her eye delight, and arm ſuſtain ;
Which bruſ'd ſo often in the field,
Fix'd here at laſt her glorious reign.

Pointing, to give each chief applauſe,
At the bleſt ſcenes the virtuous dead
Now all enjoy'd, who, in her cauſe,
When earthly hero's, dy'd, or bled :

Who leaving now her fav'rite ſhores,
Turns her ſad eyes on *Gallia's* plains,
Once her lov'd ſeats, --- and there deplores
A hundred fighting realms in chains.

From her kind boſom let her ſhow'r
On her lov'd earth, and fav'rite land,
Superior bliſs, and envy'd pow'r,
And ſmiling peace, and wide command.

O'er ſubject ſeas, how vaſt her joy,
To view her fleets, all *Europe's* dread,
Deride the ſtorm, the winds employ,
And wealth increaſe, and commerce ſpread !

Regardless of each rival's frown,
Along the darkned ocean ride;
And throw each *India's* treasure down
At *George's* feet, each swelling tide!

Whose saving arm, let *Belgia* own,
The friend and bulwark of her state;
Begging a * daughter from his throne,
To grace her realms, and guard her fate.

Paint *Orange* the first happy hour,
That *Britain's* courts his eye surprize;
Here struck with *Brunswick's* royal power,
And bending there to *Anna's* eyes.

The hero boasting now (to view
His bosom rescu'd from despair)
Her sword that *Holland* never drew
To gain a prize so great, or fair!

That beauty, to such crowns ally'd,
Had greater force her realms to save;
Than the strong tower, th' unfathom'd tide,
The rising rock, or whelming wave!

Try next, if art has power to paint
All *Europe's* fields distain'd with gore;
Here the brave *German* eagles faint,
And there, the *Bourbon* lillies tore.

* *Her Royal Highness the Princess of Orange.*

While both their different tributes bring,
Of *Britain's* arm, by turns afraid ;
Bending before her potent king,
To stop his sword, or beg his aid :

Whose voice alone does now decide
What realms shall bow, and which command ;
Whose conqu'ring fleets shall awe the tide,
Whose dreadful troops controul the land.

Peace blooming round his happy isle,
While other bleeding realms appear,
Or cover'd with the victor's spoil,
Or sadned with the captive's tear.

That ravag'd by no wasteful war,
That her glad fields with harvests shine,
Th' effects of thy indulgent care,
Oh prince belov'd ! and *Walpole* thine !

While industry, with all her arts,
Crowds, with full sheaves, the golden plains ;
Seen by the joy, which fills all hearts,
That *plenty* lives, where *freedom* reigns.

Beneath whose feet let *faction* bound
Each terror dread, and anguish feel ;
And rack'd, because she cannot wound,
Plunge on her own revengeful steel.

Let meagre envy, restless pride,
Fell jealousy, and stern disdain,
Attending round, enclose her side,
And fill her dreadful pompous train.

While wreath'd, and tortur'd by thy art,
The fury bears a double pain ;
Yet more, from her own guilty heart,
Than the dire wheel, or gnawing chain.

One figure yet, near *Brunswick's* side,
Thy skilful pencil has to draw,
Inspir'd with greatness, void of pride,
Grandeur, that charms, and smiles, that awe:

Each curious colour nicely blend,
With judgment chose, and mixt with art ;
And let each feature speak the friend,
And let the look express the heart.

Near majesty, good-nature place,
Birth, that descends to please and bless ;
Soft'ning each noble manly grace
With sweet regard, and mild address.

How nice thy hand, that reconciles
Extremes, which seem united here ;
Where the same look both awes and smiles,
And in the friend, preserves the peer !

At *Paphos* thus fair *Venus* seen,
When blooming, on her sacred hill ;
In the soft dame, and beauteous queen,
Maintains the high-born goddess still.

Tho', mingling with the sacred train
Of nymphs, along her flow'ry grove ;
She leads the throng, and treads the plain,
The offspring still, and child of *Jove*.

Draw *Pallas* near her fav'rite son,
Pleas'd to enrich his learned thought,
With plans of triumphs, nobly won,
Of empires fav'd, and battles fought.

To mark the path, who guides his eye,
Which leads thro' virtue to renown ;
Shews him how mortals gain'd the sky,
Talbot the seals, and *George* the crown.

To sages, who adorn our isle,
Bids him without a blush repair ;
For parts, and courage, to *Argyle*,
For manly sense, to *Onslow's* chair.

With ev'ry grace to form his youth,
The guardian-goddess cou'd impart,
Inspir'd, at once, with *Walpole's* truth,
With *Compton's* faith, and *Pellham's* heart.

To

To reach the golden heights of fame,
By great and good examples taught;
What gave the wise and brave a name,
How *Brunswick* rul'd, and *Churchill* fought.

While all around th' instructive piece,
Or patriots rise, or warriors bloom;
There pious *Solon* guarding *Greece*,
Here god-like *Decius* saving *Rome*.

Each work of art, and nature's laws,
His searching mind's indulgent themes;
Which pleas'd, the strongest rapture draws,
From *Marlbrough's* acts, and *Newton's* schemes.

Each science, conquer'd by his thought,
Which *Greece* improv'd, or *Rome* admir'd;
Which *Europe's* travell'd empires taught,
Or *Europe's* various tongues inspir'd.

Artist, 'tis done, --- thy hand has shewn
How paint, and living grace agree;
While all the just resemblance own,
And, *Richmond*, all applaud --- but thee.

So our first mother, pleas'd to view
The beauteous stranger in the wave,
Saw her own self in smiles, nor knew
'Twas her own self the rapture gave:

In the clear stream each charm mistook,
A while another she admir'd ;
Till, gently, from the silver brook,
Her shade, and she, at once retir'd.

All else extol thy heavenly art,
With *Holben's* scenes which once shall vie ;
Who in the look canst paint the heart,
And draw forth virtue to the eye.

Thus, *Wootton* ! should thy *Richmond* claim
With patriots, and with chiefs to stand ;
Till some fresh deeds, of fairer fame,
Some fairer emblem should demand ;

Till knowledge, ripening with his years,
New Titles adds, and glory brings ;
In councils, when he now appears,
The *guard of states*, and *guide of kings*.

Verses left on King William's grave in Westminster-Abbey.

VAIN *Greece* consult no more, or haughty *Rome*,
 For worth or virtue --- view this royal tomb,
 Beneath whose shade more sacred dust is wept,
 Than in their urns or temples ever slept.
Cæsar had courage --- but the tyrant's name,
 And *Rome* enslav'd, obscur'd the victor's fame;
Cato had honour --- but the dagger near,
 When dangers press'd, betray'd the patriot's fear;
 His triumphs, one by dire oppression gain'd;
 And one his virtues, by his weakness, stain'd!
Britain's lov'd king did with each *Roman* vie;
 As warm for freedom --- as resolv'd to die:
 Without his guilt, did *Cæsar's* lawrels wear;
 And boasted *Cato's* fame, without his fear.

On the Royal Family, painted in one piece.
To the Queen.

THINK not, great Queen, our homage small,
 If here one part we should deny;
 What *Briton's* love can pay you all,
 Who views your royal offspring nigh?

While

While these your princely virtues share,
 Which fondly you to each impart ;
 By all ador'd, you here must bear
 A rival in each subject's heart.

Our best allegiance oft we prove,
 When to one throne our faith we bind ;
 Here we divide our fondest love,
 Refuse you part --- and yet are kind.

Forgive us then, if, while we view,
 Those graces you yourself inspir'd,
 And paying these a homage due,
 Each parent is but half admir'd.

*An ode of similies, on some late imitations of
 Horace. The Latin printed on one side, and
 the English on the other.*

H A L F the learn'd scheme must needs succeed,
 Which thy arch muse has lately try'd ;
 Since they who buy the work, and read,
 Must prize, at least, the *Roman* side.

Thus *Bratch* each morn, and *Rockwood* shew,
 When coupled for the filvan chase ;
 Tho' one is fleet, and th'other slow,
 They both jog on the self-same pace.

H

Let

Let courtiers frown, or criticks sneer,
Write on - - - thy heart, and muse at ease ;
For while thy *Flaccus* sings so near,
One page in two is sure to please.

In lots of goods at *Sturbridge* fair,
Where cunning cits their auctions hold ;
Thus to retail their damag'd ware,
The new must help to sell the old.

Think not the price of copies hard,
Nor more than is thy poet's due ;
Since those who buy the *Latin* bard,
Tonson, must buy the *English* too.

The youth thus smit with *Flavia's* air,
Who wou'd her hand in wedlock hold ;
Must take the gypsy with the fair,
And with the beauty, wed the scold.

Ne'er print thy works henceforth alone,
But hand in hand the task pursue ;
Who think it dear to purchase one,
May own it cheap, to buy the two.

Thus *Jernegan*, both fools and wise
Draws in - - - all ages, and all ranks ;
Who smile, to view one single prize
Propos'd, to pay for rheams of blanks :

So pleasing is the fair device,
Plann'd with such art, and fram'd so well ;
Tho' nothing else bears any price,
The cistern does the baubles sell.

Here from old pagan paultry names,
The muse in *English* tries to wean us ;
For *Cæsar*, placing war-like *James*,
And pious *St. J - - n*, for *Mæcenæ*s.

Ah *Flaccus* ! fure thy *British* bard
But oddly to his friend behaves ;
Who gives thy good man's great reward
To madmen now, and now to knaves !

Those who deserv'd the ax and rods,
In thy own lov'd *Octavius*' days,
Make pious hero's, saints, and gods,
In *British* verse, and *Tw - - am* lays.

Thy patriots all in virtue nurs'd,
For generous actions were renown'd ;
His, by his country scorn'd, or curs'd,
Are traitors first, and after crown'd.

He sees what poet never saw,
Wisdom in fools, and grace in rakes ;
As curious chymists often draw
Perfume, and essence, from a jakes.

Go plot, be false, in fraud excel;
 Inspire sedition, faction raise;
 Infult thy king - - - thy country sell;
 If thou canst sin, good * * * * can praise.

That height of matchless guilt transcend,
 Where, living, *Ch - - tres* never soar'd!
 Thou art his genius, god, and friend,
 Extoll'd in prose, in verse ador'd.

Q. Horatii Flacci *ad* Curionem *epistola*: *Or, an
 epistle from Horace in Elizium to Curio in
 England, faithfully translated into English
 from the Elizian copy.*

PERT, meddling bard! must I arise
 From blifs each year, and fix my name
 To gossips tales, and patriot lies,
 To *St. John's* worth, and *Walpole's* shame?

Must I attest each Tory sham,
 Of this man's honour, that man's grace;
 Be taught, by you, to praise or damn,
 And seldom in a proper place?

The hero's in my numbers read,
 Each eye, with wonder, still shall read;
 These for their country dy'd, or bled,
 Thine smile to view their country bleed.

Thy

The crown, and verdant wreath I gave
To *Drusus*' brow, shall ever bloom;
Those heap'd by thee upon their grave,
Shall stink around each patriot's tomb.

Did ever I, like *Cato*, paint
A name, whom ev'ry guilt pursues;
Or draw an ALL ACCOMPLISH'D SAINT,
Just hot and reeking from the stews?

My muse cou'd ne'er a love pretend,
Yet with each ill on *Cæsar*'s head;
Nor libel, or expose a friend,
Nor curse the hand that gave me bread.

Shew me a line which strives to praise
Villains, who just escap'd the * rock;
That wou'd the wretch to honour raise,
Claim'd by the *lictor*, or the block.

Our worthies have quite diff'rent names ---
His troops to war my *Brutus* leads;
While bent on fame, thy driv'ling *James*
Bows to his saints, or counts his beads.

Point out one page where I expose,
In fatyr, the best friends of *Rome*;
Or one, wherein I shew her foes,
Ador'd, or envy'd in their doom.

* *The Tarpeian.*

My pen ne'er acted yet a part
Which truth or justice cou'd accuse ;
The smooth, false tongue, and treach'rous heart,
Are virtues only in thy muse.

All shall my verse and genius own,
While from leud imitations free ;
Who seldom fail to please alone,
But often, when profan'd by thee.

Call'd up to cover fraud and shams,
What eye but must my name deride ?
While the base *English* version damns
Whate'er adorn'd the *Latin* side !

Own'd by *Mæcenæ* good and just,
How diff'rent now his poet's doom !
Britain with scorn must treat my dust,
Tho' deem'd an honest bard at *Rome*.

'Twou'd blast the wreath that *Phæbus* gave,
At my fair fame and honour strike ;
Cou'd it be wrote upon thy grave,
That * * * * and *Horace* thought alike.

Ah ! when thy groves are left behind,
Do not too much on heaven presume !
The gods ne'er mind a pass that's sign'd
By holy popes, or pious *Rome* !

What tho' on earth the poet's god

In print you every foe defy!

Pluto below still keeps a rod

For wits that wound, and bards that lie.

Henceforth, dear *Curio*, let me rest,

With your own gifts more pleas'd to shine;

If you quote me - - - I must protest,

And swear, your sense is none of mine.

With no man more I share the bays,

Or bear a partner on my throne;

Let then the scandal, or the praise

Of what I wrote, be all my own.

If on my verse *Octavius* smile,

Whoever blames, I ask no more;

Take thou the *St. J* - - *n*'s of thy isle,

--- Let *C* - - - *m* bless, and *S* - - *ft* adore.

With fifty fools besides perplex'd,

Who all to write like *Horace* chuse,

Perhaps dull, brazen *W* - - - *d* next,

May beg me to inspire his muse.

'Prentice or bard! I know not which,

Tell him, for dunces of renown,

That *Phæbus* always keeps a switch,

For poets only weaves a crown.

The

The god, with all his skill and pains,
 For such a labour quite unfit ;
 Can never smooth his awkward strains,
 Or turn his lumber into wit.

What names with genius I inspire
 The poet's sacred list to fill,
 I take from fam'd *Parnassus*' choir,
 But seldom chuse from *Ludgate-hill*.

In pity, therefore, blunt his pen,
 Bid him once more his compter chuse ;
 And taking to his shop again,
 Traffick in filks - - - and damn his muse.

A prophecy ; occasion'd by a prophecy.

FROM *Boling*'s spring when *brooks* shall go,
 And a wrong course for ever flow ;
 Polluting all the waters near
 With muddy streams, that once were clear !
 When fraud puts on affection's smile,
 And kind abundance starves our isle ;
 Rich commerce spoils a nation's trade,
 And states, by wealth, are bankrupts made ;
 A traitor's fame *Rome*'s poet sings,
 And pleads for guilt - - - and libels kings :

When

When patriots, fond of those they curst,
With their last vote, shall damn their first ;
In print, their virtues now harangu'd,
They wou'd before in smiles have hang'd :
When *Newgate* cells grow cells of fame,
And faints a worth from treach'ry claim !
Soft peace shall sigh full sore for war,
And *George's* foes, want *George's* star.
Subjects of every bliss complain,
And rail at power they cannot gain !
Wits claim a power to rule the state,
And guide the throne they scorn, or hate.

OLD credit then shall lift her head ;
Trade stretch her sail, and commerce spread ;
Near *Tagus* banks our fleets shall roar,
And shake the towers on *Iber's* shoar :
Bear terror to each world's extream,
From *Calpe's* rocks to *Plata's* stream.
All *Europe* then from wars shall cease ;
And *Britain's* voice bestow the peace !
Rescu'd from every ill she fears ;
While *Brunswick* reigns --- and *Walpole* steers ---

*On the Queen's Picture, lately finished by
Mr. Vanderbank.*

AS nature form'd her, art attempts to draw
These features meant to please, and those to awe.
While on the canvas, breathing each, are seen,
Here the kind parent, there the pious queen;
Where every look a various joy imparts,
One charms our eye, and one transports our hearts:
Divided wonder makes the passion less,
Oblig'd at once both to admire, - - - and bless.
Those beauties priz'd by kings we long adore,
Her virtues view'd, those beauties please no more.
Thus the sun's lustre makes the morn less bright,
The fair, exceeded by a fairer light.

SEE majesty retires from ev'ry grace,
That love, a nobler gift! might fill its place;
More pleas'd from goodness her applause to draw;
From smiles that ravish, than from looks that awe:
With virtue, than with lustre to surprize;
And ease one heart, than charm a thousand eyes.

SAY, how thy pencil cou'd the secret find,
Artist, in colours thus to paint the mind?

Fair to delineate thus her nobler part,
And, thro' the features, thus to shew the heart.
With so much life the royal piece is wrought,
It seems to think --- and we discern the thought ;
While pity in each look the colours blend,
And as they draw the queen, express the friend ;
The faint's compassion in the sovereign's air,
Mild, tho' august, and wise, as well as fair ;
Each outward beauty on the canvas seen,
Inspir'd by some resembling grace within ;
While thus thy pencil does the soul impart,
And teach us, from the look, to guess the heart.

BOLD was thy hand to draw that sovereign dame,
Whose matchless looks are but her second fame !
Who borrowing nothing from her high renown,
Had reign'd in every breast --- without a crown ;
From *Austria's* throne who rather chose to part,
Than the glad triumphs of a conscious heart ;
Whose diadem her wish cou'd not inflame,
The world disclaiming, for a virtuous *Fame*.

An ode to Mr. Ellis, occasioned by a beautiful painting of the Honourable Mr. Walpole, only son to the Right Hon. Lord Walpole.

WHILE princes give thy art applause,
The royal eye which oft beguiles ;

While *Frederick* on thy canvas awes,
And in thy frames *Augusta* smiles ;

Blush not, fam'd artist, to descend
To forms as fair, though born less high ;
And the same colours nicely blend,
For * *William's*, and for *Walpole's* eye.

Tho' *Beauty's* self, from thy soft draught,
We view more soft and beauteous still ;
Once let the poet's humble thought
Direct the painter's forming quill.

Touch but the cloth as we inspire,
Each piece a second life shall warm ;
The hero boast a nobler fire,
With looks more soft the virgin charm.

Draw only as the muse shall sing,
Nor damp that flame her numbers give ;
The patriot, warrior, sage, and king,
Each from thy hand shall breathe and live.

* *Prince William.*

In the lov'd labour both may share,
And both an equal rapture find;
As you in colours shew him fair,
And I in verse record him kind.

Try then the pow'r of light and shade,
If art can nature here pursue;
And what the one so perfect made,
If one can paint as beauteous too!

Each shall a diff'rent gift admire,
A diff'rent grace shall each inflame;
While you his eye with light inspire,
And I his soul with thirst of fame.

With wonders crowd his little span,
Which our pleas'd thoughts by turns employ;
Viewing the genius of the man,
In life's first dawn, inform the boy.

If sweetness for each look you want,
Let *Cupid's* cheek the blush supply;
If beauty to inspire the paint,
Take it, dear friend, from *Venus'* eye.

Still, still too faint thy colours glow,
Pour in fresh light; and on the whole
More flame, more sprightly life bestow,
And to the picture give a soul.

'Tis done! - - - suppress a thought so vain!

And once again thy quill assume;

Once more thy vig'rous fancy strain,

And with more spirit warm his bloom.

That look, how sweet! how soft that air!

Each beauty by the next surpass;

That feature seeming still most fair,

Which the pleas'd eye beholds the last.

Now all is try'd thy hand can do,

Yet own the weakness of thy skill;

To paint the soul as lovely too,

A task untry'd, is wanting still.

A thousand latent sparks of light

Thy eye, tho' curious, cannot see;

And graces, to the muses fight

That stand confess'd are hid from thee.

His heart inflam'd with love of praise,

Thy pencil, artist, cannot swell;

Then leave him to his poet's lays,

When fir'd, and panting to excel.

Each outward charm thy colour shews;

Beauties less seen his thoughts employ;

Who the kind friend and patriot views

Just form'd, and opening in the boy.

Those looks the virgin's eye that blest
Thy hand may reach - - - but say, whose art,
What pencil can those gifts express,
Which please, and touch a parent's heart?

'Tis thine to paint youth's native fire,
On beauty's cheek the blush to raise;
'Tis ours each virtue to inspire,
To lend the gift, and after, praise.

Mankind may own the piece entire,
The muses skill, and thine admit;
Beauty, with sense, cou'd they admire.
Good-nature, join'd with manly wit.

When thus the sister-arts unite,
And make some fav'rite form their care,
Each eye the image must delight,
By turns, presented kind and fair.

To paint each heavenly feature true,
By men, by gods to be admir'd;
Appelles thus his *Venus* drew,
Just as great *Homer's* thought inspire.

With silent pace life steals away;
What then, lov'd artist, can we chuse,
Thus frail, to save us from decay,
But thou a pencil, I a muse.

In this lov'd youth, we each may live,
When time has eat our crumbling bust ;
And the short praise our marbles give,
Is, with the arch, o'erwhelm'd with dust.

To distant times, his deathless name,
May ours, however mean, convey ;
While thus we give a meaner fame,
A nobler only to enjoy.

The feather thus unmark'd before,
Reaching the eagle as he flies ;
Is, by the arrow, upward bore
By *Jove's* great bird, above the skies.

Unless we then extend our span,
By some fair deeds of virtuous fame,
The life heav'n gives to wretched man
Is lost --- and scarce deserves a name.

We breathe, the phantoms of a day,
'Till glory stretches out our date ;
Our acts this snatches from decay,
The rest we owe to time and fate.

That glory ours --- who to prolong
The actions of the good and brave,
Have power, in colours and in song,
To bear their fame beyond the grave.

A thousand eyes in *Kneller's* paint,
 Nassau and *Churchill* still adore ;
Tho' the fam'd general, king, and faint
 Survive to bless the world no more.

When the great *patriot* of his race,
 Late shall assert his native sphere ;
When envy shall no more debase
 His fame, or rage restrain its tear :

When one is lost --- to fill our eyes
 With gladness, and our joy renew,
We view another *Walpole* rise,
 And thank thy pencil for the view.

His youth, and smiles, which now demand
 My numbers, and thy rival art ;
To draw his looks the painter's hand,
 The muses skill to shew his heart ;

When lost in time, and rip'ning years,
 Shall once his country save, or bless ;
And claim'd by fate, make *Britain's* tears
 For her lov'd dying guardian less.

A fairer piece thy thought shall feign,
 The muse a nobler gift shall bring,
When, in some future *Brunswick's* reign,
 You draw the *patriot* which I sing.

*Prologue to Henry the Fourth. Acted at a
private school near London.*

O U R author sure has chose the oddest ways
To please an audience, and deserve the bays!
He hop'd a writer might, without offence,
Have ventur'd to divert the age with sense;
The town be humour'd, and the stage be fill'd
Without one flying god, or dragon kill'd!

How monstrous this! to keep fine folks so long
Without a jigg, a hobby-horse, or song!
Thro' the five barbarous, wretched acts, not seen
One heav'nly tumbler, or dear harlaqueen!
Hero's, ambitious of a deathless name,
Who frisk, and vault, and caper into fame!
Poets now gain the great sublime by finking;
Which saves blest bards the useless toil of thinking!
Who in each scene, in all they plan or write,
Ne'er covet sense - - - for sense undoes 'em quite.

W O U ' D you your judges learn'd applause command,
Ne'er treat them in a tongue they understand - - -
The soft *Italian* only bids 'em die,
Languish, and melt; tho' not a soul knows why - - -

Divine

Divine the musick, and the rapture strong,
 When wigs are comb'd, and shoes are brush'd in song!
 While pit and box with too much joy expire,
 When gods from *Drury* clouds descend on wire;
 Each scene without a sp'rit or demon, curst;
 For those who please 'em well, must fright 'em first!

How long has wit, that shou'd engage her smile,
 Strove, tho' in vain, to please our judging isle?
 How long each fav'rite folly banish'd hence,
 And tore the lawrel from the brow of sense?
 That humour now which hopes applause to gain,
 Must have its dwelling distant from the brain!
 Change seats, and to delight nice criticks, flow
 From the learn'd heel, or the facetious toe;
 Shifting from form to form its varying shape,
 A *Rich* this moment, and the next an ape!
 Now, in appearance, to the wond'ring pit
 A monkey --- with the smallest change, a wit!

SHALL *Congreve's* muse the curious age delight,
 While *Faux* can juggle, or while *Figg* can fight?
 In laughing farces the learn'd audience deals,
 And * *Johnson* half the town from *Otway* steals.

* Author of *Hurlothrumbo*, and several other ingenious pieces — receiv'd with universal applause.

Each scene well purg'd of all its sense and wit,
 Secures a ravish'd box, and clapping pit ;
Shakespear forgot, or scorn'd, the smiling crowd
 In *Hurlothbrumbo's* praise, both long and loud ;
 In a thin house great *Cæsar* meets his end ;
 And *Cato* dying, wants a weeping friend :
 Poor *Falstaff* hardly for his candles pays ;
 While *Faustus* bears away a nation's praise !
 * *Sir John* to humour now has no pretence,
 For conj'ring pleases better much than sense.
 Our unpolite and barb'rous stage admits
 No frisking hero's, and no flying wits.
 Where soft *Italians* squeek no female part ---
 We aim not at your ear, but at your heart.
 No eunuchs here shall give the fair offence,
 Our actors all, as manly as our sense.

On the death of the late Queen.

KNOWLEDGE and arts *Eliza's* glory rais'd,
 For piety and zeal was *Mary* prais'd ;
 With wreaths of triumph *Anna's* arms were crown'd,
 Which spread her own, and country's fame around ;
 In *Caroline* were all their virtues seen ;
 The wise, the brave, the good, the learned queen ;
 Pleas'd the same paths of virtue to pursue,
 She prais'd each rival --- only to out-do.

* *Sir John Falstaff.*

Mingling

Mingling in her their various gifts we see;
To form a fourth, heav'n join'd the former three.

*Verses occasioned by the death of the Honourable
Lady W - - - - le.*

GRANDEUR aloft the tomb may raise,
But virtue, 'tis thy act alone

To give the sacred dust a praise,
And with fair lines inscribe the stone!

The sorrow round her marble shed,
The sighs that breathe, the tears that flow,
Without a name reveal the dead - - -
And say - - - a *W - lp - le* sleeps below.

Those joys thy living smile oft gave,
To the sad eye, and aching breast,
Are thine, lov'd shade, beyond the grave;
Impartial death has all the rest.

To day, the fav'rite of a throne,
(See the frail props of human trust)
Fills the cold urn the next alone,
And feeds the worm, and dwells with dust.

E'en *Caroline*, who now appears
First to bemoan, as once to praise,
Shall draw herself those pious tears
From ev'ry eye, which now she pays.

On *W - lp - le*'s faded cheek are seen
How short the beams of beauty shine;
While the lov'd mistress, friend, and queen,
Beholds her glories end - - - in thine.

The subjects fame, the sov'reigns's sway,
All the proud gifts the mighty boast
Shining the wonders of a day,
Look fair one hour, the next are lost.

What then has royalty to give,
In greatness, what the heart to chuse;
Since those, who most distinguish'd live,
In death have only more to lose.

Think on the good, the wise, the brave,
When the last pang of life is o'er;
See *Mary*'s tomb, and *Berkley*'s grave,
And prize the gifts of birth no more.

For life our fondness to allay,
Taught by each stone and solemn bust,
The royal are but richer clay,
The beauteous only fairer dust.

E'en virtues, *W - lp - le*, great as thine,
Shall once o'erwhelm each heart with pain;
Breathing their vows at ev'ry shrine,
To steal one hour from death in vain!

To guard against the shaft decreed,
Fruitless the cheeks with sorrow lav'd,
Of nations, which thy care has freed,
Of empires, which thy schemes have sav'd.

Long lov'd and fam'd, thy fame must end
At last with her's, these strains deplore;
Freedom once weep, her darling friend,
And faction dread her scourge no more!

Oh patriot dear to *Britain's* isle,
With publick cares too long oppress'd;
Support them nobly for a while - - -
The grave at last must give thee rest.

Tho' envy shews thy glories less,
Content thy self a while to find
But half mankind thy virtues bless,
Yet valu'd - - - but by half mankind.

'Twill please thy fleeting shade to hear,
As ebbing life prepares to fly,
That rage itself distils a tear,
And drops it from a pensive eye!

The wretched toil of life when o'er,
All conscious of thy worth shall live,
While death itself thus gives thee more
Than boasted life cou'd ever give.

To the Right Honourable the Lord High Chancellor, on his late indisposition and recovery.

IF virtue, honour, and a fame like thine,
 E'er touch'd the gods, or mov'd the seats divine,
 Heav'n must relent, as *Hardwick* does complain,
 Viewing for one, a thousand hearts in pain ;
 Attend a nation's fear, a sov'reign's woe,
 The knees that tremble, and the eyes that flow ;
 The fervent vows on ev'ry altar laid,
 More for his safety, than our own afraid.
 While *Britain*, for her fav'rite kindly fears,
 And lends the statesman all her pious tears !
 How long to smile, shou'd heav'n his pangs relieve ;
 If doom'd to death, how long, alas, to grieve !

FATE hears the pious wish, and from the skies,
 Pleas'd with its power, indulgent, thus replies ---
 " To *Albion's* vow, her guardian's life I give,
 " The world shall not despair, but *Hardwick* live !
 " From the sad orphan's cheek, and widow's bed,
 " To wipe more tears away, than now are shed.

On the formation of Eve.

WHEN heav'n had clos'd our first form'd parent's side,
From whence was drawn the first fair blushing bride;
On the lov'd form the wond'ring lover gaz'd,
Struck with her looks --- half pleas'd, and half amaz'd:
And as each charm he does in raptures view,
Finds, with his rib, his heart was missing too.

Oh cease to gaze --- that nymph thy eyes behold
Is but thy self, cast in a finer mold;
The sprightly youth, and the soft smiling dame,
Different, tho' one; divided, yet the same.
What from thy side the virgin took away,
In beauteous forms the wife shall soon repay.

To Mrs. N. G.

WHILE *Celia* does *Amyntor's* love upbraid,
His passion cooling, and his flame decay'd;
Not the same rapture glowing in his eyes,
To the fond dame, the shepherd thus replies ---
With different looks thy charms I now admire;
Possession views not beauty, like desire. ---

*Fragment of a letter from a Craftsman at Paris,
to his friend in London.*

IF, part'ner of my guilt, thou canst sustain,
 Friend of my woes, a portion of my pain ;
 (The first sad hour my soul was e'er dismay'd
 For vows oft broke, and kings and realms betray'd)
 Ah, ease my tortur'd breast, and share a part
 Of that remorse, which rends my anxious heart ;
 How wild and deep, ah judge thy self, to see
 Our foes still honour'd, and our country free !
 Numbers ador'd our Journal wou'd disgrace,
W - *nd* - *m* still out - - - and *Walp* - *le* still in place ;
 Delusive periods found, alas, but vain,
 On *Britain's* humble neck to fix a chain ;
 Our *James*, to whom we promis'd realms and fame,
 A strolling exile still - - - a nameless name !
 Who, dubb'd a monarch in our weekly news,
 Crosses for crowns, and saints for subjects views :
 And bending to each hallow'd shrine a-nights,
 Prays for a kingdom, better than he fights ;
 With shadows ravish'd, pleas'd, and proud to hold
 Courts without courtiers - - - treasuries without gold ;
 Abbots unabby'd - - - bishops without mitres,
 Lords without land - - - and armies without fighters !

SPITE of each cloud, that from our Journal flies,
Britons still think --- and senates will have eyes ---
 But not those sleeping eyes we want --- which view
 The traitor upright, the deceiver true;
 Darkned by us, but such as weekly meet
 O'er *Fog's* fly page, and *Caleb's* gulling sheet!
 To each fond reader, each lov'd author dear,
 Who fells 'em shade, to make 'em see more clear!
 From court to change, who all in rapture fly,
 Bless the dear cheat, and hug the darling lie.

THE cause of all my woes, one line explains;
Walp - le still lives, with fame still *Brunswick* reigns!
 In vain we threaten, publish, forge, and rave;
 If those the wise wou'd crush, the foolish save;
 If *Britain*, for each blessing, will not grieve;
 Think, without reason; against sense believe:
 That stubborn foes can throw their rage aside,
 Or like that sov'reign, whom they long defy'd.

THO' from the royal smile my life I date,
 The foolish mercy well repay'd with hate;
 An ardent vow his empire to enslave,
 Well pays the giver, for the breath he gave;
 Safe, when at last I touch'd the *British* shore,
 (Now *St. J - - n* only --- *Bol - ngb - - ke* no more)

Each scene I view'd, did but my rage enflame ;
At home, an exile - - - banish'd from my fame !
A want of power did still my soul enthrall ;
Nothing enjoy'd - - - while not possess'd of all.
Curse on that pity then, which poorly gave
My body freedom - - - kept my soul a slave !
Not in my own, to rule and to command,
Worse than a wand'rer in a foreign land !
'Twas cruelty, not love, an art to find
To free the man, yet captivate the mind ;
Recall'd, to sink beneath a weight of shame,
And bear the load of life - - - without its fame !
Endebted to a foe, 'tis hard to live ;
Or pardon those the crime - - - who e'er forgive !

AH conscience ! be thy bitter voice suppress'd ;
Dire, torturing inmate of the impious breast !
Thy fierce reproaches spare ! nor bring to light
Those scenes of guilt, which covet shade and night !
(Each favour cancell'd by revenge and pride,
The royal smile bestow'd, for one deny'd)
Ah never once thy fearful slave upbraid,
For matchless love, with hate or scorn repay'd ;
For acting long the smooth-tongu'd ruffian's part,
For the dire purpose of the savage heart ;

The realm to fill with terror and alarms ;
 To lend rebellion strength, and treason arms !
 How oft the bold and sanguine scene decreed,
 Faction must triumph, or *Britannia* bleed ;
 And resolute to win the first renown,
 I gain a star --- or *George* resign a crown.

For this with scorpions arm'd, some boding sprite
 Throws wide the curtains, each deep dead of night ;
 And glaring thro' the darkness, seems to say,
 Thy guilt is full --- haste, traitor, come away ---
 I start, and wake -----

*The campaign. A panagyrick, occasioned by the
 gallant behaviour of the young Chevalier at
 the siege of Gaeta in Italy ; as recorded by two
 of his faithful friends, in two Tory Jour-
 nals.*

WHILE the youngsters of *Europe* all made their cam-
 [paign,
 Where most had their snuff-box, but few had their gun ;
 With the *Monseurs* of *Paris*, and *Bravo's* of *Spain*,
 The heir of great *James* was resolv'd to be one.

From

From their milliners compters their armour they bought,
Their powder was essence ; their ball was perfume ;
The hero's all hoping their enemies shot
Wou'd not rumple their ruffles, or injure their plume !

Their saddles were velvet, their housings were gay,
Each horse and his rider with nicety drest ;
And they went to the battle, as beaux to a play,
To observe not who fought, but who finick'd it best.

As now for the field our young warrior was dressing,
In the pride of his soul, and the fire of his bloom,
He first thought it wise to solicit a blessing,
E'er he mounted his steed, from his father at *Rome*.

To his Holiness next he agreed to repair,
In hopes he might spare him some catholick charm ;
A relick, which during the heat of the war,
Might secure both his horse, and its rider from harm.

He knew, wou'd he tumble his budget but o'er,
Where miracles swarm'd, and where wonders were plenty ;
If he cross'd but his pistol, 'twou'd kill at six-score,
As dead --- as a heretick's musket at twenty.

A thumb, if authentick, of *Thomas* the saint,
Or a smock of some nun, either holland or lawn ;
If the pontiff, or college, were willing to grant,
He had little to fear from the cannons of * *Traun*.

* Governor of Gaeta.

Tho' his subjects, as yet, had it not in their power,
By statutes, and armies, a little dismay'd,
When they brought him his scepter and crown from the *Tow'r*,
That whatever he lent him, shou'd all be repaid.

Tho' his council at *Dawley* too often had err'd,
For his money - - - he need not be thoughtful, or fear;
Since Pappa's restoration, tho' long 'twas deferr'd,
A letter last post, had assur'd him was near.

That *St. J--n* and *B--rb--r* had both sent him word
Two millions were rais'd, the descent to begin, Sir,
And if *Rome* wou'd consent but to furnish a third,
He shou'd soon be at mafs in his chapel at *Win'sor*.

In his armour now drest, the young warrior survey,
Lac'd on, to secure him from ev'ry disaster;
Mounted high on his steed, with caparisons gay,
Which was order'd to fight for himself, and his master.

Tho' he knew, when in battle, full well to behave,
Nor from bombs, nor from cannon a terror cou'd feel;
Yet he look'd on the beads which his confessor gave,
As a much better guard than his head-piece of steel.

For a breast-plate, more pleas'd with a catholick gift,
Of use, when young hero's too rashly will venture;
Instead of a shirt, being wrapp'd in a shift,
Which once was the virgin's - - - no bullet cou'd enter.

And

And to gain such a treasure he surely was right,
 (E'er he went to the siege,) of his grandmother's giving ;
 Since the nail, or the thumb, of dead catholicks fight
 Full as well as the hands and the arms of the living.

Thro' his telescope now ev'ry rampart survey'd,
 A prospect his Highness took little delight in ;
 He look'd, and he figh'd, and he heartily pray'd
 That the foe wou'd furrender the town without fighting.

The castle to view, and the works to behold,
 From a stand which he chose in a neighbouring plain,
 His eye was as pleas'd, and his heart was as bold
 As his fire's, when he battled at *Perth* and *Dunblain*.

Alas, brother *Charles*, (he was nigh in the field)
 He cries, in a fright, from his war-horse alighting,
 'Tis pity two princes, like us, shou'd be kill'd,
 When we both have such armies to save us from fighting !

Tho' we touch not our pikes, or our pistols, once more,
 In the news, for our acts, we shall both be admir'd ;
 If we ride round the wall, when the battle is o'er,
 Or enter the breach, when the foe is retir'd !

Ah, dear Cousin *Naples* ! let *Berwick's* sad fate,
 Wise courage in both of our bosoms instil ;
 Who found it himself, and has taught us of late
 At how monstrous a distance a bullet will kill.

Our friends, if they please, our precaution may blame,
That each danger we shun, and each battery dread ;
Yet sure 'tis much wiser to forfeit our fame
In the heat of an action, than part with our head :

The hazard so great, and th' excuse is so fair,
You needs must agree that my counsel is right ;
For our army's success, if we both join in prayer,
And dispatch, while we kneel, our battalions to fight.

Shou'd the two Queens, our mothers, once hear we are hurt,
To their sons out of fondness, extreamly obliging ;
That you bled thro' your waistcoat, or I thro' my shirt,
We shou'd dance for the future - - - and leave off besieging.

What tears wou'd they shed, if a post from the battle
Brings news, that in danger their *Jewels* are plac'd ;
We should both be sent home to our popguns and rattle,
Our pistols unloaded, and armour unlac'd ?

How my trembling mamma wou'd repine at the war,
The cause of so cruel and sad a disaster,
If a mile from the fortress, my garter or star
By a shot shou'd be wounded, instead of its master.

For unless at our mint we some guineas cou'd forge,
The expence of a ribbon and robe to defray ;
The charge of a feather, a chain, and a *George*,
Is more than our present Exchequer can pay.

As we mounted the trench, if some fly engineer
 A shell from his mortars should happily fling,
 Which shou'd burst, and shou'd bruise us by coming too near ---
 What wou'd *Britain*, or *Sicily*, do for a king?

 Ah, how wou'd *Moll - y* have a power to survive,
 Shou'd a bullet, by accident, meet with my head;
 When the king he long hated he finds is alive,
 And he hears, that the prince he long wish'd for, is dead?

 If their darling, too vent'rous, should chance to be slain,
 Ah who shou'd my patriots with wonders supply!
 Of our fleets at *Toulon*, and our armies in *Spain*,
 And furnish their Journals each week with a lie?

 Friend *B - rb - r*, so brisk with his wit, and his pen,
 Must polish once more what his *Gatehouse* defames;
 Drefs *Lud*, and his sons, in gold jackets agên,
 In the nitches he left for his *Orm - nd* and *J - mes*.

 Yet I hope on our guards we may safely rely,
 That the faints in our holsters their riders may save;
 Which seldom are warriors till after they die,
 And never fight well, till they rise from their grave.

 'Gainst *Rome's* holy wonders tho' schismaticks rattle,
 And the fame which her shrines, and her trinkets have won;
 A tooth, or a toe, has recover'd the battle,
 Which a *Churchill*, or *Villars*, wou'd never have done.

Tho'

Tho' the noise of a cannon some hero's may shock,
Under *Bridget's* protection we boldly may venture ;
For since you have her pinner, and I have her smock,
The front of the fight's full as safe as the center.

For a kingdom so wealthy had you such a chance,
'Twou'd give you, dear brother, abundance of pain,
To be hurt by a bullet, or gor'd by a lance,
And were first to be crippled, before you cou'd reign.

You know, Sir, our kindred have purchas'd renown,
And a fame for their royal atchievements have got ;
Have oft gain'd the credit of storming a town,
Tho' they ne'er were in reach of a bomb, or a shot.

Your grandfire, great *Bourbon*, my grandfather *James*,
More in love with intrigues, than in sieges delighting,
If examples we need, are a couple of names,
To prove what great warriors are made without fighting.

You will hear in a month what brave actions I did,
Which my *Fog* will relate, to encourage our people ;
That I mounted some rampart, the time that I hid,
Like a *Stuart's* true son, in the loft of a steeple.

Tho' I creep in a windmill the battle to shun,
I may quote, for my conduct, two valiant commanders ;
'Twas the same that young *Berry*, and *Anjou* had done
When they fought a full league from their squadrons in
[*Flanders*.

Ah *Britain!* how long will thy parliaments flight
 A prince, who so early such lawrels has won;
 Who can pray, or attack, who can fiddle, or fight,
 And may one day out-do what his father has done.

If in peace to his throne you allow him to pass,
 Nor show him a sword, nor affright him with fire;
 For the favour, each church shall again have its mass,
 Each altar its cross, and each abbey its prior.

But his friends must th' expence of his voyage discharge,
 And send him a vessel, or two, from the *Nore*;
 His treasure's too small to procure him a barge
 To bring half his court, or his *JESUITS* o'er!

*An imitation of Horace, lib. iii. ode 2. apply'd
 to the times.*

THE * youth who hopes renown to gain
 In arms, or check the pride of *Spain*,
 In frosts no cold must feel;
 Must beef prefer to soups and milk,
 Throw by his ruffles, lace, and filk,
 And charge in buff, or steel.

* *Angustam, amici, pauperiem pati.
 Robustus acri militia puer
 Condiscat, et Partbos minaces,
 Vexet eques metuendus hasta.*

'Twas the strong sword, and not the knot,
Each ancient hero's lawrel got

Who fought for *Greece* and *Rome* :
These the firm shield and target chose,
And left to gay embroider'd beaus,
Their odours and their plume.

The finger shew'd no sparkling stone,
Rough was the arm, and hard the bone
That dealt the dreaded blow ;
The helm then wore no rich cockade,
No dangling string the warrior's blade:
Unsheath'd against the foe.

At nine each night they went to bed,
* Rugged they lay, and coarsely fed,
While few to please the fair,
In *Persian* vests their limbs enfold
To check the breeze, resist the cold,
Or screen 'em from the air.

Their lodging then was not so nice,
Full oft they slept on turf, or ice,
Their couch a bed of snow ;
Their smith, and not their taylor, made
A suit for every fighting blade,
When drest to meet the foe.

* *Vitamque sub dio, et trepidis agat
In rebus* ———

When

When *Britons* train'd like these appear,

* *Madrid's* she-tyrant chill'd with fear,

In sighs is heard to cry - - -

My sons, go pray, go count your beads,

Such troops, if *Wade* or *Catbcart* leads,

If you resist, you die.

The lion thirsting after gore,

When trembling forests dread his roar,

Now eager for his prey,

Through the dim twilight is not seen,

When hunger makes his rage more keen,

So bold or fierce as they.

With midnight monks more pleas'd to dwell,

To his dull shrines, and lonely cell,

Philip will soon retire ;

† If *Churchill* near our walls is seen,

I soon shall live a widow'd queen,

And you without a fire.

* ——— *Illum ex mœnibus hosticis*
Matrona bellantis tyranni
Prospiciens et adulta virgo
Suspiret ———

† ——— *Eheu! ne rudis agminum*
Sponsus laceſſat regius asperum
Tactu leonem ———

Each young *Iberian* bride and maid
 To her lov'd youth, or lord, dismay'd,
 Will thus breathe out her tears ---
 To your close holds, oh, quickly run,
 You're ruin'd, if you fire one gun
 Where * *Haddock's* squadron steers!

Ah! if you prize the tender lives,
 The ease of virgins, or of wives,
 Keep far from *Wills's* fight:
 Kneel to your saints --- your masses hum,
 Kiss *Bridget's* toe, or *Becket's* thumb ---
 Do any thing but fight ---

Shou'd *George* demand of you, or I,
 For † *Britain* if we dar'd to die,
 Each our assent might give;
 But shou'd he ask his country's foe,
Caleb, or *Trot*, they'd answer, no;
 And chuse its plague to live.

Argyll, whom *Mars* with flame inspires,
 Was safer much 'midst *Gallic* fires,
 The hostile sword and lance;
 Than ‡ *Perkin* shiv'ring near *Dunblain*,
 When the pale coward left the plain,
 And ship'd again for *France*.

* ——— *Quem cruenta
 Per medias rapit ira cædes.*

† *Dulce, et decorum est pro patria mori.*

‡ *Mors et fugacem persequitur virum* ———

To keep the hero safe and whole,
 The *Stuart* rush'd into his foul
 When eager for renown;
 Back to the shore his troops he leads,
 Quite blest, to save his crosses and beads,
 Although he lost his crown.

A foe in every dream he sees,
 And dreads his step in every breeze,
 Which back his terrors bring ---
 "Fighting, my friends, I leave to you,
 "If zeal and praying will not do,
 "I ne'er must be a king."

True * fortitude a power imparts
 To smile at envy's keenest darts
 Where'er they fly, or fall;
 The brave her efforts can sustain
 Whose arrows give their breasts no pain,
 Which bears, or blunts 'em all ---

From *H - ll*, in wit and tricks grown old;
 From *P - - -* the bard, and *Nick* the scold,
 Pert faction may declaim;
 The little vulgar, and the great,
 New forge the tale, the lie repeat,
 These still support their fame!

* *Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
 Intaminatis fulget honoribus.*

Shall * *Marlb'rough* throw his lance away
 For the dull trash of *W* - - - *d*'s lay,
 Who quacks in verse for bread;
 Wife *Brunswick* throw *N* - *castle* by,
 To take good *St. J* - - *n* near his eye,
 Or *P* - - - *y* in his stead.

Did upright *Walp* - *le* ever shrink
 From *St* - - *w*'s lampoon, or *F* - - *ld* - *ng*'s ink,
 Which strove his star to stain?
 He still preserves his honour clear,
 While * Faction's shaft, and Folly's sneer
 Are spent each week in vain.

When did his heart a dread betray?
 When Fiction's tongue his peace allay,
 By trials made more pure?
 His worth deprest does fairer rise,
 Which envy brightens, while it tries
 To stab, or to obscure.

‡ To worlds beneath confin'd no more,
 How high wou'd *Britain*'s glory soar,
 Nor bounds, nor limits know;
 Wou'd prudent *George* his counsels mend,
 Take *S* *w* - - *t* or *Orm* - *nd* for his friend,
 And *Onsl* - *w* for his foe.

* *Nec sumit aut ponit secures* ———

† *Arbitrio popularis auræ.*

‡ *Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
 Cælum, negata tentat iter via.*

A glorious height beyond the skies
 The god-like patriots virtues rise,
 With matchless speed and force ;
 Take a bold * flight above the air,
 Bid malice figh, and fraud despair
 To reach their heav'nly course !

† Fortune, oft pleas'd with wanton tricks,
 On fops a coronet does fix,
 On *Gl - v - r*'s brow the bays ;
 Yet tho' in joke the wayward quean
 Made *Noll* a king, and *Swift* a dean,
 Such pranks she seldom plays.

You her blind power, perhaps, upbraid ;
 For virtue crush'd, and guilt unpaid
 The goddess rule despise ;
 Yet when *Moll - y* is seen to hang
 With rogues of *Rome*, a *Tyburn* gang,
 You'll own she then has eyes.

* *Cætusque vulgares, et udam
 Spernit humum fugiente penna.*

† ——— *Sæpe despitur
 Incesto addidit integrum* ———

‡ *Raro antecedentem scelestum
 Deferuit pede pœna claudo* ———

Him nurs'd in fraud, in treasons bred,
 Tho' flow-pac'd Justice has not led
 Yet to the fatal bar ;
 Wait but one sessions more, or two,
 And *Willes* will place him full in view
 High on his *Holbourn* car.

Harry long reign'd mad Faction's tool,
 Till time had prov'd the sage a fool
 For songs to part with gold ;
 Who found, but found, alas, too late,
 Satyr ne'er purchas'd an estate,
 Tho' many a one it sold.

To spread his glory round the isle,
 Great *Bourbon's* gifts, and *Anna's* smile
 Each other long surpass ;
 Long the first fav'rite of the sky,
 Fate let him live, to bid him die
 Its jest and scorn at last.

* Blab not your counsels to his ear,
Madrid and *Paris* soon will hear
 Each secret you let fall ;
 The next fair wind 'tis sure to fail,
 Friend *Girald* has it the next mail,
 And *Fleury* knows it all.

* *Est et fideli tuta silentio*
Fides ———

Each scheme you plan, each close debate
 For peace or war - - - in church or state,
 Who sink, and who advance;
 The number of your fresh supplies,
 All *Freeman's* truths, and *Caleb's* lies
 He ships each week to *France*.

Say, wou'd you trust your self to steer
 In the same * boat with such a peer
 Whom every guilt defames;
 So black the list, the sum so large,
Jove's angry bolt must sink the barge
 In crossing o'er the *Thames*.

*Prologue to the Siege of Damascus. Acted by
 some young gentlemen at a private school near
 London.*

THE tragick scene instructs the soul betimes
 To court fair glory, and to blush at crimes!
 To sooth each sadness in the mourner's breast,
 To dry the tear, and ease the heart distressed;
 Touch'd with each human woe, to feel a pain
 When virtue sighs - - - or beauty weeps in vain.

* *Vetabo*
Sub iisdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum
Solvat Phaselum —————

ON fields at first like these, fierce battles seen,
Gave their first flames to *Churchill*, and *Eugene*!
Our fifth great *Harry* conqu'ring on the stage,
Furnish'd out hero's for each future age;
They saw the youthful king press hard for fame,
Envy'd his sword, and caught the victor's flame;
While *France* to *Britain's* arms was forc'd to yield,
First on the stage, and after in the field;
And *Cressy* oft presented to their view,
Taught our brave troops at *Bleinheim* to subdue.

BUT here some critick his sage wit employs - - -
What! reverend age its morals learn from boys?
Shall they determine what is wrong, or right;
Direct us what to chuse, and how to fight?
While fond of sieges, each young stripling runs
From nouns and verbs, to handle pikes and guns:
Rare warriors these a fortrefs to attack - - -
Instead of arms, with satchels on their back:
In years alike, and in experience green;
Captains at twelve - - - and generals at fifteen.

BUT let not years so high in fancy lift ye,
Tho' none are here, we've known mere boys at fifty!
E'er on their brow the warriors lawrels grew,
Nassau and *Cæsar* had their satchels too!

With

With the same joy the ball and cricket saw ;
 Nor lik'd a truncheon once - - - so well as taw.
 But time each little chief with hero's rang'd,
 And the long dreaded birch to lawrel chang'd.
 Pleas'd the same race of glory both to run,
 The camp but finish'd what the school begun.

LIKE them, awaken'd by our country's woe,
 With no unreal flames these breasts shall glow !
 When *Bourbon's* pride, or *Britain's* wrongs shall call
 These little troops to thunder on the *Gaul* ;
 Their country's love shall swell each gen'rous vein,
 Feeling that warmth it now is taught to feign.
 Each chief shall then brush off his gugaw plume,
 And place a wreath of lawrel in its room ;
 While placing *Phocyas'* deeds before their eye,
 Resolv'd on fame - - - or well aveng'd, to die,
 Some future *Bleinheim* - - - glorious as the first,
 Compleats the warriors your own *Hackney* nurst.

*Epilogue to the Siege of Damascus. Spoken by
 Eumenes.*

TO shine so young in arms, these fighting times,
 Will not be rank'd, we hope, among our crimes :
 To early fame those classic walls inspire,
 We read - - - and reading catch the hero's fire.

Daring

Daring his muse, altho' his birth was mean,
 Old *Homer* made more gen'als than *Turenne* :
 Each page of *Virgil*, while it pleases, warms ;
 * *Arms, and the man* --- makes school-boys *men of arms*.
 We with his *Trojans* war-like fury glow,
 Burn for the fight - - - and pant to meet the foe.
 Battles in books, the lance, the sword, and shield,
 Leave us half mad, for battles in the field ;
 While each young chief his first campaign begins,
 With battering noses, and with bruising shins.
 Like us, most captains, soaring to renown ;
 We guard a wicket first, and then a town ;
 The future warrior, by the boy we know ;
 Who beats most porters - - - best repels the foe.
 Tho' *Wills* and *Wade* now boast a general's name,
 Dumplings were sweeter once to both - - - than fame.

YE fair ! our conduct sure you will not blame ;
 From you we draw this youthful thirst of fame !
 The arts of conqu'ring early you begin ;
 To station right the curl, the patch, and pin :
 Resolv'd betimes in glory to excel,
 One year instructs you how to wound, and spell - - -
 Your eyes, with practis'd charms our hearts bewitch,
 While your fair, busy fingers, knot or stitch.

* *Arma virumque cano* —————

Each modern nymph her triumphs now atchieves,
 And learns to murder first in hanging-fleeves.
 From bibs and frocks the arrow often flies,
 And oft the tucker kills, before the eyes.
 At twelve, their slaves in chains, young misses hold,
 And beauty at sixteen, grows stale and old.

IF e'er a smile upon these troops ye cast,
 Take now a long adieu, and look your last.
 This night our war-like bands the field employs;
 The next transforms us all again to boys.
 These glittering vests, that make each chief so gay,
 Like birth-day suits --- wore only for a day.

PITY dull books shou'd more debase our isle!
 What gallant troops does *Greek* and *Latin* spoil?
 A sadness sure must damp each soldier's breast,
 To lose anon his plume, and war-like crest:
 His brow, now circled with a victor's crown;
 Now pale, and trembling at an usher's frown.
 By a small twig, a general kept in awe,
 Nay sometimes struck --- and yet forbid to draw --
 Death to a soldier's honour, and his fame;
 I fly --- and can no longer bear the shame ---

[*Runs off hastily.*

*The tinker turn'd politician ; or, Caleb's
metamorphosis.*

IN the island of *Britain*, an isle of great fame,
There once liv'd a tinker, and *Caleb* his name ;
So curious his tools, and so nice was his stroke,
That all artists beside he out-did, and he broke - - -

Derry down, &c.

No workman but he, did his work understand,
But all was quite finish'd that came from his hand ;
Tho' he did what most tinkers are wont for to do,
And each hole that he mended, he always made two.

Derry down, &c.

His wares cost him little for any design,
And for metal, 'twas seldom he troubled the mine - - -
No merchant he needed to find him in brass,
For whatever he wanted, he took from his face - - -

Derry down, &c.

Our artists, and learn'd virtuoso's of old,
Cou'd tin, or cou'd copper convert into gold - - -
So each metal he us'd, wou'd, in ev'ry degree,
When rubb'd on his front, turn as brazen as he - - -

Derry down, &c.

Now tir'd with his trade, his profession he hates,
 And from patching of pans, falls to mending of states;
 His sheers not so keen as the journals he writ,
 For there's nothing like starving to make you a wit.

Derry down, &c.

Now our tinkering scribe, with the dash of his quill,
 Without help of a reason can prove what he will;
 While his essay each week that the law doth defy,
 Into truth, when he pleases, can tinker a lie - - -

Derry down, &c.

If you ask his advice, the new statesman with ease,
 Can strike out a war, or can plan out a peace - - -
 By turns he can prove them a blessing or curse,
 And a peace shall be bad, yet a war shall be worse.

Derry down, &c.

Your lords and your commons may vote what they will,
 If the tinker's learn'd senate is pleas'd with their bill;
 For in spite of your *H - rdw - - ck*, your *W - lles*, and your

[Str - nge,

There is nothing good law, but what's lik'd at the *Change*.

Derry down, &c.

If you libel your sov'reign, 'tis honest and fair;
 But 'tis treason, or worse, if you laugh at the mayor.

A king on his throne you may safely reproach ;
But never, ah never, a *sh'rieve* in his coach !

Derry down, &c.

'Tis hanging, or worse, 'gainst mobs to protest,
While the fur is quite sacred, the ermin a jest ;
A certain good sign of a citizen's grace,
If he laughs at the scepter - - - and bows to the mace - - -

Derry down, &c.

In his list you may read a new patriot each week,
And much better than any from *Latin* or *Greek* - - -
Where the breast of his *St. John* is grac'd with a star - - -
For his head is not yet to be seen on the * bar.

Derry down, &c.

See there is his sword, and his spurs, and his *George*,
All polish'd quite nice at the tinker's own forge ;
Tho' the artist was out, as most heralds agree,
Who instead of his neck, ty'd the string to his knee.

Derry down, &c.

With quiet, and fighting, by turns he is vexed,
And what saves us this summer, shall sink us the next ;
'Tis bad in the morning - - - 'tis better at noon ;
And our wisdom in *May*, shall be madness in *June*.

Derry down, &c.

* Temple Bar.

Our sage with a set of new morals now fraught,
 Makes faction the virtue, and duty the fault:
 'Gainst the foes of his country his pen does employ,
 Gives the halter to *Freem-n*; the wreath to * *M-lloy*.

Derry down, &c.

Ye wits, and ye witlings --- plebeians or peers,
 Who squirt out your spleen in your dull Gazetteers;
 You may laugh till you burst, if the court is your theme,
 But to laugh at the city, you almost blaspheme ---

Derry down, &c.

If you follow his counsel, he'll shew you a way,
 How *Cadix*, or *Brest*, may be won in a day ---
 If you break but old *Haddock*, the *Spaniards* must fall,
 And give his commission, and flag to brave † *H-ll*.

Derry down, &c.

Of a navy this captain can save you the charge;
 And can sink you a fleet with a *lighter*, or barge;
 Who wants no battalions for fighting --- nor more
 To storm you a town, than an army of four ---

Derry down, &c.

'Twas wrong in Sir *R---rt* to suffer our foe,
 A gale from the west, a whole summer to blow ---

* *An Irish Jesuit, one of the principal incendiaries in Common Sense.*

† *He took a strong fort with four men.*

That he kept not the winds, like the fen - te, in pay,
To drive both the fleet, and Sir *John*, from *Torbay*.

Derry down, &c.

Oh *George!* - - - if you find any weakness or flaws,
In the schemes of your closet, or make of your laws - - -
Our tinker, to shew you his wit is not small,
With a fodder he makes ye, can close 'em up all - - -

Derry down, &c.

Tho' not with a hammer, his genius is still
At work, full as busy, with ink and a quill;
Since in ev'ry profession, a statesman, or quack,
He is much better pleas'd that his work shou'd be *black* - - -

Derry down, &c.

If his tricks you still like, you may have him agên,
Who has nothing now left him to sell - - - but his pen;
From the foe, for a guinea, may steal him away - - -
For he fights, like a *Switzer*, alone for the pay - - -

Derry down, &c.

For a bribe (that he hates) he will prove what you will;
And you're sure of his heart, if his pocket you fill:
Then the senate, and king, shall their duty discharge;
And their schemes shall be wise, if his pay is but large.

Derry down, &c.

Modern

Modern patriotism delineated.

FROM the grave patriot, to the giddy throng,
 All kifs the hand, which kindly leads 'em wrong:
 Delusion ev'ry age and genius suits;
 Thus *Sw - - ft* is righteous; *L - ttle - - n* disputes.
 Not truth, but contradiction, is their guide - - -
Whitefield is learn'd - - - and preaches, void of pride,
 The flimsy trash and lumber of whose brain,
 Has *Sh - rl - ck*'s reason, cloath'd in *Tully*'s strain.
Caleb in grace and duty does abound - - -
 And *P - - -* in *St. Jo - n*'s self has virtues found.
 The pen from bad before, that makes 'em worse,
 Has all their praise - - - what saves 'em, has their curse.

WITH her own dreams, the witty realm o'erjoy'd,
 Is never half so blest, as when decoy'd:
 Pure are his maxims, and his credit high,
 Who treats 'em with a libel, or a lie!
 To win their smiles, who wants no other art;
 Cheat 'em well only - - - and you win their heart.
 They prize no longer now their *Meads* and *Sloans*;
Moore kills their worms, and *Map* sets all their bones.
 To *Rock*'s fam'd pill their body's cure is giv'n,
 And *T - - p* is chose their surest guide to heav'n.

None fail of bliss among the chosen tribes,
Where the priest dictates - - - or the quack prescribes.

SEE, sages round the bowl in night-caps throng,
Where kings in emblem - - - courtiers bleed in song.
From the full glass, in troops smooth falsehoods fly,
While some invent, some shape the current lie;
By instinct, thro' *Cheapside* it posts away,
Instructed what to swear, or what to say;
Here *Haddock's* sword is pad-lock'd, dull, and tame;
Here envious *W - lpole* sighs at *V - rnon's* fame;
For *Philip's* safety only is in pain,
And bribes the winds to keep our fleets from *Spain*.
New strength it gathers as it goes - - - nor ends
'Till it make *George*, and *Philip* bosom-friends - - -
In spite of *Chagre's*, and of *Porto-bell*,
Who love each other still extreamly well;
Now take a ship - - - and now destroy a fort;
Blow up, and sink, and kill - - - and all in sport.
Each legend form'd to suit the bearer's throat,
If a low villain, or a rogue of note;
Whispers for 'prentices, the club prepare,
Their masters always serv'd with better ware;
'Twou'd stain their honour to delude the crowd,
Unless the lie were rattling, bold, and loud;

All opposition down the fiction bears - - -
 And what the patriot prints, the porter swears.
 Buzzing thro' alleys, lanes, and streets, it strains,
 Fills fifty heads, and turns as many brains.
 The fib by *F* - - - *ng* drest so smooth and fair,
 Infects a sheriff oft, sometimes a mayor.
 Who propagate and spread the *Proteus*' news,
 Truth at the *Change*; and falsehood at the *Meuse*.
 Ask 'em, whose voice foretels th' impending curse?
 One names his barber - - - and one quotes his nurse.
 Disguise and fraud are faction's fav'rite tools;
 And artful knaves ne'er want believing fools.

WOULDST thou admire a group of finest wits - - -
 See there in state a suburb senate sits;
 Who dine on trotters, and who sup on whey;
 Whose shirts in *August*, were their shirts in *May*.
 Each eve these kindly from their garrets press,
 Poor *England* with their wholesome schemes to bless;
 Who read in *Magna Charta* no such thing,
 As statutes that forbid to cheat a king;
 Or laws inflicting penalties and pains
 On those, for *Britain*'s good, who beat out brains;
 Which free-born subjects of their right bereave,
 To plunder, when their conscience gives 'em leave;

These

These the good city's strong *Prætorian* guard,
 To muzzle cruel laws, that bite too hard ;
 To awe a senate, to direct a king,
 Or from a statute draw its pois'nous sting ---
 Who all agree that *England's* bliss is o'er,
 If Gin is lost --- and smuggling is no more.

O'ER their own happiness these fond to weep,
 For ev'ry blessing all their sorrows keep ;
 In peace, for war --- in war, for peace they bawl ;
 Give 'em but plenty, and you starve 'em all ---
 To aid whose sense, *Moll-y* a juice supplies,
 Which helps their sight, by sealing up their eyes :
 Directs 'em better how to hit the mark,
 As owls see always clearest in the dark ;
 To lose each bliss, who spare no time, or pains ;
 And blest'd with freedom, long and pant for chains.

SHOU'D these want honest reasons to rebel ;
 Say, wou'd not slaves and brick-bats do as well ?
 No cause decided here by ay's and no's ;
 Numbers, their justice ; and their reasons, blows.
 What ! tho' its master knows not to dispute ---
 The club may argue, when the man is mute.
 Let *Hales*, or *Holt* determine what they will,
 Those that are beaten, are the traitors still :

P

Against

Against the law, the vanquish'd only fight ;
 Whoe'er are conquerors, always will be right :
 And what is right or wrong, no soul can guess ;
 Till we first know which party has success.

PITY those edicts ever shou'd be broke,
 Propos'd o'er porter - - - and confirm'd in smoak ;
 By sages sitting round a kitchen fire,
 With parts, oh *Parsons* ! whom thy casks inspire.
 These never reason well without their draught,
 Which turns their head, and then improves their thought ;
 Fresh knowledge rising from fresh mugs they feel ;
 More eloquent and learn'd, the more they reel ;
 In, with the liquor, some new maxim flows ;
 And as their senses fail, their wisdom grows.
 Great patriots now apace, and statesmen spring ;
 Two quarts create a judge - - - the third a king ;
 Who, soon of their new sov'reign weary grown,
 At seven anoint him - - - and at twelve dethrone - - -

To an eminent poet.

WHEN *Tonson* pays you for your wit,
 Which brings him wealth, and you a fame ;
 Let the receipt you give be writ
 Not in your own, but *Pallas*' name.

Cloſe to your pen, and thoughtful chair,
Still waiting to your ſtudious ſhade ;
For ſo much trouble, ſure 'tis fair
That ſhe who helps you, ſhould be paid.

While you grow rich, look ſpruce, and ſleek,
You needs muſt own it is a fault,
You ſhou'd earn twenty pounds a week,
And your kind helper not a groat.

Act as you pleaſe, 'tis ſure a crime,
Whate'er your friends, or you may ſay,
For deities to write, and rhyme,
And earthly bards have all the pay !

When next to *Oxford* you repair,
And view your guardian's ſtatue foul ;
Ah curl aſreſh her gorgon's hair,
And clean her ſpear, and trim her owl.

To ſee a cloud of duſt o'erwhelm
Her arms, you muſt be odly bred,
Shou'd you reſuſe to ſcour her helm,
Whoſe rays ſo oft have clear'd your head.

Curl's credit now muſt quickly fall,
Your mighty rival's fame grow leſs ;
His wits, tho' great, are mortals all,
While goddeſſes attend your preſs - - -

On life : written in the style of Shakespear.

- - - - - WA S not man's sad ear
 Oft visited with solemn midnight knells,
 Rung by the cold and icy hand of death;
 The false smooth tongue of pride, from dust and worms
 Wou'd lift us into gods; and often turn
 Life's bubble into brass; making our being
 Firm as the adamant - - - But when our sense
 Is hourly coil'd with fearful scenes, that shew
 Our state more truly; when we read of graves
 And skeletons, the wrinkled brow of age,
 And withering cheek of youth, kissing each other
 In the same clammy shroud - - - such tales! so fearful,
 Undo our pride, point out our mortal birth,
 And shrink us into shadows - - - Those tell us truly
 The dream, and we are twins that fleets away
 The moment of its birth - - - and dies to nothing - - -
 Oh life! oh flatterer, life! the silken beam
 The spider weaves, is yet a thread more strong,
 More durable, and hard, than that which ties
 Man's frame together - - - tho' a breeze of air
 Crossing the feeble texture, quite undoes
 The curious web for ever - - -

On beauty ; in the style of the same author.

- - - - - O H beauty,

Whose softness once quite sham'd the cignet's down,
And stealing from the rose its blushing hue,
Left on its bud less fragrance ; I have known thee
When *Paphos*' queen wou'd wish for thy fair cheek,
To make her own more beauteous, seeming here
To take, and not to lend thy eye, its flame ;
But faded now in death, thy paleness shews
How well the wither'd flower, and fleeting shade
Resemble thy short life, and moment's stay
On the soft virgin's cheek, which for an hour
Thou chusest to inhabit - - - Oh *Almeria* !
Tho' marbled now within the weeping tomb,
Food for the crawling worm, and death, that feeds
On beauty's mould'ring dust, the time has been
When crowds of young and old have strain'd their eye
To view thee passing, and with lips of joy
Have kiss'd the soft impression thou hast made
Upon the yielding turf, which seem'd to smile,
Bearing thy footstep ; then thy look had pow'r,
(Tho' now a cold inhabitant of clay)
With its warm beams to thaw the frozen vein

Of

Of the cold hermit ; one soft smile of thine
Has fir'd the dancing blood of wither'd age,
Feeling thy hands approach, which bent no more
Beneath the pressing weight of years and time,
When near thy beauty ; whence the weeping eye
Now turns away its sight, in dread to view
A form so sad and horrid ; what is death !
Whose leaden touch, and icy hand, has power
To turn the richest work of nature's mould
Into a lump of cold and lifeless clay,
Nauseous to sense and thought - - -

The fox and the lion. A state fable.

✓ **A** Captive fox his time who spent
In a close coop, with small content ;
To prison for his crimes convey'd,
And the sly tricks he oft had play'd ;
Grew sorely vex'd he could not strole
But a chain's length around his hole.
Sheeps heads and hearts are now his treat,
Who us'd to dine on better meat ;
The plumpest fowl his eye cou'd wish ;
A hen, or hare, for ev'ry dish.

RESOLV'D,

RESOLV'D, at last, to try, and see
If craft, or force, cou'd set him free ;
He turns his thought each way, to find
Some flight, his fetters to unbind ;
That long imprison'd, might avail,
At last to free him from a jail.

CLOSE by his cell he saw each day
Young turkeys skip, plump ducklings play ;
Well cram'd, and eating of the best,
In plenty fed, with freedom blest :
While he, the fav'rite once of fate,
Now whelm'd beneath its frown and hate,
Does all his days in bondage waste,
And views, and smells, but cannot taste.
To offals here and scraps confin'd ;
Who, e'er he lost his freedom, din'd,
Seldom, one day, on coarser fare
Than capon, pheasant, lamb, or hare.

HIS wilely schemes at last succeed ;
The chain is broke, the prisoner freed ;
With hunger stung, and rage inspir'd,
Now seizing what he most admir'd ;
Across the yard he nimbly scours,
And all he meets, and likes, devours ;

Whose

Whose past affronts, and present spleen
Unite, to make his tooth more keen ;
The roost all round with feathers spread
Of dying pullets, and the dead.

CLOSE by, within an awful cell,
A princely lion chanc'd to dwell,
And kept a table spread for all
His loyal subjects, great and small :
Hither allur'd, with hopes of prey,
The pilf'ring fox directs his way ;
Sure, on the royal board to meet,
Something more nice, polite, and sweet,
To grace the monarch's courtly feast,
And ven'son, for one course, at least
To crown the sov'reign's sumptuous meal ;
And on his craft relies, to steal.

ON moral truths he now refines,
And treason into virtue coins :
From guilt, a fame and merit draws,
And laughs at statutes, fines, and laws ;
A string of faucy, slavish rules,
Which knaves invent to hamper fools.
A statesman he, too learn'd to own
'Twas any crime to cheat the throne ;

A king to rob, or court disgrace,
Cou'd he fill up some courtier's place:
While to himself he made it plain,
The sin was less'n'd by the gain.

AND now, unconscious of his fate,
He tries, and squeezes thro' the grate;
And forely griev'd, to view how fine
Court fav'rites live, and sleep, and dine;
Himself content with vulgar prey,
Who dainties lik'd, as well as they;
The pain he felt was too severe
Within, to stifle, or to bear;
That he, of all the forest race,
At court shou'd ask, yet want a place;
Whose wisdom, skill, and parts, he knew
Were equall'd but by very few;
Who yet at court, had met success,
Without his gifts, or fine address.

HIS pride now prompts him to despise,
And think the lion's self unwise,
Beasts in his councils to admit,
As void of honour, as of wit;
This was a dunce, and that ill bred;
One wants a heart, and one a head;

Q

Each

Each fav'rite had his diff'rent crime,
But none so many as the P R I M E
With all his grave and serious airs,
Who little knew of state-affairs;
Nor skill'd, like him, in nice intrigues,
Was always bit in making leagues:
Nor cou'd his sov'reign's realm defend
From the bold foe, or treach'rous friend.

H E ranges now the royal cell,
And likes the rooms, and lodgings well;
Yet pleas'd with all, above the rest,
Approv'd the well-stor'd pantry best;
Which, when at court in days of yore,
He oft had search'd, and robb'd before.
Hoping, the lion met alone,
To gain some office near the throne;
And on that post again to fix,
He lately lost by wicked tricks.
That, shining in a higher sphere,
His parts and genius might appear;
His wisdom in profound debates,
His skill to guide, or model states:
How well he cou'd a realm defend,
Or plan new laws, or old ones mend;

And

And what did most his fancy strike,
To shove out all he did not like.

THE lion from his regal bed
Now wak'd, from slumbers rais'd his head;
And looking round him, starts to spy
An exil'd slave so near his eye,
Among his fav'rite friends resort,
He lately banish'd from his court:
In the same breast amaz'd to find
Such pride, with so much weakness join'd.

PITY a while his rage suppress,
Now glowing in his royal breast;
Too kind, tho' tempted to devour,
On the vile wretch to shew his pow'r;
Who prompted by his wants to steal,
Might break the pantry for a meal:
A scheme more generous now he tries,
The fox to pardon, and despise;
Hoping, for such a mercy lent,
He might grow better, and repent.

BUT when he saw him now draw near
Without an eye, or look of fear;

And heard him with a faucy pride
His pity scorn, and power deride ;
Suggesting, he had wrong'd his trust
By schemes some weak, and some unjust ;
That kings who fully their renown,
Forfeit by law, their realms and crown ;
And give his subjects, press'd with woes,
A power, by statute, to depose.
No longer able to controul
The vengeance rising in his soul,
The lion wide extends his claws,
And shakes his mane, and whets his jaws ;
And with a frown, in awful state,
Thus warns the traitor of his fate.
Tho' mercy might a life bestow
Upon a weak, and prostrate foe ;
When daring treason strives to stain
The justice of a monarch's reign,
Forgiving then, he does declare,
'Tis fear, not pity, bids him spare.
Die then, nor more perplex my state ;
And to thy rashness owe thy fate ;
This wound, and this, thy madness gave ;
Bleeding, thy own ambition's slave ;
Which urg'd my tooth thy blood to spill ;
Learn then, that he who spares, can kill.

The moral.

Harry, reflect, e'er yet too late,
 On a sly brother's tricks, and fate !
 A brother thou, in each degree,
 Subtle, and arch, and false as he !
 But ah, if fame, or life, are dear,
 Droll on, within a *Craftsman's* sphere ;
 Amuse the gaping mob, with lies
 Of armies, slav'ry, and excise !
 Each week some canvas courtier burn,
 And *British* fools to mad-men turn ;
 Stop here - - - let Majesty alone,
 Or touch, with sacred dread, the throne.
 The scepter has an awful weight,
 And treason feels it, soon or late :
 Which, tho' a while by justice spar'd,
 Meets still at last, a sure reward.

*On a stately monument erected over a very
 unworthy person.*

WARRIORS, in fields of death be brave !
 Warm in the chase of virtuous fame ;
 And the pale coward, in the grave,
 With gold, shall buy as fair a name.

Give

Give but enough, your work is done,
 Of clerks, and criticks, not afraid ;
 A bawd for this, shall die a nun,
Toland a christian, *Tofts* a maid.

Let but this metal be his friend,
 In pious fame shall *St. J - hn* rise ;
 Their wealth, with prudence, rakes shall spend,
Chart - - s be upright, *Orm - nd* wife.

Then partial heav'n no longer blame,
 Which still is just, or soon, or late ;
 And gives us in the tomb, that fame,
 Unkindly here deny'd by fate.

What fool wou'd then for glory fight,
 When the kind sculptor can afford
 To draw the coward's steel as bright
 As the first hero's matchless sword.

Acquaint him only with your price,
 And chuse what virtues you wou'd have ;
 His hand records you in a trice,
 As *H - rd - - ck* just, as *Churchill* brave !

Each earthly glory which you want,
 Of the kind artist you may buy ;
 May be a patriot, or a saint ;
 A *F - nt - n* live, an * *Hastings* die.

* *A lady of the most exemplary virtue, and extensive charity.*

Let this the atheist's courage raise,
 When the great work of hell is done ;
 That *Bl* - - *t*, when dead, has met his praise,
 Writ full as fair on *Sb* - *ftsb* - - *y*'s stone.

*The consolation. A solemn address to
 Westminster-Abbey.*

To a learned friend.

SAD solemn shade ! where'er we turn,
 From isle to isle our weeping eyes !
 Beneath, we press some monarch's urn,
 Or view above, some warrior rise.

While the great Dead your vaults confine,
 Be faithful to your sacred trust ;
 Nor more pollute one hallow'd shrine
 With guilty names, or impious dust.

Let none within your arch's gloom
 Erect a stone, or waste away ;
 Within your mansions none consume,
 But pious relicks, guiltless clay.

Each solemn bust we then should view
 With rev'rence, as we mus'd alone ;
 Pay the fam'd Dead their honours due,
 And tremble, as we touch'd the stone.

Tho'

Tho' blest in life, you share a while
The fairest fame, and first renown,
Partake of Fortune's kindest smile,
While I grow old beneath her frown ;
The worm, dear friend, when once decreed
To lodge within these cold abodes,
With the same envious tooth shall feed
Upon thy epic, as my odes.

For oh ! the will of fate is such,
Which thou, alas, hast cause to blame,
That tho' our verses differ much,
Our ashes shall be once the same :

When death of little makes us less,
And strikes, or dreaded, or implor'd ;
None, by our urns, shall ever guess,
Who liv'd disdain'd, and who ador'd.

Who then at Fate's approach shall sigh,
Sadden his cheek, afflict his mind ;
Who knows that *George* was born to die,
And leave ten thousand tears behind.

That noble *Richm - d*'s pityed herse,
That *Hardw - ck*'s sad and solemn urn,
Thine, or some other weeping verse,
With never-ceasing grief shall mourn.

See *William's* grave, and mark how small

A spot of earth the king must hold !

Tho' narrow, yet in death 'tis all

She e'er allots the good, or bold.

Tho' the world's conqu'rors in their Bloom

A glory claim almost divine,

Is yet the clod which fills their tomb

More fragrant, or more light than mine ?

Their dust within a balance place,

Does it the wretch's dust outweigh ?

Or shews the monarch's faded grace,

More comely than the peasant's clay ?

Beneath the grafs, or humble stone,

With no proud column's weight oppress'd ;

Prais'd by a modest worth alone,

His sleep as calm, as sweet his rest.

Oh friend ! survey the solemn space,

Which thy learn'd relicks once shall keep ;

Where ends both glory, and disgrace ;

Where sighs are hush'd, and sorrows sleep.

Tho' numbers now thy muse adore,

Her sweetness mix'd with force divine ;

Here their loud talk shall soon be o'er,

Who praise thy verse, and pity mine !

R

'Twill

'Twill please each smiling poet's shade
To give thy hallow'd ashes room ;
By all the muses kindly laid
Near *Cowley's* urn, or *Spencer's* tomb.
Where high above great *Milton's* height
Thy sacred lawrels shou'd ascend ;
As thou was form'd to give delight,
In strains like thine, cou'd I commend.
By thy own pen thy merit's wrote,
Shall long survive the mould'ring wall ;
Be fair, when columns are forgot,
When graves are lost, and arches fall.
One day shall come ; that day the last
This trembling earth shall ever know ;
Which shall her fairest beauties waste,
Uplift her vales, her hills o'erthrow !
In this sad scene, this fearful doom
Of nature, do not thou repine
If the same fire that does consume
Her proudest works, shall ruin thine.

On the interment of King William in Westminster-Abbey without a monument.

GREAT injur'd shade! shall then the marble tell
The mansions where the Dead in silence dwell?
The soaring pile instruct each reader's eye,
Where *Britain's* patriots rest, or *warriors* lie;
Each subject boast a tomb, and thou alone
Want the poor honours of an humble stone,
To guide us where thy sacred relicks sleep,
Where the sad eye shou'd flow, and heart shou'd weep.
To thy cold urn by no inscription led,
Extoll'd the mean, forgot the royal Dead;
Great *William's* dust, the generous, good, and brave,
Mould'ring, without a title o'er his grave;
His pious acts to own, or fame to sing,
To bless the friend, or to applaud the king!

FOR this to *Albion's* succour didst thou fly?
The Summer's flame, and Winter's storm defy?
Make bare thy breast on *Boyne's* astonish'd shore,
And stain its billows with thy noblest gore;
Thy wakeful eye forbid soft rest to know,
While freedom wept, or *Britain* had a foe;

Whose grief the pious hero cou'd not hear,
The sigh she pour'd, without a father's tear :
Whose aching breast alternate passions move,
Inspir'd with sorrow now, and now with love ?
Feels the warm current down his bosom glide,
And as it flows, with joy beholds the tide,
Staining his god-like breast, which knows no pain,
While his deep wounds a rest for *Europe* gain ;
In vain his arm to its own master brave,
Who wants himself each blessing which he gave !
Hurry'd how oft away by dire alarms,
From love, from beauty, from *Maria's* charms ?
On the cold turf the fainting hero spread,
The cloud his covering, and the earth his bed ;
The night too short to sooth and wear away
The toil, and painful labours of the day ;
While the divided king by turns sustains
The general's danger, and the soldier's pains ;
His conduct wary, and example brave ;
Scorning to reign, e'er he first learnt to save :
Whose lawrels from his own fair actions spring,
Britain's deliverer first, and then her king :
Disdaining e'er he earn'd the great renown,
To wear her purple, or accept her crown.

SHALL then the story'd arch erect its head,
Flatter the vain, or praise the worthless Dead;
Their tombs aloft, by proud degrees arise,
Near the forgotten grave where *William* lies;
In no recording emblems fairly wrote,
The realms he rescu'd, and the fields he fought;
Gaul oft retiring from his victor fleet;
And bleeding tyrants chain'd beneath his feet:
Yet not a marble rais'd at *Britain's* cost,
To mourn the friend in death, the monarch lost;
To teach how weak and vain all human trust,
When crowns deceive us - - - and *Nassau* is dust.

YE stones, erect yourselves into a pile!
Ye flowers unfought, around your hero smile;
Be ye more grateful; and your grief to show,
On his sad herse your richest odours throw!
Till blushing at the yearly gifts you bring
To grace the urn of *Albion's* pious king,
She builds the monument - - - asham'd to own
That *Dryden's* tomb should shade great *William's* stone:
Statesmen and bards, by *Britain's* care engrav'd;
The king alone forgot, who *Britain* fav'd.
Belov'd, or dreaded, where his arms appear'd;
By injur'd realms ador'd, and tyrants fear'd.

YET while thy statue is so long delay'd,
 Thy piety forgot, and worth unpay'd ;
 See with fair wreaths the impious brow adorn'd,
 The tyrant honour'd, and the patriot scorn'd ;
 Soft faunt'ring * *James* erected in thy stead,
 Grac'd with the lawrel claim'd by *William's* head.
Britain less honour chusing to ordain,
 To him that broke, than him who fix'd her chain :
 That love derided, which her freedom gave ;
 That arm ador'd, which purpos'd to enslave.

*Prologue to Julius Cæsar, lately acted by some
 young gentlemen at a private school near
 London, just after the Spittlefield riot.
 Spoken by Brutus.*

TO teach the soul to act each gen'rous part,
 And wake in freedom's cause the glowing heart ;
 Into each breast to pour the patriot's flame,
 And warm it with a thirst of virtuous fame ;
 'Twas this first rais'd the *Greek* and *British* stage,
 That drew the sigh from youth, the tear from age ;
 When injur'd beauty did her arms extend
 To heav'n in vain - - - and wept without a friend ;

* *King James's statue erected in the Privy-Garden.*

The savage bosom found its hate subdu'd,
And the stern eye grew milder as it view'd:
Rage chose to pity, cruelty to melt;
Own'd by the cheek each pain the bosom felt;
Tyrants, unmov'd before, amaz'd to find
Soft virtues planted in their stubborn mind.

A glorious height *Rome's* eagles long had soar'd
Through *Asian* skies, and *Egypt's* heav'n adord;
Their tow'ring wing remotest empires view,
Gaze at their flight, and tremble as they flew:
But the rich trophies which her legions brought
To grace her shrines, were earn'd without a fault;
And the fair ensigns by her gen'als bore,
Ne'er stream'd aloft, distain'd with *Roman* gore;
Turn'd pale each visage, sadden'd ev'ry eye:
'Twas *Gaul* and *Greece* that gave each sword its dye:
And *Rome* cou'd then her shouting armies hear,
And view her triumphs pass, without a tear.

BUT ah! where *Cæsar's* wasting sword succeeds,
'Tis no proud foe, but his sad country bleeds.
Jove's statue weeps, as thro' the pensive throng,
In pomp, the victor's chariot rolls along;
Bids each cold heart a conscious sadness feel;
Rome's sons half chain'd, behind the conqu'rors wheel;

While

While her pale tribes for *Cæsar's* triumphs moan,
 And, in the midst of shouts, pour out a groan :
 With spoils adorn'd, the proud dictator's car,
 Drawn from no distant foe, or foreign war,
 All view, with aking hearts and gushing eyes,
 To conqu'ring *Rome*, which conquer'd *Rome* supplies ;
 Whose rev'rend fathers lift their hands in vain
 To heav'n, hard press'd with *Cæsar's* galling chain ;
 Now pour the sigh, now drop the aged tear,
 Which touch not *Cæsar's* heart, or *Cæsar's* ear ;
 Who sees the temples crown'd, the arches rise,
 Amidst a mingled peal of shouts and cries :
 In the sad scene, at last, he bears a part,
 Which damps the transport of his melting heart ;
 Nor by his glories warm'd, nor triumphs fir'd,
 With some remains of virtue still inspir'd ;
 Conscious how much too dear those lawrels cost
 Which grac'd his temples, with *Rome's* freedom lost.

WHEN lawless pow'r would free-born minds enslave,
 'Tis fear, not mercy then, that strives to save.
 The coward, not the friend, withholds the blow,
 When *Rome* in tears cries, " *Cæsar* is a foe ;
 " To save thy country, gen'rous *Roman*, haste ;
 " Or else, if *Cæsar* lives, she breathes her last."

WHO then shall *Brutus*' sword, or virtue blame,
 That strives to guard his *Rome*'s expiring fame?
 Who, rather, not applaud the pious deed,
 That dooms one breast, one guilty breast, to bleed?
 The steel ador'd, which *Cæsar*'s bosom stains,
 To rescue half the captive world from chains?
 His breast too honest, and his arm too brave
 To pity, where strict justice cannot save.

BUT while his crimes, and virtues, mingled lie
 Like light and shade confus'd along the sky,
 With all its frailties *Brutus* cannot part,
 But feels soft pity bubbling round his heart;
 As he now views his brave and gen'rous foe,
 And almost sighs, as he prepares the blow.
 Let this excuse his sword, if not commend,
 That *Brutus* stabs the *tyrant*, not the *friend*.

*Epilogue to Julius Cæsar, lately acted by some
 young gentlemen at a private school near
 London, just after the Spittlefield riot.
 Spoken by M. Anthony.*

YOU see of what odd stuff a mob is made,
 And in five hours what antick tricks they play'd;
 Who seldom in one point two days agree;
 Ranting for *Brutus* now, and now for me;

S

As

As the whim takes, and as their leaders guide,
 For you, for me, for this, or any side:
 Whoe'er they like, on whomfoe'er they fall,
 'Tis neither right nor wrong - - - but blunder all:
 By the first paper lying in their way
 Still biaffed - - - and the Journal of the day:
 Duty and peace, if *Osborn* first they meet;
 Faction and flame, if *Caleb's* mobbing sheet,
 Left on each compter weekly to supply
 The evening falshood, and the morning lye.

YET break what windows, beat what foes they will,
 With all their crimes, they yet are guiltless still;
 Who cannot fin with all their wicked pains:
 For finning by the law supposes brains.
 In all our statutes found no one pretence
 To hang dull rogues, depriv'd of common sense;
 Who to each mischief by meer instinct leaning,
 Curse, riot, burn - - - and all without a meaning.

SET *Fog's* and *Danvers's* schemes before their eyes,
 The suburbs thicken, and the hamlets rise;
 One bobs his neighbour, he the next, to know
 For what they meet, and to redress what woe;
 On what loud grievance they shall first begin,
 To blow up laws, or to establish gin;

To guard our stills, or shake the *British* crown :
 If *George*, or if *Geneva* must go down.
 To laws resolving never to be slaves,
 While *Craftsmen* have their ears, or they their staves.

GIVE them the word, and shade them with the night,
 For *George*, for *James* - - - for both, by turns, they fight ;
 From *Shoreditch* warlike alleys to *Whitehall*,
 'Tis buzzing, bellowing, blows, and bluster all ;
 Sound without sense ; no list'ners, all enditers ;
 Tongues without ears ; and armies without fighters.
 On Friday met, to scare each trembling street ;
 Next Monday some may know for what they meet.

SHEW them his crown - - - proud *Cæsar* justly fell ;
 Shew 'em his will - - - he rul'd and govern'd well :
 While in one day the same nice-judging head
 Damns *Cæsar* living, and adores him dead ;
 Weeps for the friend, and triumphs o'er the foe ;
 And in one breath condemns, and likes the blow.
 My speech, which with applause the crowd harangu'd,
 Two hours before, its author would have hang'd :
 By one staunch sage, one action bless'd and curs'd ;
 To day 'tis good, to morrow quite the worst.
 War pleases now, peace will delight him soon ;
 And leagues he lik'd in *May*, disgust in *June*.

So like to ours in all their works and ways,
 Sure patriots first appear'd in *Cæsar's* days.

MOBBING we find a virtue of great fame,
 E'er suburbs had their courts, or *Fog* a name;
 Other learn'd statesmen other realms did bless,
 E'er cities rul'd kings, or *Franklin* had a press.
 Ev'n *Rome*, which made all other empires slaves,
 Felt the dire force of cudgels, and of staves;
 And tiles and brickbats oft were found too hard
 For her best gen'rals, clos'd with all their guard:
 All this, e'er *Danvers* led his troops to fight,
 Or *Catiline* taught *Craftsmen* how to write;
 His trusty troops for action to prepare,
 And with smooth words to gild sedition fair.
 For *Britain's* woes who feels his bosom melt,
 Oft weeping for those ills she never felt.

To senates then for laws no more repair;
 You'll find much better made in *Spital-square*
 O'er punch and porter, where learn'd clubs each night
 Debate of peace and war, of wrong and right:
 Good statutes form, the nations wounds to heal;
 Enact with broomsticks, and with bats repeal:
 Wise members by our new electors chose;
 Lords without shirts, and commons without hose.

To ratify each law their chiefs endite,
All crowd to set their mark, for few can write :
No need of ink their learned thoughts to tell ;
For chalk and charcoal serve the turn as well.
Thrones totter, senates tremble, courtiers fall ;
Their fate's all fix'd ; say, where ? upon a wall.
Would you your country save, to these repair,
The *Cato's* and the *Tully's* of *Rag-fair* ?
Who, from their garrets, saving maxims bring ;
Each in his night-cap, tutor to a king.

IF in the acts you pass these find no flaws,
Their chairman nods, and owns them to be laws ;
Else, laughing at your speakers ay's and no's,
(Weak reasons, balanc'd against solid blows)
Fog lights the match, your boasted statutes fall,
In squibs and rockets fir'd around the * Hall ;
While at your senate's pow'r the patriot sneers,
The laws all smoaking round their judges ears ;
Whose *Irish* foes, all frightened from the town,
Their shuttles broken, and their looms pull'd down,
Who knows but that a vote may soon be past,
That *George* himself is *Dublin*-born at last ;
And, by a clause in the new suburb-leagues,
Kings, lords, and commons, all be mark'd for *Teagues* :

* Westminster-Hall.

This may be voted in some future *forum*,
 Chuse *Nixon* only chairman of the *quorum*;
 Who cures all *Britain's* sighs, and her *querelæ*,
 With one short dash - - - 'tis only - - - *Georgium dele*.

BRITONS be wise, keep close your schemes and bills,
 Till you first know your modern masters wills :
 In garrets lodg'd, consult each sage of note ;
 Then put the question to the house's vote :
 If mobbing be a fair and upright trade ;
 If folks by treason are worse subjects made ;
 If any law with legal force can bind,
 At *Shoreditch* first if not approv'd and sign'd :
 When she allows your projects have no guilt,
 The vote may stand, and your new bridge be built ;
 Else, not one hoof across the fabrick marches,
 Till she first gives you leave to turn the arches.

To the Reverend Dr. Young.

FORGIVE * me, sacred bard, if I aspire
 Without thy art, to touch thy hallow'd lyre !
 Part of thy muse's lawrel proudly claim ;
 Fond of thy † subject, tho' I want thy fame !

* The twelve following pieces were prefix'd as dedications to as many moral satires on the Manners of the age, published by the same author.

† The Universal Passion, in five satires.

With her own fools I treat our isle agên,
The lumber and the leavings of my pen ;
Thy volume in *Octavo* quite too small,
To rail at half, much less to hold 'em all.
Which, *hydra*-like, lop'd off by thee before,
Shoot up afresh, and multiply the more :
Rout 'em this hour, they come the next in play ;
Like mushrooms, sprung, and perfect in a day !
Infest the bar, the senate, and the pit ;
The seats of wisdom, and the throne of wit.
In vain her friendly ink correction spills ;
While folly sprouts, as fast as satire kills ;
Three *Wrongheads* vanquish'd in the page before,
You wonder in the next to find 'em four.

DISDAIN not then the muse, tho' weak her might,
Who dares appear thy second in the fight !
Tho' much thy arm has done, yet ah, believe
More left behind, for others to atchieve ;
The gleanings of thy fruitful field, not small,
With pains and patience cou'd we pick up all ;
One race extinct, as busy and as bold
New vanities each year succeed the old ;
Which bound to bless us with a rich increase,
Resolve the fruitful line shall never cease :

Providing

Providing thus, with fond paternal care,
No folly shall expire without an heir.

*To his Grace the Duke of Richmond, with the
Manners of the age.*

ONCE more the muse attempts to please your ear,
With lines, a *Richmond* cannot dread to hear;
Tho' read with anguish by the proud and vain,
Satire ne'er gives the upright heart a pain.
The age's guilt, like shades augmenting light,
Shewing your worth and fair renown more bright.
You the best *Satirist* - - - to lash the times
More keen the patriot's fame, than poet's rhimes;
We use our pen, when knaves, or fools, offend;
Your parts, and honour, teach 'em both to mend;
Who live, while we in vain dull rules dispense,
To shame 'em into truth, and better sense.

IF then each charm of mind, each grace of youth,
The purest faith, and the sincerest truth;
A breast, that never guilt or falsehood knew,
By glory sway'd, to honour's dictates true;
That pity, which inspires the bravest mind,
Pleas'd to be noble, only to be kind;

With

With birth to part, from grandeur to descend,
 And lose the Peer, in the good-natur'd friend :
 In you, th' extreams of fortune reconcil'd ;
 With titles humble, and in greatness mild :
 Grandeur with fame, with meekness pow'r ally'd ;
 Proud only, in a noble scorn of pride.
 If these are your's, the satire that you view,
 Severe to others, gives a fame to you.
 Since verse, that does each fault and folly blame,
 Applauds the virtue that it does not name.

*To his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, with the
 Manners of the age.*

SUBLIME and strong must flow the graceful lays,
 Which hope from you a pardon, or a praise ;
 Correct the thought, the meaning just and clear,
 To strike your taste, or please an Attick ear :
 Which only can attend those happy strains,
 Where fancy drives, but judgment holds the reins.
 Force join'd with ease, in ev'ry period seen ;
 Where reason arms, and sense makes satire keen ;
 To judge of men, on manners to refine,
 The courtly * *Roman's* boast alike, and thine
 In vain conceal'd from your discerning thought,
 The smallest frailty, or the nicest fault.

* Horace.

T

Who

Who smile to view the cruel satire bite,
None half so hard, as those who laugh, and write ;
And kindly meant a nation to reclaim,
Which feeds, when hungry, on its master's fame ;
Each reader finding in the boasted strains,
One idiot more than the sharp verse arraigns.

YET oh, thy poet's labour to attend,
Let *George* one hour, and *Britain* want a friend ;
With plans of peace fatigu'd, nor schemes of war,
Let the great statesman lose a while his care ;
Heedless, whose power declines, whose empire thrives ;
What *Iber* dreams, or what the *Seine* contrives.
For fools in verse, this satire wou'd expose,
Forget pert *Caleb*, and his fools in prose ;
His piddling sheet permitted for a day
To please and prate, to lie, and to betray :
Folly and weakness in the wise to shew ;
Railing one blessed week without a foe.
While *Britain's* fame no more attracts thy eye,
That fame, which thy own counsels lift so high :
In thy full glory not averse to own
A muse unskill'd, but not to thee unknown.
Tho' low her voice, tho' impotent her wing,
By thy great bounty oft inspir'd to sing.

*To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole,
with the Manners of the age.*

SOON wou'd the muse have little left to do,
Had she no better friends abroad than you ;
The learn'd and prudent, to adorn her strain
Not half so useful as the dull and vain.
Who pliant to the genius of the times,
In pity live, to find the poet rhimes ;
For honest ends to want each merit, strive
That Satire may have work, and *Tonson* thrive.

Alas, did your frailties the gay tribe sustain ?
Meagre their look, and mean wou'd be their gain.
Since the lov'd patriot, and the generous friend,
Teach rage to melt, and satire to commend ;
In envy's breast a secret wonder raise,
And from her venom'd lip, extort a praise.
Honour, that solid shield on which you trust,
Takes from each foe the pleasure of a thrust ;
Strong to defy, and steady to endure,
Her orb resistless, and protection sure ;
Faction's weak shafts all glancing from the steel,
Which from their point does no impression feel ;

Each passage stopt, and bounding back from you,
Pierce the dire Fury from whose arm they flew.

LET falsehood censure then, or fraud assail,
Still shall thy fame o'er all their arts prevail.
A conscious joy whose heart cou'd never prove,
But from a senate's smile, or nation's love ;
With care collected in the statesman's breast,
Maxims that empires fav'd, and subjects blest ;
Each glorious plan familiar to his eye,
That lifted *Sparta's* rigid fame so high ;
Which gave each *Scipio* his divine renown,
Richmond his star, and great *Nassau* his crown.
Of each fair art to trace the hidden *mine* ;
His is the toil, the fruit (oh *Brunswick!*) thine ;
Pleas'd, thy own virtues in his breast to view ;
Wisdom to chuse, and courage to pursue :
Far from his bosom banish'd ev'ry fear ;
An upright heart his *Ægis*, and his *spear*.
Secure in life, and of no foes afraid,
But those his virtue, or his glory made.

BUT from her fav'rite theme the Satire strays,
Whose province is to censure, not to praise ;
The proud to check, the vicious to pursue ;
Unkindly hurried from her task, by you ;

The muse more pain'd, (since you are not her friend;
Nor lend her aid to blame,) than to commend.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Wilmington.

THE learned ear with verse while we detain,
Is it to give applause, or else to gain?
(From the fair eye, as gems receive a light,
Their lustre strives in vain to shew more bright.)
To raise the patriot's worth whate'er we lend;
The patriot's acts the poet's praise transcend;
Wise, generous, prudent, faithful in our lay;
Whate'er we give, 'tis all his own we pay.

THE muse how kind, before her Satire plac'd,
A name by kings belov'd, by senates grac'd;
To give him genius, honour, birth, address,
Whose virtues nations own, and councils bless;
Where call'd by *Brunswick's* wisdom to preside
To wealth and fame, whose schemes can better guide;
Add to our glory, or augment our power?
Or on his country richer blessings shower.

THO' gratitude may seem the gift to bring,
'Tis pride inspires us, when to such we sing!

For

For who so humble, if you like the strain,
 But grows by your applause, or pardon, vain?
 If yet with that ambition nobly blest,
 'Tis vanity to strive to please the *best*.
 An aim still rising in the poet's thought,
 Which into praise and virtue turns the fault.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Scarborough.

TO birth, when fame a second lustre joins,
 With strongest force the hero's action shines.
 As gold, that does a richer flame display
 Assisted by the ruby's streaming ray.
 The sov'reign's smile great *Edward's* star bestows;
 Yourself, the golden beam with which it glows;
 That light your own, which from its circle springs,
 And adds a glory to the gift of kings.

YET tho' your fame at distance we admire,
 You damp each genius, which you first inspire.
 Too weak the grateful and well-meaning lays,
 To give applause, where monarchs chuse to praise;
 Born to the state a like support to yield
 In courts, or camps, the senate or the field;

Doubly

Doubly inspir'd fair glory to pursue,
Both by your eloquence, and courage too ;
Gifts your own *Pallas* to her fav'rite gave ;
A voice as *moving*, and an arm as *brave*.

LoST in those lonely shades, where fortune chains
Your poet down to combat age and pains ;
What can he sing, harmonious to your ear,
To please the *judge*, or to instruct the *peer* ?
What *Attick* phrase select to give advice,
As *Dorset* courtly, and as *Horace* nice ?
Without exalted thought, and manly sense,
The satire's always sure to give offence ;
For turn and wit, which ne'er with nature parts,
Then keenest, when in smiles she throws her darts.

YET as the trembling muse ne'er hopes to send
A gift, which he that reads it cannot mend ;
It gives her some relief, with fear oppress'd,
That they forgive the most, who judge the best.

*To the Right Honourable Arthur Onflow, Esq;
Speaker of the House of Commons.*

TO reach that fame and virtue we admire,
Tho' hard the toil, 'tis God-like to aspire;
Heroick minds, like distant suns appear,
We feel their beams, but cannot touch their sphere.
The eye contented, while their orbits glow
In tracks above, to bless their light below.

O N glory's height we view the patriot plac'd,
Fair with each worth, with ev'ry honour grac'd;
With sober counsels, and in wise debates,
Now guarding kings, and now protecting states;
Planning nice schemes in his well-judging breast,
To make the sovereign great, and subject blest:
Blended in one, where distant virtues lie,
Great without pride, without ambition high;
A friend to each, contending to unite
The monarch's claim with the glad people's right;
To leave fair freedom, ev'ry *Briton's* dow'r,
And liberty to reconcile with pow'r.

YET ah, how oft hast thou with pain beheld,
The wisest schemes by rage or folly quell'd?

Fond

Fond to contrive the worst, the best to blame,
Whose madness satire only can reclaim.
Thyself, how oft unable to withstand,
When pride wou'd awe, or faction wou'd command?
The force of language, and of reason vain,
For her own guilt to give her heart a pain.
With truth resolving never to agree,
You have your *Craftsmen*, and our criticks we:
Who a strange zeal for contradiction boast,
Smiling and blest, whene'er they blunder most.

IF then thy eye has leisure to peruse,
(That eye she fears,) this offering of the muse;
How will the statesman often start to view
Each portrait real, which her pencil drew?
Her rage more keen, and more severe her thrust,
When ev'ry feature, and each line is just:
Who needs no falsehood any foe to strike,
That satire wounding most, which paints most like.

To the Right Honourable Harry Pelham, Esq;

WHEN rival kings, to prove their titles, fight,
Whoever beats and conquers, still is right;
His claim is strong, tho' without blood, or law;
Success still foddering up each fault and flaw;

U

So

So when the learn'd and noble like the strain,
However low, the town derides in vain ;
Bold criticks here, like traitors, vent'ring hard,
Who, e'er they reach the king, must rout his guard ;
Daring the voice, which ventures to defame,
The satire guarded by a *P - lb - m's* name.
Like citadels such well-fenc'd poems seen,
Whose strength secures th' troops, tho' weak within.
Who, when th' attack begins, and foe is nigh,
More on their ramparts, than their sword rely.

SMILE on this verse, and *D - - - - s'* dang'rous quill
Pushes in vain, tho' drawn in wrath to kill ;
Behind your friendship safely I retire,
Scorning the pedant's charge, and critick's fire ;
Each breach their fury makes, repair'd by you,
Who give us credit, and protection too.
Like well-wrought steel, the smile of noble friends,
Which beautifies the warrior it defends ;
Supports his courage in the daring fight ;
Shining and strong, secure at once, and bright.

To the Honourable James Brudenell, Esq;

THOU' gratitude the zeal might well excuse,
 And generous wishes of a faithful muse,
 To draw the friend sincere, the statesman just,
 And vindicate each virtue from the dust;
 Praise, if discretion is not chose her guide,
 That means to give applause, does but deride;
 Shewing the fop genteel, the bully brave;
 The pert facetious, and the thoughtless grave.
 Their friends and fav'rites thus whoever paint,
 Only extol those merits which they want.
 By art, and stratagem, we shou'd commend;
 And when we praise, seem almost to offend.
 Convey the gift beneath some smooth disguise,
 Since the well-bred, the courtly, and the wise,
 If conquer'd, must be taken by surprize.
 True panegyrick looks like nuns profess,
 And underneath a veil still pleases best;
 Which seeming at first sight a secret foe,
 Has something friendly still it does not shew.
 Praise, like the *Parthian*, whose unerring eye
 Then aims the surest, when he seems to fly.

}

APPLAUSE is such, which surer to beguile,
 And please the more, sometimes inverts her smile;

Suspends the friendship, till she finds a place
 The gift to offer, with a better grace.
 Says little, while she acts the kindest part,
 Of *Richmond's* glory, or of *Brudenell's* heart;
 Forgets the peer, the patriot, and the friend;
 Useless the poets praise, where all commend.

To the Right Honourable Sir William Young.

FORGIVE the unknown partner of your care,
 Lifted a second in the glorious war;
 Fraud to detect, and faction to oppose;
 Now gor'd in verse, and bleeding now in prose;
 Half won by you, my conquests are but small,
 Who on some routed straggling party fall;
 Renew the combat when the danger's o'er,
 The foe quite weaken'd by your arm before.
 While here a *St. Jo-n*, there a *Fog* expires,
 As trembling from your power each foe retires;
 Their Journals batter'd, where they shelter fought;
 And whence each hero briskly fir'd, and fought;
 Which now on *Franklin's* shelves in ruins lie;
 Where statesmen deeply think, but grocer's buy;
 Their sheets to bind up tea for courts, decreed;
 --- Here loyal *Danvers* serves his *king* indeed.

YET oft how vain has prov'd thy boasted art,
To awe the bold, or turn the impious heart?
Whom language cannot charm, or reason melt,
In senates long, the power of each unfelt;
Such, satire strives, but vainly, to advise;
Who hearing thee so oft, are still unwise;
For to convince 'em, what a mean pretence
Have poets, when they scorn the statesman's sense?
To hope that rhyme their morals shou'd improve,
Or verse persuade, where reason cannot move;
An error to reclaim, or fault to see;
Their eyes so often clear'd, and couch'd by thee.

*To James Butler, Esq; one of the knights of the
shire for the county of Suffex.*

PATRIOT, and friend to truth! whose sense ally'd
With virtue, still has chose the better side;
In modern manners less exact, and nice;
Vent'ring to be well bred, without a vice;
How cou'd you ever hope, in custom's spite,
With piety alone to be polite?
That honour, without art, shou'd be your friend,
Good-nature please, sincerity commend;
In ev'ry eye the patriot's fame sublime,
Bore to its height, without one modish crime.

SAY

SAY then, when guilt expatiates without shame,
 And for its brav'ry claims a greater fame!
 (*Britain's kind wits assisting with their ink*
 Young heirs to prate, young Deists not to think.
 From their own sense good saving schemes who draw,
 And where heav'n errs, with comments mend the flaw;
 The Deity each week, whose parts are less,
 By learn'd Freethinkers tutor'd from the press!
 Who practise virtue, and who bliss pursue,
 By mystick rules their Maker never knew.)
 Say, while beneath religion pines and weeps,
 And yet above heav'n's awful thunder sleeps;
 Whose pious smile the cherub's brow shall chear,
 And from her cheek wipe off the falling tear:
 The fable cloud remove her forehead wears,
 And teach her to avert the fate she fears?

BUT see the power emerging out of night,
 Glows fair, with beams of fresh celestial light;
 Beholds her sons with ev'ry honour grac'd,
 Shining in councils, or in senates plac'd;
 Assur'd that isle is still heav'n's fav'rite care,
 Whose smiles her *P - lls - ms*, and her *Butl - rs* share.
 Which does in your's her own fair glories view,
 Augmented more, the more she favours you!

And

And adding titles to each patriot's name,
Enjoys a credit, while she gives a fame.

*To Sir Cecil Bishop of Parham in the county of
Suffex, Bart.*

ONCE more her fav'rites ear the muse attends,
And her last gift, tho' not the meanest sends ;
Where he surveys thick spread in ev'ry page,
The modish follies of each sex and age ;
By mystick rules, who fame or bliss pursue,
Which reason never taught, or wisdom knew.
More pleas'd their sober dictates to despise,
And by new modern maxims to grow wise.
At sixty the court step to *Florio* taught,
Who ten years older, is with beauty caught ;
Pleas'd at *Quadrille* his midnight hours to pass,
Tho' forc'd to find out *Basto* by his glass.

BUT thou, sedate in youth, and early wise,
Whose judgment senates own, and age might prize ;
Against the torrent of nice custom led,
Genteel, and with frugality, well bred ;
Thy happiness, to which so few advance,
Is the fair work of prudence, not of chance ;

Not

Not led by crouds to act, or judge amifs ;
 If ever blefs'd, who blunder into blifs ;
 Clofe by their leaders, jogging fide by fide ;
 Who right or wrong, are govern'd by their guide.

THY vote, by pow'r engag'd, nor flattery bought,
 Is the refult of confcience, truth, and thought ;
 In whose fair actions, *Britain* fmiles to view
 A love of virtue, and a pattern too.
 The dictates of nice honour ftill obey'd,
 Warp'd by no intereft, by no paffion fway'd.
 Faction's unskill'd, a weaknefs to impart,
 To awe thy firm, or taint thy upright heart :
 What wicked fchemes they plan, or wife defign,
 Thy country's friends, and foes, are ever thine.

*On a Phyfician who recovered a beautiful young
 Lady.*

AS beauteous *Hebe*, withering in her bloom,
Machaon refcu'd from an early tomb ;
 The palenefs from her faded cheek withdrew,
 And as her charms reviv'd, his paffion grew ;
 Each grace new form'd, he views with fond furprize,
 Warm'd by thofe flames he kindled in her eyes !

By his own skill made keen that cruel dart,
Which soon transfix'd her kind deliv'rer's heart.
Ah, heedless wretch! each med'cine to employ
Those looks to arm, which must thyself destroy;
To give her eyes again those shafts and fire,
By which the giver must too soon expire:
He views her now to all her bloom restor'd;
Each feature lovely, and each look ador'd!
He the sad patient now, her beauty's slave,
Bending before that matchless power he gave!
His art but helps her rigour to fulfil,
Which *Hebe* kindly saves, himself to kill.

*To Mr. J. B. occasion'd by some verses sent to the
author on one of his poems.*

SUCH praise from thee, and in so sweet a strain,
Wou'd make the humble, proud; the modest, vain;
Criticks, a muse thus sung, may now befriend;
And dare approve those lines which you commend;
In envy's spite, you give 'em worth and fame,
For who shall scorn what you refuse to blame?
But friend, or foe, or both; too dear I pay
For thy kind verse, and thy forgiving lay;
Extoll'd by these, no more my numbers shine,
For who, that reads thy muse, can pardon mine?

Achilles thus, to *Troy* a dreaded name,
 Fought not to swell, but shade *Atrides'* fame ;
 The hero's lawrels, which his valour blefs,
 Serve but to make the monarch's praise the lefs.

On the death of King William.

BEHOLD the good, and great, and brave,
 With dust and darkness cover'd o'er ;
 See *Mary's* tomb, and *William's* grave,
 And viewing these, be vain no more !

Tell thy sad heart, from what is past,
 That nothing round this spacious ball,
 Or high, or sacred, long can last,
 When kings expire ; the mighty fall.

If then the arches which sustain
 The world's deep frame, must once decay ?
 Oh bear thy fate without a pain,
 If thou art frail, as well as they.

Whose voice shall moan his mortal state,
 Who views yon melting orbs on fire ;
 Or who complain of life's short date,
 Who knows the heav'ns must once expire ?

'Twill

'Twill help thee nobly to abide
The terror, knowing, at thy doom,
That death and darkness soon shall hide
All nature in one common tomb.
That crowns shall fade, and scepters rust,
Pride awe no more, and those that sway
The world's wide empires mix their dust
In one cold grave, with common clay.
Great power! thy ways I now defend,
Too oft inclin'd, alas, to blame;
Viewing the hour, which soon shall end
Mankind's despair, as well as fame.

A Patriot's loyalty.

TO say the crown to *Brunswick* did belong,
Seem'd strange to *Curio*, and to *Bessus* wrong.
Statutes were urg'd, laws pleaded, but in vain,
"They had no right to serve, or he to reign."
At last, while other reasons they despise,
Too weak to sway the cautious and the wise,
Two proofs were urg'd, their errors to efface,
And guide 'em right; a title, and a place.
The force of these no longer they withstood,
But now, enlighten'd, own the claim was good.

A chaste lady.

JULIET was wedded, and the second day
Assum'd the woman's right, to rule and play ;
Kept city hours, threw high, with much ado
Drove home by one, and stole to bed by two.
Next morn at twelve awaking, just when light,
No earthly thing in all her house was right ;
The cook her plague, the coachman was her curse ;
Her footman bad, her butler ten times worse.
Her sleeve too low, too flimsy hung her lace ;
And not one straggling pin observ'd its place.
Form'd the same moment both to rage and weep,
Still loud, and hardly silent when asleep ;
Tyrant by day, and teizing half the night ;
For ever wrong, yet always in the right ;
Till with the court, from top to bottom, new,
A creature wretched, as the world e'er knew.
One virtue yet good *Juliet* had in store,
Her husband's constant plague, but no man's whore.
With one good quality alone possess'd,
She hopes that one may serve for all the rest.

On the civil wars between Pompey and Cæsar.

TO worlds remote *Rome*'s conqu'ring legions flew,
Check'd by no line but that which nature drew;
Desarts oppos'd their sands, the seas in vain
Their waves, to stop her arms, or to restrain;
From *Scipio*'s sword a frightened *Carthage* fled,
And *Spain* beneath his youthful courage bled;
Britain to *Cæsar*'s brow fresh lawrels gave,
And *Gaul* no more her vanquish'd realms cou'd save;
While the fierce *Rhine*, the *Danube*, and the *Po*,
By stronger valour ravish'd from the foe,
Now captive streams, thro' *Roman* channels flow.
Reluctant long, *Æmilius*' noble sword
Oblig'd proud *Greece* to own a foreign lord;
While *Pompey*'s ensigns on the *Parthian* coast
Regain those eagles *Varus*' rashness lost.
One rival yet, so many triumphs past,
Remain'd untam'd, the bravest, and the last;
This with an envious eye the victor view'd,
Her legions arm'd, and ah, too soon subdu'd;
Rush'd to the field, by wild ambition led,
Where, by herself, her own brave armies bled;
To meaner foes too proud to owe her doom,
Imperious *Rome* wou'd fall by none but *Rome*.

On a prospect of London from Hamstead.

HIGH on his subject seas, when *Neptune* saw,
 Augusta stand, and give each empire law,
(No troops so brave, but from her sword withdrew,
No seas so wide, but where her navies flew.)
Let *Rome*, says he, no longer boast her name,
Her legions brav'ry, or her founder's fame ;
Tho' conquer'd *Asia* from her warriors fled,
And *Carthage* trembled where her *Scipio* led ;
Her eagles long in vanquish'd *Egypt* rear'd,
Ador'd in *Parthia*, and in *Britain* fear'd ;
That realm where proudly she erects her head,
Shall stretch her fame more wide, and triumphs spread :
Beyond the sultry line, and flaming zone,
In worlds to *Cæsar*, and to *Rome* unknown ;
The streams of *Indus*, and the founts of *Nile*,
No limits to her brave victorious isle ;
Which lawrels in remotest climes to find,
Leaves her cold sun, and freezing stars behind ;
Which in their shining progress thro' the skies,
O'er *Britain's* empire set, as well as rise.

A picture of human life.

BEHOLD that scene, yon trembling main,
On whose smooth brow soft breezes sleep!
No breath disturbs the azure plain,
Or moves the surface of the deep!

Fond o'er the tide the bark to run,
Nor fears the wreck, nor dreads the wind;
Unfolds her canvas to the sun,
Nor hears the storm that rolls behind.

For hark! from yonder bursting clouds
The tempest breaks, loud thunders roar;
Which rend the mast, drive off the shrouds,
And bear her headlong on the shoar.

By flattering gales too soon betray'd,
To leave her port, and tempt the wave;
That billow where she lately play'd,
Becomes, alas, too soon her grave.

In the sad scene thy self behold,
Nor does thy bliss the image wrong;
The rocks that dash our hopes, as bold;
The storms that vex our life, as strong.

Opening by fortune's smile to day,
Our fame looks fair, our honours bloom ;
To-morrow withering, all decay,
Shadow'd by envy, or a tomb.

*On a beautiful screen work'd in the Winter.
To her Grace the Dutchess of - - -*

ON the rich canvas gayly spread,
What various scenes our eye surprize ?
Viewing a grove, or flow'ry bed,
Beneath her snowy fingers rise !

Each curious leaf such beauties swell,
So fair they shew, so full they bloom ;
Her skilful hand does far excel
The painter's quill, and artist's loom.

Her thought does new perfection give
To nature's works, how far outdone ?
Teaching each plant to spring, and live,
Without the aid of shower, or sun.

Whose leaves to open, and inspire,
A warm and kinder heaven so nigh ;
The blossom wants no other fire,
But what it takes from *Flavia's* eye.

On the gay bed fresh roses blown ;
The jess'mine and the mirtle meet ;
And as they mingle, seem to own,
More fair her cheeks, and breath more sweet.

That lilly from her hand she took,
Which with the snow in whiteness vies ;
That bright carnation from her looks,
That shining amarant from her eyes ;

When she a bloom, or beauty wants,
To *Kneller*, or to *Dhall* unknown,
To deck her flowers, or grace her plants,
She smiles, and steals it from her own.

Those opening buds, but half reveal'd,
Promise anon a richer hue ;
Shew like her breasts with lawn conceal'd,
And boast their form, and softness too.

What tho' the absent sun retir'd,
Our naked fields no longer warms ;
Each blossom by her looks inspir'd,
Unfolds as wide, as gayly charms.

Her groves for ever hold their prime,
Nor frosts, nor chilling winters fear ;
Since on her bed, that happy clime,
'Tis spring, and sun-shine all the year.

A few fair months our fields are seen
 With verdure fresh, with blossoms gay;
 Each season beauteous on her screen,
 And ev'ry blooming month is *May*.

Victorious nymph, whose hand has done
 Beyond weak nature's fainter pow'r;
 Waking each plant without a sun,
 Swelling each bud without a shower.

*On a beautiful prospect from Goodwood park
 in Sussex.*

FAIR feat! each way we turn our eyes,
 Or to the earth, or sea, or skies;
 The prospect does a bliss impart
 That cheers the sense, and charms the heart.

The heav'ns how mild! how soft the air!
 The vales how sweet! the woods how fair!
 Which from yon verdant lawns arise,
 And lodge their branches in the skies!

There * *Albion's* victor-navies ride,
 All *Europe's* dread, and *Britain's* pride!
 And shelter'd from the beating main,
 Hear the loud storm, and yet disdain.

* Spithead.]

Like some huge castles on the deep,
Their thunder's hush'd, awhile they sleep;
And when their flags no more appear,
Bid hostile nations cease to fear.

There * *Vesta's* sea-girt isle survey,
Whose cliffs reflect the morning ray;
The tempest scorn, and surge endure,
Broken the wave, the rock secure.

Here † *Richmond* chuses to retire,
When courts disgust, and glories tire;
Where shades delight, where murmurs please,
And flies from fame, to purchase ease.

Forgetting now his own renown,
Europe's debates, and *Britain's* crown;
Here his own heart he does attend,
And suffers *George* to want a friend.

While tracing with a pleas'd surprize,
Where vales descend, and hills arise;
His verdant lawns, and silver springs,
He envies less the pomp of kings.

* Isle of Wight.

† Goodwood, a beautiful seat of the Duke of Richmond.

How blest, beneath the cooling shade,
By yon tall arching beeches made,
Of fame forgetful cou'd I lie,
Live without care, in silence die.

From hence, each day, might I adore,
Great God ! some wonder of thy power ;
From ev'ry human passion free,
But what inspires my soul with thee !

Heav'ns smiles a fate cou'd never give
More kind, than here to muse and live ;
To taste life's quiet, guiltless joys,
And leave the world its pomp and noise.

To a lady with a rose-bud in her bosom. To S. H.

WHILE on thy snowy breast reclin'd,
I count thy heav'nly beauties o'er,
In life no other blifs I find,
Than thus to gaze, and thus adore.

When thou art near, the breaking day
Seems from the golden East to rise ;
When absent, her retiring ray
Obscures the world in shade, and dies.

Oh

Oh say, each soft delight is mine,
Which from thy youth and beauty springs;
The wealth of empires I'd decline,
And scorn the worthless pomp of kings.

That bud upon thy bosom blown,
Just pluck'd from off its parent-tree,
Does thy excelling sweetness own,
And all its pride outdone by thee.

See how its drooping leaves decay,
Unable on thy breast to shine;
And as they wither, seem to say,
Our odours all are lost in thine.

Fair bud! some other station seek
Where to unfold thy light, and rest;
Thou hast no beauty near her cheek,
Nor fragrance, opening on her breast.

*A midnight thought on the dissolution of the
world.*

HOW hop'd, or fear'd is that great hour
Which levels soon the mean and great;
When one no more shall boast his pow'r,
No longer one his sighs repeat?

When

When birth shall be an empty name,
The heart no more ambition fire;
And nothing else but virtuous fame
The soul with conscious joy inspire!

Oh teach thy soul to melt with fear,
Before that God, from whose great eye
The hills, with all the load they bear,
Wou'd fain retreat, and farther fly!

He now descends --- with what affright
All nature views his chariot roll;
While double darkness hides the night,
And ev'ry star forsakes the pole!

His dire retinue, as he goes
Along th' etherial bending plains,
War, pestilence, unnumber'd woes,
To tell the world *Jehovah* reigns.

High on the cloud as now he rides,
Chose for his nether burning throne;
The ocean parts, the rock divides,
And trembling orbs his progress own.

The flames he from his nostrils pours,
Drive far th' affrighted earth away;
The stormy hail, and lightning's shower
Not half so keen, or fierce as they.

What radiance from his presence flows
Weakens the strength of human fight;
What darkness round his footstool grows,
The fair excess of too much light.

To make frail man thy Godhead own,
Less brightness to thy visage give;
Thus seated on thy burning throne,
'Tis with despair we gaze, and live.

Oh hide thy face within thy cloud,
Or thy dread looks to mildness turn;
Thy mighty thunders burst too loud,
Too fierce thy killing lightnings burn!

I can no longer bear thy eye,
I can no more sustain thy fire;
Oh quench that flame, or see, I die;
Suppress that sound, or I expire.

Ask then thy heart, as through the air
Heav'n darts its angry thunders round,
If thou hast taught it yet to bear,
Without a dread, the midnight sound!

If thy firm bosom can sustain
The terror, when the falling fire
Rains from above, and feels no pain
When angels shrink, and worlds expire!

As

As now the kindling orbs appear

On high, presaging nature's doom ;
Whose eye shall view, nor own its fear ?
Whose heart reflect, and not consume ?

Tho' *William* long her guide and trust,
Tho' *Brunswick* once her scepter bore ;
Britain must weep her towers in dust,
And bless each monarch's care no more.

In vain her seas and circling tides
Her hapless empire now surround,
When Fate the livid lightning guides
Her strength and beauty to confound.

What *Harry's* sword, and *Churchill's* hand,
And *George's* glory rais'd so high,
See, at one dreadful dire command,
Prepares to melt away, and die.

Dominion, titles, fame, and pride,
The warrior's wreath, and monarch's crown ;
Jehovah's wrath alike abide,
All weak and frail, when near his frown.

See the world's broken ruins ride,
The relicks of her orb o'erthrown,
Floating across the burning tide,
Kindled by his rebuke alone.

As now descends the wasting fire,
 Vain is each hope, and human trust;
 The *proud* grow faint, the *brave* expire,
 And all sink trembling, but the just.

The patriot then, and pious king,
 Each purest joy from virtue shares;
 Feels in his breast fresh courage spring,
 When ev'ry bosom else despairs.

Each noble act and worthy deed
 Shall then the dread of death allay;
 The *orphan* cheer'd, the *captive* freed,
 The tear suppress'd, or wip'd away.

On Buchanan's Latin version of the Psalms.

HEBREWS unborn shall raise a just debate,
 If we from them, or they from us translate;
 At last, in *Britain* they are nobly taught
 How well their prophet sung, and warrior fought;
 By various empires equally admir'd,
 He by his God, and thou by him inspir'd.
 From heaven his hallowed inspiration came,
 Thine, tho' a second, is as strong a flame;
 A spark of that celestial sacred light,
 Which in the *Hebrew* bosom burnt so bright;

Of power like his, the conscience to alarm,
 To melt, or move, to awe the soul, or charm;
 With various passions to affect the mind,
 Painting the Godhead pleas'd, severe, or kind;
 With rapt'rous hopes the guiltless mind to cheer,
 Or shade the sinner's stubborn heart with fear.
 Pleas'd, when her eye to earth fair mercy turns;
 Astonish'd, when heav'n's brow with anger burns.
 All bending with one dread before the shrine
 Of each great power, of *Israel's* God, and thine!

On the descent of the Deity, from the 18th Psalm.

By the same author.

WHO can behold thy God from heav'n descend,
 Nor like the floods, retire, and mountains, bend?
 Thy tempest bursting from the sulph'rous cloud,
 Like *David's*, strong, and terrible, and loud;
 Now opens his dread brow to human sight;
 Now hides it in a deep abyss of night.
 His fearful progress man beholds with pain;
 Or when he treads the earth, or cleaves the main;
 All conscious nature trembling, seems to feel
 His burning chariot, and his rapid wheel;
 While from his nostrils inundations pour
 Of flame and smoke, a mighty mingled show'r;

The

The fiery glowing torrent wafting all,
 Where'er his coals alight, or sparkles fall.
 Around his head red living lightnings play,
 While numerous thunders roll in dire array,
 To mark his steps, and to prepare his way.
 As in dire pomp, on wings of cherubs bore,
 Tempests behind, the angry storm before,
 With ev'ry terror arm'd, he moves along,
 To damp the mighty, and to crush the strong;
 To shake the world with ev'ry pallid fear,
 Its center opening as its God draws near:
 Whose potent word the obedient waves divides,
 Inspires their rage, or calms the swelling tides;
 Bids the wild ocean roar, or from the cloud
 Rebukes its billows in a voice as loud.

*Written on the morning of the Duke of
 Marlborough's funeral.*

THE * fun appears to take a farewell view
 Of the best warrior that his beams e'er knew;
 Long a proud witness to his living fame,
 He lends his ashes a distinguish'd flame;
 And having view'd so many triumphs past,
 Bursts in new glory, to adorn his last.

* The weather had been dark and cloudy several days before.

GAZE on, great eye celestial, and survey
 His trophies, gather'd in thy noon of day :
 The blood-dy'd standard from *Bavaria* torn ;
 The sword, the captive sword by *Tallard* worn ;
 Countries subdu'd, and provinces resign'd,
 And conquer'd cities, waving in the wind ;
 Behold the lillies *Bourbon* strove to save,
 Ah, waiting now their victor to the grave.
 In these, let old contending warriors see
 Their glories lost, as lesser lights, in thee !

COU'D he, as thou bright lamp, his course renew,
 And still, from clime to clime, the nations view ;
 As thou thy beams, so he his arms convey,
 There's not a region in thy length of day,
 Where tyranny insults, but what wou'd be
 Rescu'd by *Marlb'rough*, and as *Britain*, free.

On a modest author.

COTTA, ambitious of a writer's name,
 Is check'd by fear, in his pursuit of fame ;
 He now throws by, and now assumes his pen ;
 Then thinks of *Dennis*, and is dumb agên.
 Tho' willing to oblige the world, he fits
 And trembles at the rage of wanton wits ;

Suspicious

Suspicious how his numbers may succeed,
If envy should suspect, or malice read.

POET, without a dread, exert thy skill;
Nor fear the pedant's scorn, or cens'rer's quill;
The critick's rage thou safely mayst defy,
For those who read dull authors, first must buy.

*On a young lady who watered a favourite vine
every morning.*

WONDER not, *Celia*, to behold
The tree so soon its leaves unfold;
Why the young opening buds are seen
So early to put on their green?

The clouds cou'd never boast a power
To rain so soft and rich a shower,
Its happy branches to bedew,
As kindly falls each morn from you.

Henceforth the springing tree shall need
No other drops her grape to feed,
Which from thy bounty shall assume
A brighter hue, and fairer bloom.

By thee inspir'd, its sacred juice
Of richer taste, and nobler use;

That

That e'en with nectar'd cups shall vie,
Which feast the gods above the sky.

The glass that with its liquor flows,
Sparkling above much brighter shews;
Does to the soul a joy impart
Transports the eye, and warms the heart.

Each loaded bough henceforth shall scorn
The fertile dews at eve and morn;
A vintage thy kind hand supplies,
Without the help of cloud, or skies.

Hor. lib. 2. *Ode.* 16. *Imitated.*

THE daring man whose sails divide
Th' *Ægean* ocean's foaming tide;
When nor the stars, nor morn arise,
But clouds and darkness blot the skies,
A calm retreat does now implore,
And tempts the angry seas no more.

For rest the *Thracian* bred in arms,
Nurs'd up in steel, and wars alarms:
For rest the *Mede* to heav'n does pray
In fields, with graceful quivers gay;
For rest, the blessing of the sky,
Which birth, nor gold, nor gems can buy!

'Tis not thy crown, or regal fame,
The tumults of thy mind can tame;
Can give thy anxious bosom ease,
Suppress its sighs, or cares appease;
Unwelcome guests, themselves that spread
Around the rich and royal bed.

How blest! to whom kind heav'n does yield,
Tho' small, his own paternal field;
Beholding on his table shine,
The cup that held his father's wine;
Nor gives his happy bosom pain
With dread of loss, or hopes of gain.

Ah, why does proud and short-liv'd man
Stretch out himself beyond his span?
To lose his sorrows vainly try
A distant clime, and foreign sky?
His country left, can any find
The art to leave themselves behind?

Close by his side attending care
Pursues the *hero* to the war;
Rides on the conqu'ring warrior's wheel,
And the sad failor's mournful keel;
With speed that leaves the stag behind,
And far out-flies the eastern wind.

Let

Let no dark future fears destroy
Thy bosom's peace, and present joy :
With chearful thoughts thy fate beguile,
And drown each sadness with a smile :
Nor think it human to aspire
At joys unmix'd, and bliss entire.

Tydidēs, to the gods ally'd,
Fresh in the bloom of beauty dy'd ;
And age, that bends the stout and brave,
Brought down *Tithonus* to a grave !
While fate, perhaps, may lend to me
That length of years it takes from thee.

For thee the flocks of noblest strain,
Nurs'd on *Sicilia's* fertile plain ;
For thee the sprightly coarser's bound,
And neighing, scorn the trembling ground :
While *Africk* does at once supply
Her finest fleece, and richest dye.

While I possess, by kinder fate,
A chearful mind, and small estate ;
Pleas'd in my bosom to infuse
The spirit of the *Grecian* muse.
Who can the envious croud despise,
And view the vain with scornful eyes.

In amorem Tami et Isidis.

NYMPHA *Isis*, liquidos agros dum læta pererrat,
 Incaluit madidæ *Tamus* amore Deæ;
 Serpit amans tacitus, sinuosaque brachia circum
 Fundit, et æterno fœdore junxit aquas.
 Nunc torrens idem, et limes datur unus utrique;
 Nec doluere vices ille vel illa fuas;
Tamus amat quicquid, sua dulcis amaverat *Isis*:
 Et quod amat *Tamus*, *Tamus* et *Isis* amant.
 Jam nullam agnoscas *Tami*, nullam *Isidis* undam
 Commune imperium *Tamisis* unus habet.

Imitated, and apply'd to T. N. and S. H.

AS o'er the the rural lawn young *Mira* stray'd,
Strephon beheld, and lik'd the flying maid;
 Struck with her form, and ravish'd with her eyes,
 To reach the nymph her fond adorer flies;
 Throws his glad arms around her slender waist,
 And vow'd a passion which shou'd always last.
 Now both transported, feel one common flame;
 Alike their love, their soft desires the same;
 As smiling o'er each other's looks they range,
 By turns adore, and bless their happy change.

A a

Whatever

Whatever object does a bliss impart
 To *Strephon's* eye, is dear to *Mira's* heart;
 Whatever *Mira* does with pleasure view,
 With the same power transports her shepherd too:
 They feel no joy or sorrow now apart,
 But in two bosoms bear one common heart.

*On Mr. Sandys's excellent paraphrase on the
 Psalms.*

THY work all o'er with ev'ry grace is wrought,
 In *Pindar's* numbers, and in *David's* thought;
 Their beauties in thy rival numbers shewn,
 The *Greek* might these, and those the *Hebrew* own;
 Nor blush in thee, and *Britain*, to admire
 Reviv'd their genius, and new strung their lyre.
 What various passions kindle, as thy muse
 To touch the soul, a various theme doth chuse?
 Now strong and rapid; tender now, and slow;
 The subject, *Israel's* fame, or *Israel's* woe.
 Thy numerous harp, like royal *David's*, found
 Of force to charm the ear with sweetest sound,
 Or with complaining notes, the soul to wound.
 Each, *Judah's* captive sons, with sorrow hears,
 And *Zion's* woes are wept with *British* tears;

Attends with sorrow the sad exile train,
 In *Sinai* mourn, and one immortal strain
 Breath'd out in sadness to their God, in vain :
 Who sooner wou'd have set his chosen free,
 Had they thus moan'd, and wept their fate, like thee.

*On the enterment of the Duke of Marlborough
 in Westminster-Abbey.*

THE noble dust beneath this shade that sleeps,
 Each warrior's eye must envy e'er it weeps ;
 And reading on the stone the *Hero's* name,
 Forget his death, to wonder at his fame.

On the same.

WHILE fighting o'er her hero's tomb,
 Breathless herself *Britannia* lay ;
 Lamenting that so small a room
 Shou'd now confine her warrior's clay :
 The muses thus in tears reply'd,
 Hearing the mournful dame deplore ;
 When *Cæsar*, and when *William* dy'd,
 Each mighty conqu'ror had no more.

Venus and Cupid.

HIS heart o'erwhelm'd with rage and woe,
 Thus *Cupid* to his mother cries,
 The shafts, *Mamma*, I us'd to throw,
 Are darted all from *R - chm - d's* eyes.

To whom the dame - Thy tears refrain,
 Nor longer at thy fate repine;
 How wou'd the god of love complain,
 Did his sad sufferings equal mine?

The youth no more my temples seek,
 But flight my power, my shrines despise;
 I have no sweetness nigh her cheek,
 Nor beauty left, when near her eyes.

Britain, perhaps, when she is gone,
 May dread again our sov'reign will;
 Thy quiver thou, and arms put on,
 And *Venus* please, and *Cupid* kill.

From the French.

I DIE with sadness, if the matchless fair
 These eyes adore, rejects her lover's prayer:
 I die with transport, if her gentle ear
 Is pleas'd her lover's soft complaint to hear.

How

How shall a wretch contrive his fate to shun,
 Both by her rigour, or her smiles, undone?
 Each way I look, I view my ruin sure;
 Fall by the wound, or perish by the cure!

A Dilemma.

HIS guilt in *Y* - - *ng*'s keen satires *Ch* - *rt* - *es* saw,
 And with a challenge hop'd his foe to awe;
 To whom the prudent bard this answer sent,
 Disdain the poet's malice, and repent:
 If honest, not at thee he made the thrust;
 If villain, than the satire's point was just.

On King James's abdication.

JAMES, strong in piety, in valour faint,
 Ceasing to be a king, commenc'd a saint!
 How great a foe to virtue is renown;
 One way to merit heav'n - to lose a crown!
 Ah, wretched *William*! of that throne possesst,
 Which *James* resign'd, on purpose to be blest!

On a builder.

HAD *Bromio* only liv'd two Summers more,
 Dying before he reach'd his second floor;
 He then had been so happy to behold
 His seat quite built, and his last mannor sold.

*On the alliance between Spain and Germany,
in 1725.*

NE'ER did two states before commence
A league so firm, and so discreet;
Where *Charles's* hope is *Philip's* sense,
And *Philip's* trust is *Charles's* fleet.

Tho' each Ally an army wants,
How weak, oh *George!* thy pow'r appears!
Since both have troops of fighting *saints*,
That charge, as well as grenadiers.

On the same. To the late King.

BY equal virtues you yourself approve,
Rival in power and piety to *Jove*:
You awe the continent, and rule the main;
A guard to *Holland*, and a dread to *Spasn*.
Let *Philip* then and *Charles* their force unite,
To make thy arm more fear'd, thy fame more bright;
In vain the *Danube* and the *Iber* join;
The * eagle, *Austria's*, but his thunder's thine.

* *The arms of the Empire.*

Cockles.

THE *Romans* bravery let *Porfenna* own,
 Who meets whole troops in *Cockles'* arm alone;
 His legions scarce the warrior's force sustain,
 And armies press a single foe in vain.
 Such matchless courage does his soul inspire,
 Had he ONE second, *Tuscia* must retire;
 Wanting that ONE, her troops that round him drew
 He only could repel, but not subdue.

On a decay'd beauty.

WHY have *Næera's* locks a different hue!
 The brown she bought, the grey ones all are true:
 In time *Næera* might her youth repair,
 Cou'd she sell wrinkles, where she buys her hair.

Written in a country Journal.

FEW satirists regard or wrong or right,
 But all must live, and have a meal at night;
 And what the needful supper wou'd supply,
 If scandal did not sell, and folly buy?
 If some dissected statesman, when they eat,
 Assisted not to furnish out the treat;

On

On the rich victim *Trot* and *Danvers* feed ;
 For wits must either starve, or courtiers bleed.

On a condemned author.

T -- *S* -- *N*, last Winter damn'd, in anger swore,
 To vex the wicked town, he'd print no more.
 Why, poet, has thy simple passion chose
 The only way thou canst t' oblige thy foes ?
 Wou'dst thou full vengeance take on those that curse
 Thy last dull farce, write on, and print a worse.

On a fine seat.

*P*ROUD *Greece*, in arts ambitious to excel,
Homer's learn'd *Iliad* crowded in a shell ;
Bathillus took the hint, and wou'd repeat
 A wonder, not the same, yet full as great :
 With joy he sees the spacious *villa* rise,
 Admires its stately height, and ample size ;
 His chambers richly gilt, his lofty doors,
 Large statues, cedar roofs, and marble floors ;
 His fountains, walks, and gardens finish'd --- all
 Compleat, except his stairs, saloone, and hall ;
 He sells his farms, his forests round consumes,
 And crouds whole manors into single rooms.

*To the Dutcheſs of R - h - nd, walking at the
coronation.*

THE ruby's gleam, the brilliant's light
In vain adorn thy comely hair ;
What gems can ſhew thoſe looks more bright,
Or drefs the faireſt nymph more fair ?

By art diſpos'd, how faint they glow,
When glitt'ring near thoſe eyes they ſhine !
How weak their flame, which wou'd beſtow
A beauty on each cheek, but thine !

Striving their luſtre to admire,
That light thy heav'nly looks diſplay,
Shadows each gem's extinguiſh'd fire,
And ſteals our raviſh'd eyes away.

Beheld alone, thus ev'ry eye
The ſea-green *Naïeds* does adore ;
But when the ocean's queen draws nigh,
Each beauty loſt, they pleaſe no more.

On a decay'd beauty.

HOW upright then is heav'n! how just the pain
 That fate inflicts upon the proud and vain?
 Pride, in thy beauty's bloom, was once thy curse;
 Thy charms now fading, envy is a worse.
 The shafts they throw, we safely now endure,
 And view these eyes, tho' fatal once, secure:
 We gaze all day, all night we soundly sleep;
 'Tis ours to triumph now, and thine to weep.

Conjugal affection.

SICK of a fever as pale *Gellia* lay,
 Her spouse, to view the dame so fast decay,
 The doctor ask'd, with passion in his eye,
 Ah, is there hopes! *what hopes?* - that she will die.

On the battle of Ramillies.

HEAR *Philip's* son his wretched fate proclaim,
 Sighing, one world too narrow for his fame!
 Had the vain *Greek* his legions hither brought,
 When *Anna* govern'd, and when *Marlb'rough* fought;

When

When *Europe* to his sword her freedom ow'd,
 His tears, but from another cause had flow'd ;
 Mourning his arm too feeble to subdue
 (*Britain* his foe) that single world he knew.

On the battle of Hockstet.

WHEN *Cæsar*'s victor-arms the world subdu'd,
 Each art of war unknown, each foe was rude:
 Unskill'd to guide the charge, or to renew,
 The *Gaul* and *Briton* from his troops withdrew ;
 While oft by pride and wild ambition led,
 Where *Cæsar* triumph'd, his sad country bled.
 Conquest when heav'n to *Marlb'rough*'s valour gave,
 The cause was honest, and the foe was brave :
 Each war-like realm against his arm that rose
 'Twas great, to quell, a fame, but to oppose ;
 All blest his sword, his tyranny none blame,
 Who without *Cæsar*'s crimes, had all his fame.

On a coy mistress.

WHILE virtuous *Mira* I persuade to wed,
 And strive to wooe her to a nuptial bed ;
 Averse her tongue, consenting in her eye ;
 She neither will consent, nor will deny ;

Vouchsafes a smile, when I a heart implore,
Ah, *Mira!* give me less, or grant me more.

The cure of ambition.

TO curb th' ambitious, pulpits preach,
And stories poets feign,
But what the one and t'other teach,
Is all, alas, in vain.

One remedy is left in store
Which may the madmen save;
Tell 'em, *Nassau* is now no more,
And shew 'em *Brunswick's* grave.

On the death of King James the II^d.

GOOD *James*, to keep his conscience clear,
Resolv'd an earthly crown to want;
In *Rome's* learn'd annals to appear
A pious king, or future saint.

Thy fate, great prince, was hard indeed,
Which all good christian hearts must grieve;
To lose three kingdoms for a creed,
Which thou thyself cou'dst not believe.

On two ladies.

WHY does *Aspasia* study drefs,
 Or *Mico* her coarfe looks repair?
 Nothing can make the one difpleafe,
 And nothing make the other fair!
 Their faces fuch, *one* cannot give,
 By art, one drive a beauty thence;
 Why then confent they not to live
 Admir'd and fcorn'd, without expence?

On the Duke of Marlborough.

WHEN *Marlb'rough* to his Queen each wonder fent:
 His fword had wrought upon the *Continent*,
 Where *Gallia's* legions to his troops gave way,
 Armies, and realms, the triumphs of a day;
 She never ask'd, for vain had been the thought,
 If he ftill conquer'd - - - only, if he fought?

On a voluminous writer.

BAVIUS is own'd in fcience to excel,
 For writing much, with him, is writing well;
 From each large *Folio* he receives his hints,
 And always weighs his works, before he prints;

Where

Where magnitude, for sense and wit is bought;
 Where size is genius, and where bulk is thought.
 To sell his learning, who a way has found,
 Just as he buys his mutton, by the pound:
 Strange qualities his mystic volumes boast,
 For here the *heaviest* wit still fetches most.

*Viewing King William's coffin at the interment
 of Queen Anne.*

ON these cold arms for her repose
 Did *Europe* once, and *Britain* trust;
Bourbon and *Gaul*, his virtue's foes,
 Once tremble at this lifeless dust.

The heirs of poverty and fame,
 Fate to the self-same ashes turns;
 The royal, and the wretched name,
 How like, once clos'd within their urns?

Poise *William* now, the good, the brave,
 And does the mighty king outweigh
 (Become the tenant of a grave)
 The subject's dust, or peasant's clay?

Ah death! how fearful are thy darts!
 The hero we to day adore,
 We weep the next with anxious hearts,
 Wither'd his wreaths, his pomp no more!

On a Craftsman.

SAYS *H - ll*, when e'er my virtues you decry,
You have no way to hurt me, but to lie ;
Says *Bob*, a better art than that we boast ;
For he that speaks the truest, hurts you most :
Useless the satire, and the falsehood vain,
Where truth attacks, and leaves a deeper stain !

On a traiterous country Journal.

THE prince who twice forgives a rebel foe,
Does, by forgiving, make him doubly so ;
Tho' in the act some mercy may appear,
Mercy, like this, may seem to own a fear ;
To tell mankind he lives his subject's slave,
And dreads the traitor he consents to save.
Pity the guilty heart cou'd never mend,
A pardon'd foe was never yet a friend ;
No middle way the *Fates* have here decreed,
The throne must shake, or else the rebel bleed.

On the same.

WHEN *Danvers* wrote at first his parts to try,
He blush'd, and felt a shame at ev'ry lie ;
But now no pain his weekly libels give,
He lies - and almost does himself believe.

The

The wicked satire its own author bites,
 While the fool credits what the patriot writes ;
 Who, his own dreams and shadows to admire,
 Cheats his own self, to make the cheat entire ;
 The witty sage of half his fame bereav'd,
 Had he left one, his wiles had not deceiv'd !
 Thus *Rome*, in conqu'ring other empires tir'd,
 By her own cruel sword, at last expir'd.

Left in the case of a lady's gold watch.

CELIA is pleas'd each hour her watch to view ;
 Why ? to do nothing when 'tis *five* or *two* !
 To nymphs who only visit, dress, and dine,
 All hours are like, and *ten* no more than *nine* !
 Time never varying with the courtly dame ;
 Midnight and noon with her are much the same.

A true heir. Imitated from Prior.

WHILE gasping on his death-bed *Cremes* lies,
 He calls his son to bless him, e'er he dies ;
 To part with him, afflicts the father's heart ;
 The youth as sad, for fear they shou'd not part.
 How great a joy wou'd life to *Cremes* give ;
 To him - how great a sorrow shou'd he live :
 Shou'd *Mead's* kind art new life again inspire ?
 That dose wou'd kill the son, which sav'd the fire.

On a peer and poet.

VARUS is happy, for he dreads no foes
 To ridicule his verse, or damn his prose;
 He takes his pen and paper from the shelf,
 Writes dull, and then turns butcher to himself;
 In hopes of fame, he owns whate'er he writ;
 Was ever author by himself so bit?
 When all are curious the lac'd fool to see,
 To tell 'em in the title - I am he.

*On an excellent casuist. Written in one of
 Dr. Sh - rl - ck's Sermons.*

LIKE beauteous armour is thy solid sense,
 At once our ornament, and our defence;
 Its form illustrious, and its force divine,
 Made to resist at once, as well as shine.
 As this in battles try'd, has nought to fear,
 Or from the warrior's sword, or hero's spear;
 From that the critick's guiltless rage shall bound,
 Too weak to pierce, to impotent to wound.

On an ungrateful friend.

WHERE'ER I go, I take delight
 Your worth and merit to commend;
 Where'er you speak, with equal spite
 You lessen, and defame your friend.

The tares have properties like thine,
And with thy gratitude abound ;
When low, about the flower they twine ;
When rais'd, they draw it to the ground.

Wrote in Westminster-Abbey, at a funeral.

STATESMEN and hero's, kings and peers,
S Beneath these folemn arches lie ;
Cou'd these, said I, subdu'd by years,
Resign their pomp, and yield to die ?
How weak is strength ! how frail is power,
Or royalty, whereon to trust ?
When fate has fix'd the destin'd hour,
To turn the great, and proud to dust !
Happy, or wretched, weak, or wise,
In life, the sons of earth we call :
Here difference and distinction dies,
These graves and mansions level all.
Ambition hence ! fond thirst of power !
Ye idle empty dreams, away !
Beauty on earth has but an hour
To rule - and majesty a day !

That wretched kings might once be blest,
These vaults, kind heav'n, in pity gave;
Where *William* found a place of rest,
His cares a tomb, and he a grave.

On great afflictions.

ONE comfort from the greatest ills we gain,
The less can never give the mind a pain;
Distract our thoughts, or discompose our heart,
Which feels no wound from fortune's second dart.
Just so the martial trumpet's weaker sounds,
The louder noise of bursting thunder drowns:
Nor does the stars expiring light appear
When the day opens, and the sun is near.

Female coyness.

WOMEN, just like the stiffen'd sails,
Which stretch along the sky,
Seem to resist the beating gales
With which they chuse to fly.
In shew the canvas does oppose
The wind, with force as strong;
But with the gust, where'er it blows,
Seems pleas'd to move along.

Coy *Sappho* thus with fondest truth,
When *Phaon*'s sigh affails,
Does still resist the amorous youth,
Yet still the youth prevails.

On the same.

BELIEVE not *Sappho*'s anger true,
The scorn that fills her eye;
Like shades she flies, if you pursue,
And follows, if you fly.

If from the youth the trembling fair
Escapes by art, or flight;
She always takes a prudent care
To lie conceal'd - in fight.

On a lady who thought her picture too handsome.

AS *Clelia* wanders o'er that face,
The artist for her own design'd,
The modest nymph disowns each grace,
And thinks the painter's hand too kind:
That from some fairer *Form* he took
Those charms, which in the piece surprize;
Wanting herself that heav'nly look,
That moving air, those melting eyes.

So our first mother, fond to view
 The beauteous stranger in the wave;
 Saw her own self in smiles, nor knew
 'Twas her own self the rapture gave:
 By conscious shame her pride was check'd,
 Nor cou'd the blushing dame presume
 That her own beauties cou'd reflect
 A form so fair, so fresh a bloom.

On an amorous widow.

WITH warm desire at eighty, *Phillis* curst,
 Sighs, that her grand-child shou'd be marry'd first;
 Her lovely self, (if you believe her pride,
 And not her looks) much fitter for a bride;
 Thus latent sparks in dying embers glow,
 Which cool above, have still their fire below.

On Selden's Mare Clausum.

WHILE *Belgia* shaking off the chain
 Her servile states so long had bore;
 * Asserts her title to the main,
 Where her proud flags had struck before.

* Grotius *his* Mare Liberum.

The subject seas are taught agên
 To dread their antient *British* lord ;
 Who owes more thanks to * *Selden's* pen,
 Than *Churchill's* arm, or *William's* sword.

While he his country's right maintains,
 (Her warriors by the sage outdone ;)
 More fame her statesman's wisdom gains,
 Than e'er her hero's valour won.

*On Dr. Prideaux's Connection, presented to the
 Bodleian Library.*

OXFORD and *Rome*, be vain no more,
 Your *Vaticans*, nor *Bodleies* prize ;
 With wonder read these volumes o'er,
 Which guide the learn'd, and teach the wise.

Whatever *Greece* or *Latium* wrote,
 Transplanted here, he makes his own ;
 Whose treasures ne'er can be forgot,
 While thus preserv'd in him alone.

Criticks, Historians, all give way,
 For this fam'd work to shine on high ;
 Pleas'd, and astonish'd, to survey
 In one great sage, a *library*.

* *An excellent and learned treatise, entitled, Mare Clausum.*

By his learn'd pen, and sacred pains,
 (All *Europe's* envy, *Britain's* boast;)
 A richer store our isle regains,
 Than * *Ptolemy* and *Ægypt* lost.

On a learned device over the gate at Bleinheim.
- - a lion tearing a cock in pieces.

OTHERS their wit on paper oft have shewn,
 Sir *John* hews jests and † humour out of stone;
 In emblems deeply skill'd, to *Britain* shews
 How *Gallia* bled, and *Marlb'rough* tam'd his foes.
 But had the general's sword no better fought,
 Than he to grace his fame in marble wrought,
 No more in arms, than he in humour skill'd,
 The *Cock* had drove the *Lion* from the field.

On two Physicians.

MACRO's long bills no more the town endures,
 For *Milo* kills for less than *Macro* cures;
 Admitted once, none e'er the doctor quit,
 Whose patients seldom have a second fit;
 Let rich old parents then be *Milo's* care,
 He has a wond'rous art, to please an heir.

* *The Alexandrian library, burnt by Julius Cæsar.*

† *A monstrous lion tearing a cock, over the great gate at Bleinheim.*

On false wit.

FALSE shining wit, like bubbles strikes the eyes,
 Glittering like them, the moment that it dies :
 It charms the fancy with delusive light,
 Glaring and thin, as empty, and as bright :
 Which to the sense appearing strong and fair,
 With one soft touch dissolves away in air ;
 The eye amaz'd, (the mirror now retir'd,)
 So soon to lose the phantom it admir'd.

On a beautiful lady, very crooked.

CEASE then, ye fair, to value more
 Those looks, no youth henceforth shall prize ;
 Each charm victorious once, before
 The light of *Chloe's* beauty dies.

Perch'd on her brow, and back, by fits,
 His fav'rite throne, the god of love
 Upon that rising mountain sits
 As awful, as on *Ida, Jove*.

At once resolv'd his utmost skill,
 And power, in *Chloe's* form to shew ;
 That his keen shafts might surer kill,
 He shap'd the goddess like his bow.

On a handsome lady ill painted. To Mrs. M. N.

HAD nature on her cheeks such colours spread,
 A thousand fighting youths had never bled;
 While in the form the painter's skill imparts,
 We lose our wonder, but we save our hearts;
 Whose hand attempting to prolong her fame,
 Secures our life, but kills the beauteous dame:
 Yet thus, to view her beauties shine less clear,
 We moan the gift, and purchase life too dear.

AH, far from hence, thy eye, wrong'd *Mira*, keep;
 Or ne'er behold, or come prepar'd to weep!
 Grave in thy looks, and studious in thy mien;
 Old age in youth, and wisdom at eighteen!
 Here only we can gaze, nor feel a joy;
 Here only *Mira* smile, and not destroy.

YET still we thank the artist, which has found
 A way for us to view, nor fear a wound;
 The arrows here which from the canvas fall,
 (Boasting no victims now) are guiltless all;
 While help'd by him, we dare approach her eye
 Without a passion, or a dread to die.

So when the sun's bright lustre pains our sight
 With too much glory, and too strong a light;
 Down from the cloud descends the friendly dew,
 Dims half his beams, and gives us leave to view.

The Parallel.

*W*R --- *O C K* and *Fog* have virtues much the same,
 One robs you of your purse, and one your fame;
 The lawyer's weapon chose to wound, or kill,
 A pistol - and the patriot's arms - a quill;
 And which has murder'd most, but few can guess;
 The felon's powder, or the traitor's press;
 Yet tho' the brother-faints we often see
 In most things like - in some they disagree;
*W*r - - - *ck* each week, to gain some glorious prize
 Is perjur'd - *Fog* more virtuous, only lies.

*Written in a 30th of January Sermon,
 preach'd 1735.*

*W*HILE thus bemoan'd poor *Charles's* death we hear,
 We strive, but cannot shed one pious tear.
 Both victims seem alike, since all agree
 The preacher wants a head - as well as he.

*On the power of Spain 1735, when the English
Fleet lay at Lisbon.*

TO *Philip*, thus his queen - Yon son of ours
Is match'd, my dear, by none of *Europe's* powers ;
From realm to realm our victor-hero flies,
And *Austria's* sword, and *Eugene's* schemes defies ;
The *Po* and *Tyber* his brave troops alarm ;
The *Danube* next may fear, or feel his arm.
Where'er he goes, fresh lawrels sure to meet ;
Says *Philip*, true - wou'd *George* call home his fleet.
So nigh our shore while yon dire flags appear,
However firm, our warrior's heart must fear ;
For ah, where'er *Britannia's* navies ride,
Empires forget their strength, and kings their pride ;
Sent round the world to set the injur'd free,
That pride may stoop, and jarring powers agree.
Your son, whatever curious schemes you weave,
Rules just as far as *Britain* gives him leave ;
Who as she frowns, or for his interest pleads,
Must either want his subjects, or his beads ;
Spain may devise, and prophesy, but still
'Tis left to *George*, and *Norris* to fulfil.

Verses to the injur'd Patriot, written in 1733.

IF prudence were the parent of success,
 And wisdom only had the power to bless;
Britain had lost the weight she now sustains,
 Eas'd by thy care, and rescu'd by thy pains.
 Who pleas'd with shadows, and with airy dreams,
 With half-form'd projects, and half-finish'd schemes,
 From her own profit wittily does fly,
 And thanks the pen that frames the fav'rite lie;
 Blessing the artist for his happy pains,
 Which leads her out of freedom into chains.

LET pride, or malice then the realm excite
 'Gainst thee, against her own dear ease to fight;
 To rank sedition half the nation fire,
 FOE to those tumults, it does first inspire;
 First arm the rabble, then its madness blame;
 Which only lights the blaze, to quench the flame;
 Let patriots, guardians of the *British* state,
 Praise *Brutus*' sword, or threaten *Cæsar*'s fate,
 Thy solid virtue shall each shaft sustain,
 By faction edg'd, by fury lanc'd in vain;
 Far o'er thy head the whistling arrow fly,
 And in some hostile breast its feathers dye;

Glanc'd from thy shield, with stronger vigour go,
And waste its fury on the bleeding foe.

LET rage, or envy, dictate what they will,
The muse beholds thee great and upright still;
Fond of that worth, which madness wou'd despise,
Views thee in senates, just; in councils, wise:
Whoe'er deserts, resolving to attend
Through fame, or scorn, the statesman and the friend;
Far from thy eye, unpension'd, and unknown,
And brib'd to praise thee, from desert alone;
That does the verse inspire, and flame impart,
And dictates to thy poet's hand and heart.

LET *Britain* then, by ev'ry art contrive
How duty may decline, and treason thrive;
To prove her wisdom, let the zealous isle
Procure her billets, and erect her pile;
The flames that from thy mimic image rise
Shall lift thy virtues fairer to the skies;
Thy deeds more beauteous, and thy deathless fame
Unhurt, unfullied by the trying flame,
Shall the fierce chymic heat, like gold, endure;
Made by the flame more solid, and more pure;
Meant to destroy, it but refines the more,
And gives fresh lustre to the valu'd oar;

[Add:

Adds a new beauty, which attracts the fight,
And from the furnace draws a stronger light.

STILL we behold thee glorious, tho' to hide
Thy beams a while, dull meteors round thee glide;
Turn from our eyes a while thy light away,
And strive with *Fogs* to intercept the day:
Yet break that mist which wou'd thy glories shrowd;
The sun, and thee, have each alike your cloud,
Which blots the fullest fame, and fairest skies;
Blackens a while, then disappears, and dies.
The vapour vanish'd, and the darkness o'er,
Broke by that lamp it strove to quench before;
Which thro' the shadow strikes its victor-ray,
Pours in its light, and drives the gloom away.

LET *St. J - hn* then in satire lash the times,
And sell his manners, to grow fam'd in rhimes:
For fame and lawrels, place and titles quit,
And lose his freedom, to assert his wit;
Thro' his *Fleet* grate, let busy *F - - - g* rave,
And dictate what wou'd *Britain* sink, or save;
Who by his happy wants more wisdom gets,
His parts improving with his duns and debts;
In spite of Viscount's songs, and madmens prate,
This fop's derision, and that bankrupt's hate;

Ballads, some penn'd by peers, by taylor's some,
At clubs all penn'd, and all inspir'd by mum;
(In rival lays, where brother vies with brother,
One suburb sage quite ravish'd with another;)
In spite of *Gl - v - r*'s rage, and *Wh - - - d*'s rant,
What ideots credit, and what Craftsmen cant;
Libels that roar, and Journals that defy,
And piously for *Britain*'s safety lie;
Still be the statesman brave, the patriot just,
Whoe'er conceals the steel, or aims the thrust;
The piles they build, but lift thy fame more high,
And spread, and bear it faster to the sky.
Thus *Rome*, her dulness to her glory turns,
And those she knows not to confute, she burns:
Whose flames and faggots often have prevail'd,
Where her best reasons, and her rhet'rick fail'd.

LET Faction then dip all her pens in gall,
Hear her vain fictions, and deride 'em all;
Enjoy her frown, nor let the silly blaze
That burns thy form, thy steddied heart amaze;
Draw a fresh glory from the envious fire
Which meant to terrify, does more inspire;
To virtuous deeds, and higher fame excite,
Shewn fairer by this kind, this friendly light.

THUS

THUS grateful *Rome*, when her best patriot's dy'd,
 Each art of love, to pay their virtues, try'd:
 The column now was shap'd, and arch was rais'd;
 On brass, the hero, or in marble, prais'd;
 In pomp his image to her temples bore,
 Mix'd with those gods, to whom he bow'd before;
 One act still wanting to reward the brave,
 And snatch the warrior's glory from the grave:
 And see the costly pile with odours spread,
 To bear aloft, and burn the gen'rous dead.
 Upward at last the soaring eagle flies,
 And on her wing the consul mounts the skies;
 Here the frail man, but not his glory, ends,
 The mortal wasting, as the god ascends.

*On the Dutcheſs of R - ch - d's dropping Orange
 cockades at Suffex election, 1733.*

WHILE R - - *hm - nd's* hand the gift bestows,
 The bow which first her finger ty'd;
 Pleas'd with the gift, each bosom glows,
 To vote on gen'rous *Pell - - m's* fide.
Man - - ll his * lawrel bow wou'd burn,
 His country's wish no more withstand;
 And *Camp - - n's* self a convert turn,
 For such a prize from such a hand.

* Oak and lawrel boughs wore by the Tories at the election.

A double blifs thy knot inspires,
Faireft and beft of *British* dames,
While thofe thy matchlefs beauty fires,
Thy loyalty at once enflames.

Ah! with what tender joy poffeft,
Does ev'ry *Briton* hence depart;
With *R - ch - - nd's* ribbon on his breaft,
And *R - ch - - nd's* image in his heart.

George may at laft securely reign,
His throne each haughty foe defpife,
Which both the *brave* and *fair* fustain,
P - lham's firm zeal, and *Lenos'* eyes.

That God-like fame which *Orange* won,
She claims from deeds as fair and great;
And what the pious king begun,
The beauteous patriot fhall compleat.

On a beautiful lady, fifhing.

THO' fatal each, how much unlike
The wounds which *Flavia* does impart?
Pleas'd thro' the cheek, her perch to ftrike,
Her bleeding lover thro' the heart.

Her quiv'ring line, and now her looks,

By turns her various slaves surprize;

Now making prisoners with her hooks,

Now making captives with her eyes.

The barbed steel which hangs her trout,

From the flight wound our hand may wrest;

But who e'er pluck'd the arrow out

She fixes in her lover's breast?

Shou'd the clear stream afford no prize,

Her fortune *Flavia* must not blame;

Let her but angle with her eyes,

The nymph will then be sure of game:

The golden bait that hides the snare;

Is seiz'd with what an eager joy;

Thus *Flavia's* cheek unkindly fair,

Allure us first, and then destroy.

On an eminent State-satirist.

THE learned fatires I have wrote,

Says *Nick*, the court and king to gall,

May half be lost, at least, forgot,

'Till in one skin I bind 'em all.

Those that have 'scap'd the jakes, and fire,
 Says *Tom*, hereafter may be found;
 What you fold *Franklin* by the quire,
 You'll buy of grocers by the pound.

Britain shall still your labours boast,
 Long as her sons shall feast, or feed;
 Us'd oft, when people bake and roast,
 Tho' seldom when they think, or read.

On Rock's Pill.

DEATH triumphs less! and *R-ck's* victorious pill,
 Takes from her blunted shaft the pow'r to kill;
 While the sad cheek the tear less frequent laves,
 And sextons starve for want of digging graves:
 All *itches* else before his med'cine flying,
 Its sov'reign power wou'd be beyond denying,
 Cou'd it cure *Danvers* of his itch of lying;
 To his chaste pen the love of truth impart,
 And drive the traytor from the patriot's heart.

To Mrs. P. P - - r, indispos'd at the Bath.

THUS *Venus* rising from her wave
 To captivate the world is drawn;
 Her looks less pow'rful to enslave,
 In canvas you, and she in lawn.

'Twas little for those heav'nly beams
 On land to please, and to subdue ;
 Half victor only, till the streams
 Were forc'd to own her triumphs too.

What magick here awakes desire,
 Different th' effect, the cause the same ;
 The springs that cool the goddess' fire
 Do but augment each lover's flame.

Bathing, as *Phæbe*'s charms revive,
 The colour from our cheek is flown ;
 While for her safety as we strive,
 We wish not, or neglect our own.

How sad a chance we all must try,
 And yet 'tis all that heav'n can give ;
 If fate restores her bloom - we die,
 If not - 'tis more severe - we live.

To Mrs. M. N. twelve Years old.

HOW is that lovely little face
 Contriv'd to give us pain and joy ?
 Where ev'ry opening infant-grace,
 Tho' hardly form'd, can yet destroy.

Thou,

Thou, like the plank the failor views
When wreck'd, far off upon the wave;
And life just spent, in vain pursues
What only cou'd the victim save.

For ah! with all our vows and skill,
We must not touch thy virgin bed;
When fair enough to please, and kill,
Ah, why not ripe enough to wed?

Those charms, perhaps, I might possess,
I now, alas, in vain adore,
Cou'd I but number twenty less,
And thou, fair maid, ten Summers more.

On an indifferent poet.

NATURE, that turn'd thy head, thought fit
To finish, by the oddest rule;
Thy sense too little for a wit,
And just too much to make a fool.

Mysterious bard! half fool, half wise,
That little fame thy muse has won,
Thou may'st applaud, while we despise,
For know, a little fame is none.

| True

True Riches.

*I*RUS, tho' wanting gold and lands,
 Lives chearful, easy, and content;
Corvus unblest'd, with twenty hands
 Employ'd to count his yearly rent.

Sages of *Lombard*, tell me which
 Of these, you think, possesses more?
 One with his poverty, is rich
 And one with all his wealth, is poor.

On an injur'd writer.

*W*ITH cause poor *Caleb* does complain
 That *Osborn* steals away his jokes;
 And thinks it hard his merry brain,
 With sense shou'd furnish other folks.

Yet in most satires he has writ,
 His foes so basely cannot deal;
 Where those that rob him of his wit,
 His honesty can never steal.

On a Cardinal who dy'd of the Pox.

*J*ULIUS, as holy *Rome* ordain'd, forbore
 To take a wife, but always lik'd a whore;
 But while the dame, his passion to allay,
 Does love for love, and heat with heat repay;

The flame he quench'd to day, the next burnt higher ;
 And losing one, he felt a fiercer fire ;
 If those are purest deem'd, who most endure,
 Was ever faint at *Rome* so clean and pure ?
 No need of purgatory flames, or hell-
 To purge his guilt, his own will do as well.

On an upright Courtier.

SURE C - - - m's various wisdom all must prize ;
 Wife when a *Whig*, and when a *Tory* wife ;
 By turns, with ev'ry party pleas'd and vext,
 Voting one day for laws he damns the next ;
 Yet to one point his counsels always tend,
 When *George's* fav'rite, and when *St. J - hn's* friend.
 So the fair *Thames*, if ebbing, or at flow,
 Is the same river still, when high and low ;
 Empty each morn, at noon it fills agên ;
 Tho' various, but one stream at fix and ten.

To the Dutcheſs of R - ch - - nd, in France.

WHY o'er the seas retires that heav'nly light,
 And leaves the orb from whence she fails, in night ?
 Shadows her own, to bless another sphere ;
 One world in darkness left, the next to cheer.

Thus

Thus the fifth *Harry* to extend his reign,
 Like her to triumph, often cross'd the main;
 In each brave realm he bore alternate sway,
 Which smil'd by turns the victor to obey!
 Ador'd, from clime to clime like him she flies,
 His conqu'ring sword less potent than her eyes.
 On *France* again she throws her stronger chains,
 And what the monarch won, the dame maintains:
 To *Gallia's* youth the daughter's pow'ful charms,
 As fear'd, and fatal as her * father's arms.

On dependance. To the Duke of R - - hm - nd.

WHAT is dependance, tho' on courts and kings,
 The first and keenest of all Fortune's stings?
 A shaft select the power celestial throws
 At the most hated of her earthly foes;
 The bane of truth, extinction of all thought;
 And gay distress, by fools and madmen bought:
 'Tis peace to quit, and honour to resign,
 As others guide, to hope, rejoice, and pine;
 To part with that the soul esteems most dear,
 From her own self to triumph, and to fear;
 'Tis oft to praise (reason can guide no more)
 What we detest, and curse what we adore;

* *Earl of Cadogan.*

To slight those gifts, which only can adorn,
 And bend before the haughty eye we scorn ;
 Yet might we all depend, and still be free,
 If, *R - ch - nd*, all the proud, wou'd copy thee ;
 Pleas'd from thy glory often to descend,
 The Peer a name less valu'd than the friend.

To a worthy Friend.

AS those who to the throne their smiles convey,
 Gain by the gift more honour than they pay,
 So when I own myself thy muse's friend,
 I only with more art myself commend ;
 On the reflection of thy worth I live,
 And praising thee, enjoy the praise I give ;
 Since to applaud thy verse, and sing thy fame,
 Is but ambition veil'd with friendship's name ;
 A pride that wears good-nature's fair disguise,
 To think with kings, extol thee with the wife.

*On the verses wrote by some eminent Tories,
 on the death of the late King.*

HEAR *Cham* and *Isis* mourn their monarch's fate,
 Sincerely weeping that he died - so late ;
 Strange at his death these muses should complain,
 Whose living virtue gave 'em greater pain !

The tears now shed upon his herse, to prove
Their sorrow just as real as their love.

On a lady always young.

LET age and envious time do what they will,
Chloe remains the same soft creature still ;
In her first coat, as when she romp'd and smil'd ;
A babe in years - at fixty - still a child.

On wit.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the *Indian* mine,
Which boasts two various powers in one,
To cut, as well as shine :

Genius like that, when polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds ;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles, while it wounds.

On Milton's bust erected in Westminster-Abbey.

STRIVE not to build thy fame on arches strong ;
'Twill flourish in thy muse as late and long ;
The tomb may sink, in dust proud columns lie ;
But the same moment time and this shall die ;

Which

Which to late æra's shall thy worth rehearse,
And tho' it eats the stone, shall spare the verse.

On a very handsome lady that was blind.

THO' beauteous *Flavia* heav'n deprives of sight
To view those charms that give the world delight;
Let not her heart, subdu'd with grief, complain,
Had she beheld her form, she had been vain;
One sense in pure compassion heav'n denies,
And to secure her virtue, dims her eyes.

On a Friar.

HER Friars holy *Rome* does fathers call;
The appellation's just, and suits 'em all;
With nuns delighted to converse and pray,
Few have more daughters, or more sons than they.

On the monuments in Westminster-Abbey.

THOSE piles aloft that raise their head,
And the great king, or warrior shew;
Shine they to please the mighty dead,
Or the vile worm that crawls below?

Not once the senseless clay reflects
On what the flatt'ring poet writes;
Nor feels the tomb which *Bird* erects,
Nor hears the lines that *Friend* endites.

Two letters, and an humble stone
 Are all the wise and virtuous crave;
 These will suffice, and these alone,
 To deck the king's, or hero's grave.

On a discarded minister. To the Duke of A - - -

THAT scheme, says *Mucius*, does our isle disgrace;
 Ask him the cause - last month he lost his place:
 To make the project useful to the land,
 One way is left - restore him back his wand.

On the Craftsman.

SAYS *Caleb*, dropping first a patriot's tear,
 Our trade is lost - no earthly thing sells dear;
 The prices of our wheat and oxen fall;
 The subject's beggar'd, and the king has all:
 Says *Ralph*, your calculation's not so nice,
 Did scandal ever yield a greater price?
 What age did better for dull libels pay,
 Bought by the load - ten thousand in a day?
 Tho' we pay little for our drink and food,
 Your trash will still be dear, and markets good;
 Whatever sinks, its value will be high;
 For if knaves print, you'll meet with fools to buy.

On the Craftsman and Common Sense.

THE different sheets two different authors shew,
 One a false friend, and one an open foe;
 This with defiance his bold Journal fills;
 That hides his rage, and kisses while he kills.
 From the bold foe thy courage shall defend,
 Thy wisdom, *George*, against the treach'rous friend;
 Who at thy throne with the same passion strike;
 Various their weapons, but their wills alike;
 Around the first no veil of duty cast,
 With friendship cloath'd the venom of the last;
 Who has no art his triumph to secure,
 But hide the steel, to make the thrust more sure.

On a beautiful lady beholding herself in a stream.

BEHOLD those waves, ah, never at a stay;
 How swift their course! how soon they glide away!
 Each virgin's envy now, and lover's theme,
 Thy beauties, *Mira*, are that fleeting stream;
 Each after each which shall too soon retire,
 Thy brow resign its light, thy eye its fire;
Mira, be lost, new wonders to supply,
 That other *Mira's* may be born - to die.

To

*To Mrs. M. H. on the gold net-work in her
apron.*

AH, weave no more those nets of gold,
 Each gazing lover to surprize ;
 You have a softer art to hold,
 And catch 'em surer with your eyes ;
 Tho' both might please, and might inspire,
 When at some distance they appear ;
 Yet who can *Mira's* net admire,
 When *Mira's* beauties are so near ?
 Thy work our wonder then may share,
 When shining in some other place ;
 But never can look rich or fair,
 When plac'd so near the artist's face.

On a beautiful lady, singing. To Mrs. A. H.

WHILE with your beauty, and your voice,
 You charm the ear, and please the eye ;
 You only leave each slave his choice,
 By which soft shaft he means to die.
 If then your looks alone are found
 Of power your rigour to fulfil ;
 Why shou'd you aim a second wound,
 When one, alas, will more than kill ;

You

You boast, fair nymph, so many arts
 Our breast to soften and subdue;
 We have no way to guard our hearts,
 But not to hear, and not to view.

A Poet's gratitude.

P - - *E* now a satirist, first try'd his spite
 On the kind * muse which taught him first to write;
 Libel'd his friend - as razor's oft are seen,
 To wound the hand which help'd to make 'em keen.

*On a person of eminent merit long neglected,
 and afterwards very honourably preferred at
 court.*

*T*HUS antient *Rome* her great dictators found
 Tilling their *Latian*, or their *Sabine* ground;
 Their virtues long were past unheeded by,
 View'd with a careless, or a scornful eye.
 But when her fields with hostile troops were spread,
 When *Pyrrhus*, or when *Carthage* was her dread;
 Just in the dangerous moment of her fate,
 She call'd 'em home to save her sinking state;
 Beheld their cars, in triumph moving slow,
 Grac'd with a *Gallic*, or a *Grecian* foe;

* *Mr. Addison.*

While

While her glad tribes the victor's pomp adorn,
Rescu'd by chiefs they long were taught to scorn ;
The hero's long forgot, they now adore,
Grac'd with those lawrels which they nurs'd before.

Written under the king's picture.

WITH God-like kings when heaven a crown does trust,
And joins the attribute of Great, with Just ;
When the kind heart the royal arm restrains,
And power still acts, as piety ordains ;
With majesty resign'd, with mercy brave ;
Lifting the sword to bless, and not enslave ;
Tho' justice calls, reluctant to destroy,
His grief to punish ; to oblige, his joy ;
When goodness gives a greater joy than fame ;
Pleas'd in the friend's, to lose the sov'reign's name ;
And mixing courage with compassion, shews
A scorn at once, and pity for his foes.
Wrapt with the view, see here the image plain
Of *Britain's* glory, and of *George's* reign ;
Her sword against what virtue Faction draws,
Whom neither goodness melts, nor brav'ry awes ;
The king, the friend, the father, forc'd to view,
At once with anguish, and with rev'rence too.

THE *Persian* thus a mix'd emotion feels,
 Bows to the sun, which scorches as he kneels ;
 And as his orb the eastern sky ascends,
 With pain beholds that light to which he bends.

A true atheist.

JACK, who believes while thunders rend the air,
 Forgets his faith and creed - the weather fair ;
 While these along the darkned æther roll,
 Heav'n has a Deity, and man a soul ;
 But leaves his prayers, his bible, and his psalm
 When the sky clears, and all above is calm ;
 Fear makes his God - but when the storm is o'er,
 Hell is a jest - and Jack devout no more.

*On private education. Design'd to have been
 spoken at a Westminster election.*

YOUNG masters tutor'd up their fathers stairs,
 Are sometimes chose high shri'ves, and often mayors ;
 Or members of the house, their learning shew
 When call'd to vote, in answering yes, or no ;
 What *Chelsea*, or what *Highgate* e'er did lend
 The world a *Knipe*, a *Busby*, or a *Freind* ?

Hero's abroad, who gave our arms success,
 Or patriots, who at home their country bless ;
 The warrior here, and here the statesman springs ;
 Who wisely manage realms, and counsel kings ;
 To the first fame, who claim a fair pretence,
P - llhams and *D - rfets* always sent from hence.

On a fine gentleman.

BELMONT, a beau himself, a method shews
 How others may be cheap, and frugal Beaus ;
 Gay, and well drest each night he does appear,
 In velvet, or brocade, yet nothing dear ;
 Whatever wigs, or waistcoats he puts on,
 All have one price - for *Belmont* pays for none.

On a late convert to the Craftsman.

THE patriot's fame you forfeit quite
 To turncoats which can ne'er belong ;
 For if the former Whig was right,
 The present Tory must be wrong.
 One half of all your glory dies
 In striving thus to make it more ;
 For if *Ned* now is very wise,
 Then *Ned* was very weak before.

On Dr. Barrow's works.

OTHERS their sense like its thin leaves unfold,
 Thine is beat close, like firm and solid gold;
 Writing to move, and warm, as well as shine,
 Thou has thy ingots in each sacred line;
 In each rich page the noble mass we view,
 Of the same weight, and equal value too.

On a person who wrote on the corruption of our language.

SW - - T, of our language's defects complains,
 Yet shews it pure, while he its faults arraigns;
 His style but oddly with his subject suits,
 For what his essay proves, his pen confutes:
 Thus N - - b, to give each look a nicer grace,
 Rails against beauty, with the fairest face.

On a lady affecting terror.

QUICK, e'er she faints, remove from *Celia's* eye,
 That bulky pismire, and that giant-fly;
 Into cold sweats that spider will surprize;
 'Tis a huge elephant, in form and size;
 Which in convulsions throws the trembling fair,
 And nothing frights her more - except a pray'r.

On a stingey beau.

CURIO's rich side-board seldom sees the light,
 Clean is his kitchen, and his spits are bright;
 His knives and spoons, all rang'd in even rows,
 No hands molest, or fingers discompose;
 A curious jack hung up to please the eye,
 For ever still - whose *flyers* never *fly*;
 His plates unsoiled, shining on their shelf;
 For *Curio* dresses nothing but himself.

On a noted plagiarist.

CI - - - R writes plays, and gains a fame
 From *Shakespeare's* thoughts, and *Johnson's* wit;
 And without blushing, sets his name
 To the learn'd scenes he never writ:
 Thus chickens hatch'd beneath an owl,
 To every bird beside well known,
 Pleas'd with their plumes, the hooting fowl
 Admires, and thinks they are her own.

On a dull poem, richly bound and gilt.

FOR sterling coin, fictitious oft does pass,
 And oft the silver hides the face of brass;
 But here the cheat and fiction is more bold,
 For here 'tis lead, and cover'd o'er with gold.

Advice

Advice to a poet.

NO friend to Folio's, *Virro* hires a press
To print his works in volumes that are less ;
If writing little then exalts thy name,
Write nothing - and deserve a greater fame ;
The *Sybil's* mystic books of old, like thine ;
For three of these were worth as much as nine.

Upon an Anemone chill'd with a frost.

SEE, *Mira*, here, this bending flower,
And learn to prize the present hour !
How short the space - one circling day
Between its bloom, and its decay !
Thy beauties shall no longer last,
Which shine as fair, and fly as fast ;
To day invite each wondering eye,
Like these gay leaves, to morrow die.
But ah, lov'd maid, the diff'rence see
Betwixt the beauteous bud, and thee ;
Which by the chilling morn half slain,
The sun's kind beam revives again.
But when the hand of envious time
Bereaves thee of thy rosy prime,
And the soft bloom of youth is o'er,
It ne'er shall spring, or please us more.

On

*On Mr. Prior's divine poems, publish'd some time
before his death.*

MORE empires for thy birth shall strive
Where now thy living fame is spread,
More realms contend for thee alive,
Than ever fought for *Homer* dead.

Tho' love and beauty might engage
Thy youth's gay moments that are past;
Religion guides thy hallow'd age,
And virtue claims thee all at last.

*On an eminent writer, who refus'd to have his
picture prefix'd to his works.*

A POET's wisdom then let none despise,
Thou has convinc'd mankind they may be wise;
'Twas wond'rous right, whoever gave the hint,
If thou wouldst sell thy works, to hide thy print;
Hadst thou hung up that sign to lure the eye,
All wou'd have star'd, but none the volume buy;
Thy features wou'd thy poem quite disgrace,
For who cou'd prize thy verse, that view'd thy face?
Let not thy visage then thy writings curse,
'Tis better want a picture - than a purse.

On a pretended Deist.

TO laugh away his creed, as *M* - - - *n* tries,
 His heart believes that hell his pen denies;
 Nor brave enough to act by his own rules,
 Feels that remorse, and flame, he ridicules.
 To know his bosom's pain, and inward smart,
 Look not into his book - but in his heart.

On a married state.

THE bed unchaste, the harlot's eye,
 A while their captives may allure;
 Beauty, and guiltless love supply
 A passion always to endure.

Where hearts by virtue warm'd unite,
 Fate throws its angry shafts in vain;
 This doubles ev'ry soft delight,
 And lessens ev'ry woe and pain.

On a lady who painted.

PHILLIS, like *Daphne*, strives each day to shun
 The warm embraces of the am'rous fun;
 In Winter chuses to unfold each grace,
 For then her beauty freezes to her face;

Who

Who to a kinder nymph cou'd pay his vow,
Did her heart melt as often as her brow ?

Conjugal affection.

ONE morn as young *Cleora* drest,
And lac'd her stays, and comb'd her hair,
His happy choice *Amintas* blest,

And vow'd no nymph was half so fair :

Her eye, and now her cheek he prais'd,
Her bosom press'd, and looks admir'd ;
On each soft feature smiling gaz'd,
And was by turns with each inspir'd.

Quite ravish'd with the gentle knot
Which *Hymen* and the chaplain ty'd ;
The moment ne'er to be forgot
Which made the beauteous maid his bride.

At nine he presses her soft lips,
With a warm kiss each kiss repaid ;
At ten from his lov'd angel slips,
Forgets his vow, and hugs his maid.

The *Venus*' look, the cherub face,
Ravish henceforth, and please no more ;
While *Jenny* now has ev'ry grace
His dear *Cleora* had before.

*The happy disappointment, occasioned by a lady's
being deserted by an old man, her admirer.*

FLA^VIA still smile, and be at rest,
Heav'n's pity in its rigour prove ;
Which had no power to make thee blest,
But thus to disappoint thy love.

From his dull chain the slave release,
Whom wit, nor beauty, cou'd not hold ;
And while the gay and young you please,
Let Douds make conquests of the old.

Let thy disdain the woman prove,
Inspire thy look, and arm thy eyes ;
Where 'tis a fault for nymphs to love,
'Tis sure a pleasure to despise.

Let this reflection sooth thy woe,
Tho' false his vow, tho' base his mind ;
In love, heav'n made the wretch thy foe,
A kindness, to be thus unkind.

From a lady in town to her friend in the country.

IF pleas'd with shades, you slight my friendship still,
O'erjoy'd at Pam, and frighted at Quadrille ;
From square to square while we our visits pay,
You chuse to stich, or read, to knot, or pray ;

H h

If

If when this letter comes, it breaks your rest,
At nine asleep, and just at seven undrest ;
Oh still partake each soft delight you feel,
Coop'd in your garret while you knit, or kneel ;
Keep to your *Patrick*, and your novels quit,
More charm'd with prayers, and piety, than wit ;
Frequent the fairs and wakes four times a year,
Your groves inspiring, and your fountains dear ;
Converse with milkmaids, and of dairies dream,
Poach'd eggs your supper, and your breakfast cream ;
Charm'd with your fishponds, ravish'd with your glades,
Birth-nights and balls less dear than brooks and shades.
Trimm'd with a flouncing coat, and glaring knot,
Your collects read, your gamut quite forgot ;
While for no higher joy your bosom pants,
Than Gleek, or Loo, with cousins, and with aunts.
And to condemn you to the hardest fate,
To a dull life, I pity, and I hate,
May you whole months sit poring o'er your frame,
Or with the parson's wife, or plowman's dame ;
Ravish'd with 'squires, of velvet lords afraid,
Kneel much, play little, mope, and die a maid.

*To a lady, whispering familiarly to a little Black
waiting behind her chair.*

To the C - - - - s of Pemb - - ke, at Goodwood.

WHILE *Flavia* her soft neck reclines
To whisper in her *Æthiops'* ear,
Close by the night the morning shines,
Both shade and sun-shine in one sphere.

Her eye extreams can reconcile,
Mark clear the dusk, the darkness bright ;
The gloom enliv'ning with a smile,
As clouds are seen when gilt with light.

In female arts let others deal,
By stratagem more lovely made ;
You have no power, blest'd nymph, to steal
One grace or beauty from a shade.

Tho' lightning, when it cuts the air,
Does from the cloud new lustre take,
Your looks by nature form'd so fair,
No art can fairer shew, or make.

The ruby's flame, the brilliant's light,
Where'er they gleam, yet still are one ;
Nor can diffuse a ray more bright
Near the cheap glass, or mimic stone.

Your beauty no advantage draws

From the coarse cheek, for ever seen

Commanding one deserv'd applause,

When near a dowd, or next a queen.

We view with one unvarying joy

The same soft features always shine,

E'en *R - - b m - nd* nigh - whose looks destroy

The triumphs of all eyes but thine.

How great that beauty, all must guess,

With what a power its rays must shine,

When *Flavia* hardly pleases less,

Near the soft beams of *Lenos'* eyes.

Still give the world each soft delight,

By crowds admir'd, by courts obey'd ;

Whose beauties fear no stronger light,

Or covet any helping shade ?

Trusting to her own native grace,

That power she borrows from her eye,

Flavia has still one air and face,

Where'er she smiles, whoe'er is nigh.

Thrice happy slave, to throw away,

Leaning so often near her breast,

What wou'd our largest hopes repay,

Make age revive, and monarchs blest.

Unfelt by thee that snowy hand,
Unmark'd by thee those lovely eyes;
Who canst a thousand darts withstand,
By each of which some victim dies.

No wound, altho' their points convey,
Or anguish to thy bosom give,
Who else can with those arrows play,
Or sport with *Flavia's* smiles, and live?

Thus *Africk's* heats we strive to shun,
Or of its flame, when near, complain;
While born beneath a scorching sun,
Its lustre gives thy eye no pain.

This lends thy sense a power to gaze
On the warm beams her looks display;
Our eye too weak to bear the blaze
And brightness of so strong a day.

*To a learned friend, who acquainted him with
his design to travel. To Dr. Y - - - g.*

SAY, learned youth, why you decline
At home with fairest fame to shine?
Neglect you then your *Britain's* praise,
Or have no room for future bays?

Whatever

Whatever climes you travel o'er,
Your fame has reach'd those climes before ;
You follow but yourself, where'er
You fail - your fame already there.

'Tis pity then, that for a while
Bids you desert your fav'rite isle ;
That we our humble voice may try,
Afraid to sing, when you are nigh.

Strange! in thy absence we shou'd find
A fate at once severe and kind ;
To moan thy tuneful breath must cease,
Or never hope our own should please.

Blow soft ye winds, ye *Nereïds* keep
Unmov'd and calm the smiling deep ;
As o'er the smooth and azure tides
The muses joy and darling rides.

He can describe your green alcoves,
Your mossy bow'rs, and coral groves ;
Where drops, like gems, their lustre shew,
And form a chrystal sky below.

His voice the awful courts can sing,
The trident of your awful king.
Rever'd - and only not above
The scepter of superior *Jove*.

Just as your sea in varying tides
Now rolls aloft, and now subsides ;
The wave now calm, now proud to rise
Above, and break amidst the skies :

Such your lov'd poet's numerous song,
Now gentle, rapid now, and strong ;
As either theme his breast inspires,
As beauty warms, or glory fires ;

We send thee forth adorn'd with bays,
Less for thy own, than *Britain's* praise ;
As generals conquer, but to bring
The lawrel to their absent king.

Oh see what honours we devise !
How rate thy worth, and merits prize !
In distant worlds, while we agree
To trust a nation's fame with thee.

View the great charge you carry o'er,
Be but yourself, we ask no more ;
No higher pitch your virtues need,
Keep the same height - and you succeed.

On stronger wings sublime to fly,
Wou'd but allure, and tempt the eye,
The track at distance to pursue,
It might admire, but scarce cou'd view.

So

So when the lark, who humbly builds,
Forfakes her nest, and grassy fields ;
Her voice, that charms the earth and skies,
Directs us only where she flies.

While pleas'd and chearful to prolong
Her morning lay, or evening song,
We feel a joy - forbid to know
To what kind breath the joy we owe.

From the Greek of Crates.

WHAT scene of fleeting life below,
Can man behold, that wants its woe ?
Since all the treach'rous paths we tread,
To sorrow, or repentance lead.

If to the country we repair,
'Tis hurry all - 'tis toil and care ;
From ease and quiet full as far,
The noisy court, and wrangling bar.

Who tempt the sea for wealth and gain,
Behold each rising wave with pain ;
While the sad wretch who rest desires,
At home, in dread of want expires.

With beauty charm'd, whoever wed
Feel cares still haunt the midnight bed ;
And to possess that joy, a wife,
Part with content and peace for life.

Or shou'd a single state, in fear
Of strife, or sorrow, seem more dear ?
The herds that o'er the forest rove,
Pine thus without a mate, or love.

The fire who views his table grac'd
With children, counts his woes as fast ;
If wanted, wants what might engage
And cheer the eye of bending age ;

Grey hairs are helpless, youth is wild,
Morose the man, and weak the child ;
Each scene of life in sadness past,
Till death in pity brings the last.

Our first great bliss, did mortals pray
Aright, was ne'er to see the day ;
The next great mercy of the sky,
Next not to live, is soon to die.

*From the Greek of Metrodorus. The contrary
opinion maintained.*

NO scene we view is void of its delight,
If prudent we, to use heav'n's gifts aright ;
Each pleasure from the rural shade we draw :
From wedlock, joy, and honours from the law.
Plenty and wealth the merchants sails attend,
And the rich board ne'er wants a chearful friend ;
A numerous offspring, and a pleasing wife,
Our youth's soft solace, and our balm for life.
Or shou'd a single state our fancy please,
Robb'd of a wedded bliss, we find an ease
In a free life - with happy men enroll'd,
Lords of ourselves, and by no frowns controll'd :
With smiles each parent views his blooming heirs ;
If wanting these, he wants a father's cares ;
Strong hardy youth is with no sorrow vexed,
Gay the first years of life, and wise the next ;
While joy springs up, and smiling pleasures bloom
In each blest scene, from childhood to a tomb.
Each tender blessing then since life does give,
'Tis the first gift of heav'n we breathe and live ;
The next indulgence of the friendly sky,
Long to possess that gift, and late to die.

The character of a good King. To G. N. Esq;

YOU oft have ask'd me, with what gifts posselt
A sov'reign makes a realm and people blest?
Attend the muse, which neither proud nor vain,
By heav'n inspir'd, may teach e'en kings to reign.
Be it the monarch's care you wou'd obey
On earth their image, like the gods to sway;
His right, by deeds of fairest worth to prove,
And while he shares their pow'r, to match their love.
Peace let him wish, the good man's best reward,
Still against danger, and each foe prepar'd;
Averse to bleeding war, but where the laws
Unsheath his sword in Freedom's noble cause;
As prudence guides, avert or strike the blow,
And quell the proud, and spare the humble foe.
Be it his pride to boast a royal mind;
To luxury, nor avarice inclin'd;
Blessings to scatter round his fav'rite land,
Nor with too fordid, nor profuse a hand;
Let all his acts from strictest honour spring,
The friend and father still inspire the king;
Preferring virtue to the first renown,
Justice to fame, compassion to a crown:
Heav'n's sacred gifts to pious kings - but less
Themselves to honour, than mankind to bless;

The nation's good be still his generous aim,
 And mercy thought a nobler gift than fame.
 Pleas'd in his peoples woes to bear a part,
 The subjects sigh transfix the sov'reign's heart.
 By trait'rous foes, if urg'd to be severe,
 Let the sad sentence prompt a pitying tear;
 His sorrow to behold the axe, confess,
 How much more pleas'd he is to save, and bless;
 What pangs to punish! how much joy to spare!
 Scorning a bliss his subjects cannot share.

WHILE thus the muse unfolds, as you desire,
 What virtues shou'd the sov'reign's heart inspire;
 I draw the picture, you the likeness find
 On *Britain's* throne, in *George's* royal mind.

*On Sternold and Hopkins's translation of the
 Psalms.*

VANDALS far off, nor let those hands aspire
 To jar the strings, nor touch the *Hebrew* lyre;
 Whose sacred notes the soul to raptures move
 To joy, or fear, to tremble, or to love.
 Swift on each sound above the clouds we fly,
 Bore from the earth in transports thro' the sky;

While

While nothing mortal now our hearts adore,
 Glory a toy, and fame our wish no more.
 While these with artless fingers thrum the strings,
 Our zeal wants fire - devotion has no wings ;
 Pious, and cold, we pray at once, and sleep,
 As one dull pace, their heavy numbers keep ;
 The sacred sense unhallow'd by the sound,
 As the harsh notes the ear with discord wound.
 Thus praising heav'n, the Godhead we defame,
 Approach his shrines with smoke, instead of flame ;
 We blush when we repeat the barb'rous strain,
 And thus devout, we almost are profane.

AH wretched monarch ! who art forc'd to call
Sternold and *Withers* greater foes than *Saul* ;
 Their pens, than his fierce jav'lin more to blame,
 As life's a gift not half so dear as fame ;
 In thy esteem, great king, of more renown
 The poet's lawrel, than the sov'reign's crown.

*To Dr. Y - - - ng. Being an apology for writing
 after him on the same subject.*

FORGIVE the muse, which strives to raise
 Her voice, and emulates thy praise ;
 On thy great * subject proud to sing,
 And takes thy flight, without thy wing.

* *The Last Day.*

Above

Above yon clouds I seem to soar,
And try those heights you reach'd before :
By stars inform'd to find the way
To light's fair source, and endless day.

Yet trusting thus to mortal aid,
I hear thy voice my pride upbraid ;
To gain heav'n's throne as I aspire,
And boast thy theme, but not thy fire.

Yet who cou'd hope secure to ride
Above those waves, that foaming tide,
Amidst ten thousand billows tost,
Where thou thyself was almost lost ?

Who else descending deep below,
Cou'd paint each sinner's pangs and woe ?
While in thy pleasing, dreadful strains,
We hear their groans, and feel their pains.

O move those terrors from our eye !
Gazing once more, we faint, we die !
Seem in the fiery deluge roll'd,
And dread the flames which we behold.

Shut up that deep, hell's mansions close ;
What eye can bear that scene of woes ?
With pain the prospect we endure,
And hardly think ourselves secure.

But

But see! thy heav'n attracts our eye,
We scorn the earth, and gain the sky;
Forget our dust, and as we soar,
Look down, and mortal seem no more.

What sparkled once before our sight,
Now faintly glows with dying light:
From purer orbs while we survey
The sun himself without a ray.

On worlds beneath we now look down,
Nor prize the stars, or *Britain's* crown:
Nay, in the sacred extasy,
Almost forget thy muse, and thee.

Oh still intent on fame, prolong
The solemn verse, and sacred song;
That ev'ry eye which reads it o'er,
May learn to tremble, and adore.

*To Major R. P. on his translation of the life of
Pomponius Atticus.*

WHILE we in vain our isle enflame
To virtue's fair pursuit, you give
To warm each breast, a *Roman* name,
And teach us better how to live.

Who

Who can thy *Atticus* explore,
Nor feel his soul with pity glow ;
Who read the God-like patriot o'er,
And longer live his country's foe.

Your bosom panting after fame,
Disdains the censures of your isle,
Where to record a virtuous name,
Is not to please, but to revile.

Cou'd we thy *Roman's* love repeat,
Inspir'd to pity human woe,
The aking heart wou'd seldom beat,
The pensive eye less frequent flow ?

No stream the wretch's sorrows fed,
But gave his bosom equal pain ;
And each complaining drop they shed,
Was answer'd by a tear again.

So much each foe his virtues charm,
Which please at once, while they subdue ;
They weaken each fierce rival's arm,
And leave his sword no more to do.

Tho' oft with thoughts of vengeance prest,
The guilty weapon to disdain ;
He bares as oft his gen'rous breast,
And urges *Rome* to strike, in vain.

In vain the steel her sons unsheath,
To bribe his friendship, or remove ;
Who boasting power to take his breath,
Yet wanted force to shake his love.

Thy triumphs, *Cæsar*, wanted charms,
Thy lawrels, *Pompey*, ceas'd to bloom ;
Since from each warrior's guilty arms,
His *Rome* was fure to meet her doom.

With pious grief those wreaths he views,
Which round each victor's temples grow ;
Assur'd that arm which most subdues,
Is but his country's greater foe.

Tho' fair each hero's ensigns wave,
And flame ador'd along the skies ;
To think whose blood the tincture gave,
Awakes his grief, and swells his eyes.

What cou'd his brav'ry more commend ?
What more his bosom's virtue shew ?
When to relieve a wretched friend,
Was but to gain a certain foe.

What glory to your monarch's name,
Are you ordain'd by heav'n to bring ?
Whose sword so well can guard his fame,
Whose * voice so well that fame can sing.

* *Major Pack was author of several ingenious pieces in poetry.*

With both *Minerva's* doubly blest,
Which do at once your heart inspire,
You carry in one noble breast
The warrior's flame, and poet's fire.
Oh still, fam'd youth, yourself exceed,
Your country smiling to peruse
Each foe, and vanquish'd rival bleed,
Both by your sword, and in your muse.
While to your happy shaded brow,
Each pow'r a diff'rent wreath conveys,
The god of war his lawrel bow,
The god of verse his verdant bays.
With joy the *Roman's* smiling shade
Forgets his bliss, well pleas'd to see
His fame and worth so nobly paid,
By *Albion* read, and sung by thee.
Oh did each breast those virtues feel,
Thy Hero's life, or death display;
What monarch then wou'd draw his steel,
What pious subject not obey?
No art thy *Britain* then wou'd try,
No other force her sov'reign prove,
To tell how each on each rely,
But we our faith, and he his love.

Oh may this soft, this last debate,
 At length compleat thy country's rest ;
 And each lament his kindest fate,
 Unless the other is as blest.

*On reading Dr. Burnett's description of the
 general conflagration.*

RETIRE thou sun, ye planets fear,
 The earth's sad orb with terror view ;
 And as ye journey nigh her sphere,
 Oh stop your flight, and tremble too !

That angry voice which bids her burn,
 Her beauties fade, and strength retire,
 Can each fair light to darkness turn,
 And throw a shade around your fire.

Shall worlds dissolve, and they who tread
 These worlds, themselves immortal boast,
 The sons of earth express no dread,
 Who view the earth in ruins lost ?

On Mr. Glanvil's book of Transmigration of souls.

SOME ages hence, so wond'rous odd,
 The power and will of ruling fate ;
 The wits at *Will's* may dread a God,
 A parson like, a coxcomb hate.

Perhaps, to heal his old reproach,
 Homer in some new form alive,
May be allow'd to keep his coach,
 And *Philip's* son be hir'd to drive.

*Verses occasion'd by the death of J. J. Esq; who
died December 27, 1737.*

SINCE life, blest shade, does little else supply,
But to be born, to gaze a while, and die ;
A few short years to tread this various sphere,
Then quit the stage, be lost, and disappear ;
Take from the mournful muse this last adieu,
And think the sigh sincere, and sorrow true,
Which pensive, to lament thy hearse, I send,
The best good-natur'd man, and kindest friend.

WHILE others owe their empty worth alone,
Or to the pompous bust, or flatt'ring stone ;
In marble only, or in brass survive,
Boasting that fame in death they want alive ;
'Twas thine to chuse that longer shou'd endure,
From age and time thy virtues to secure ;
Scorning the statue's aid, and sculptor's art,
To raise a tomb in each sad grateful heart ;

A borrow'd lustre nobly to disown,
And draw thy glories from thyself alone ;
Too fair their number, and too great their store,
From flatt'ry's voice to want, or covet more ;
(Her chieftest joy, false honours thick to spread,
Or on the guilty, or the worthless dead)
In vain her arts thy merit to extend,
Since he that truest draws, is most thy friend.

THINE is the grave at last, which does bestow
Rest to the good, and guards from from ev'ry woe ;
The pangs of discontent, the groans of care,
The dread of pain, and sighs of still despair ;
Where now they sleep, the sad remembrance o'er,
How oft they suffer'd, and how much they bore ;
Each scene that sadden'd once the pensive eye,
And bid the soul breathe out a wish to die.

I stay behind thee a few painful years,
In this dark vale of solitude and tears ;
Where ev'ry ill does ev'ry bliss allay,
With clouds o'erspread, our fairest, brightest day ;
Which still the wretched sons of earth pursue,
By birth their portion, and by guilt their due ;
(Who view each hope far off, each danger near,
Perplex'd alike with what they feel, and fear)

Which

Which first intrude, when first they draw their breath,
Increase with age, and only end in death.

BOAST then no more, vain fav'rite of the sky,
Thy brow more lofty, and thy birth more high ;
That God-like reason on thy soul does shine,
From heav'n thy race, thy origin divine !
What crawl the earth, or wing the upper air,
Wanting thy glories, do not feel thy care ?
Have no distress to moan, no wants to weep,
Chearful their day, and undisturb'd their sleep ;
While we, alas, with all our pride and pow'r,
Dread the return of ev'ry fearful hour,
Which may defeat our hope, or peace destroy,
And rob weak man of ev'ry fleeting joy ;
Our state then happiest, when we least complain,
And pleasure only a suspense from pain ;
Our sighs increasing as our years are past,
Nor e'er to cease, till death demands the last.

UPON the verge of life I view thee stand,
When fate had issued now the dire command ;
Patient, resolv'd, beneath the sentence brave,
Thy eye still smiling, tho' it view'd the grave ;
Which without terror does to thee appear ;
The guiltless heart too strong to faint, or fear :

Thy

Thy breast new vigour from its virtue drew,
And as thy strength decreas'd, thy courage grew;
The pale dire visage which the phantom wore,
Was grown familiar to thy thought before;
While the mix'd terrors, wav'd in either hand,
The lifted arrow, and the finish'd sand,
Without remorse or dread by thee are seen,
Pure of that guilt which makes the arrow keen;
Does the grim tyrant with his arms supply,
Gives poison to his shaft, and fierceness to his eye.

FROM thee the wise might greater wisdom draw,
The pulpit, morals; and the senate, law;
Good-nature, with the sweetest manners join'd,
Mixing to please, and to instruct mankind;
Where heav'n its kindest blessings did impart,
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart;
Wise to discern, and steady to pursue,
Thy judgment solid, and thy friendships true;
Who couldst on life a pleas'd reflection cast,
Gladning thy present moments with the past;
Ty'd to no party, by no schemes confin'd,
Thy friends, the upright of all human kind.

TRUTHS deep conceal'd, thy thought cou'd well explore,
To books indebted much, to reason more;

Each

Each doubt by her unerring dictates try'd,
 In ev'ry search, at once thy light and guide;
 Thy heart convinc'd, whoever might oppose,
 That truth and reason never cou'd be foes;
 By her, Religion fix'd upon her throne,
 Heav'n's dictates, and her voice, for ever one;
 Which oft by art obscur'd in shade and night,
 Still shine the fairest, in the fullest light.

THOSE gifts which swell'd the vain too oft with pride,
 Thy modesty conceal'd, and strove to hide;
 Casting a veil around the fairest fame,
 Each virtue pleas'd thee, rather than its name:
 The modest to relieve, the humble raise;
 The secret gift; the *Good*, without the praise;
 With its own inward peace thy soul content,
 Feeling each joy thyself, thy pity lent;
 While charity in others seem'd to be
 Changing its name, a pure self-love in thee;
 To stop the sigh, to calm the heart's distress,
 'Twas luxury in thee to help and bless.

IN Wisdom's school instructed to preside,
 Thou hadst each sage's skill, without his pride;
 Knowledge in thee was like those streams that flow
 Silent and smooth, thro' hidden ways below,

Which

Which to the eye refusing to appear,
Yet glide beneath more easy, deep, and clear
Than those above, which force their rapid way,
And by their noise, their want of depth betray.
Such was thy bashful worth, which chose to lie
Conceal'd, and secret from the searching eye;
More pleas'd, when e'er engag'd in virtue's cause,
With thy own heart's, than with the world's applause.

STILL to thy soul reality was dear,
Much better pleas'd to be, than to appear;
Whose voice and heart for ever did agree;
Who heard the one, might still the other see;
From thy strict word, thy faithful meaning know,
Fond of thy friend, forgiving to thy foe;
Scorning the courtier's mean, ignoble part,
The gentle visage, and deceiving heart;
The solemn look, that calmly wou'd beguile;
And when it meant a stab, profess a smile;
Chearful, tho' grave, and free without disguise;
With prudence, generous, with good-nature, wise;
Within thy guiltless bosom never nurs'd,
The hate that flatter'd, or the love that curst.

SINCERITY, truth, honour, friendship, sense,
These all were thine, without their vain pretence;

Which by thy heart more valued seem'd to be,
Obliging others, than adorning thee ;
So the great sun, unconscious of its fire,
Feels not the flame that does the world inspire ;
But in a kind profusion throws away
Man's best and chiefest blessings, heat and day ;
Round the wide world for ever speeds his flight,
His all the toil, mankind's the warmth and light.

How well cou'dst thou discern the weak and wise,
And trace hypocrisy through each disguise ?
Whatever shape she wore, or form she took,
The patriot's false, or statesman's solemn look ;
Her close designs thy thought cou'd still explore,
Thro' the fair look, and specious guise she wore ;
Her latent rage, and hidden treach'ry spy,
When peace and friendship smil'd upon her eye.

THY soul no other guide but virtue knew,
Where she led on, still eager to pursue ;
For neither frowns cou'd awe, nor smiles invite
Thy upright heart from justice, and from right ;
With her thy actions chusing to adorn,
Whoe'er might censure, or deride, or scorn ;
To taint thy innocence, who vainly strove,
Repell'd by that firm breast they hop'd to move.

BENEATH

BENEATH whate'er disguise it did appear,
True merit to thy heart was always dear ;
To thee the good, to thee the wretched flew,
And claim'd thy friendship, as their sufferings due ;
Pleas'd with some secret pity to surprize,
And stop the blush, when first it strove to rise ;
To grant the gift, and yet suppress the shame ;
And give to want some virtue's borrow'd name ;
What thy hand gave, thy heart wou'd ne'er reveal,
So fond t' oblige, so careful to conceal ;
That worth more priz'd, which sadness fairer made,
Clouded with grief, and breaking thro' a shade.

WITH virtues fair as these to claim the sky,
Is to retire from life, but not to die.
Its soft decline who cou'dst in smiles survey,
And the calm evening of thy setting day ;
Thy progress like the sun's, whose noon-tide past,
Keeps for his eve the fullest beams at last.

SUCH was thy life, but oh ! what muse shall find
Fit words to draw the last great scene behind ?
The force of nature, or of virtue's pow'r,
To arm the soul against that dreadful hour ;
When all we feel, we fancy, or we know,
Conspires to fill the soul with conscious woe ;

The purest innocence too weak to save
The soul from doubts - what lies beyond the grave;
Dark scenes, which e'en the good and guiltless view,
Tho' with some hopes - yet with some terror too.

BUT here the God-like man at ease we see,
With peace inspir'd, from ev'ry passion free;
His summons hence without a pang sustain,
With courage, fought in *Cato's* death, in vain;
Welcome the shaft, when the reward was sure,
To die - an act less brave than to endure.

OH fortitude unmatch'd! oh peace unknown,
But to the upright, and the good alone;
Who from themselves derive a noble pow'r,
To smile upon the last kind parting hour;
Arming their heart against the force of pain,
Which nature may not - virtue can sustain;
They who beheld thee, seem'd to suffer more;
Nor those who pitied, less than he who bore;
In silence pleas'd the conflict to sustain,
Not fighting, lest thy fights shou'd give them pain;
Till one was forc'd with thy expiring breath,
One only - which was stopt by instant death.

OH muse! oh pensive, but in vain, forbear,
 He hears not, or if living, wou'd not hear!
 Averse in life to hear the grateful strain,
 That praise, which always gave his heart a pain.
 Place rather his fair deeds before thy eye;
 Living, how just - how well prepar'd to die!
 Be warm in freedom, and in virtue's cause;
 From upright actions only seek applause;
 Gladden the pensive, cheer the mournful breast,
 Pour joy into the soul with cares distressed.
 Let vice thy pity, or thy scorn engage,
 And into morals shame an impious age;
 From acts like these an equal merit raise,
 And imitate the *dead*, as well as praise.

To T. S. Esq; on his fine study.

THEY authors match'd, and rang'd in even rows,
 Shew to the eye like files of glitt'ring beaus;
 Or shillings dipt, the simile will hold,
 Tinsel within, without all cloath'd in gold.
 If thou art judge whoe'er in drefs excel,
 If bards, must rhyme, if statesmen argue well;
 Accomplish'd thus, in verse *Dutch* poets shine,
 And a gilt *Bunyan*, is a sound Divine.

Without

Without *Morocco*, what a poor pretence
 Has *Sw - ft* to wit, or *Add - son* to sense?
 How low their humour, and their thought how lame,
 Till some new artist gilds 'em into fame?

Advice to an eminent state-writer.

TO a few hints if willing to attend,
 A heart like thine has yet a power to mend;
 Disdain not what a friend shall now advise,
 Suff'ring the weak for once to guide the wise;
 If then thy freedom, or thy peace are dear,
 Droll on - but droll within a *Craftsman's* sphere;
 Amuse thy fav'rite mob with luscious lies,
 And to see clearer, bid 'em shut their eyes.
 Each week some canvas courtier hang or burn,
 And *British* fools to *British* madmen turn.
 Inspir'd by thee to gain the first applause,
 By mending statutes, and by breaking laws:
 Make freedom nothing, all its gifts but vain;
 And *James's* rule prefer to *William's* reign:
 In *St. J - hn's* praise be learned, long, and loud;
 And senates subject to their lord - the crowd.
 Of all the blessings by a realm possess'd,
 Prove that state-madness always was the best;

The surest light (when reason wou'd abuse,
 And lead us wrong) to teach us what to chuse.
 Stop here - let kings and majesty alone,
 And touch with sacred dread the *British* throne;
 Whose golden scepter has an awful weight,
 And treason always feels it, soon or late;
 Which tho' a while by mercy kindly spar'd,
 Meets still at last its sure and sad reward.

Codrus and Cæsar.

IN *Greece* one pious *Codrus* only sway'd,
 While many impious *Cæsars Rome* obey'd;
 Admirers round the *Romans* vices drew,
 The *Grecians* praise, and piety, but few.
 Less pleas'd degenerate kings of after-times
 With *Codrus'* virtues, than with *Cæsar's* crimes.

On a beautiful lady, very young.

AH born to please, and torture, say,
 Thou bliss and anguish of my fate;
 Why was I doom'd to view the day
 So soon - thou, lovely maid, so late?
 Why does that smile thy looks impart,
 That cheek so guiltless, and so fair,
 Fill and distract a doubtful heart,
 At once with joy, and with despair?

Too

Too partial heav'n, my birth to place
So distant from thy youth and bloom,
Each beauty opening in thy face,
While I am hastning to a tomb.

All rapture now I view thy eye,
With sadness now survey thy charms ;
Conscious how soon those breasts must lie
Soft folded in some rival's arms.

In thee all *Eden* I admire,
Whose beauties thy soft looks display ;
Thy infant-eyes the sword of fire,
That flame, which drives my hopes away.

Romish *Piety*.

HER saints and martyrs *Rome* preserves with care,
Nor loses of the tribe a nail, or hair ;
Teaching her pious subjects to adore
Blood they ne'er spilt, and heads they never wore.
To us poor *British* hereticks are giv'n
None of these helps to piety and heav'n ;
Their works to copy we have only chose,
And dully prize their faith before their toes.
Their virtues imitate, and leave to *Rome*
What more she likes, their coffins, and their tomb.

Imitated

Imitated from the Latin.

ACON and *Leonil*, who each might vie
With beauty's goddess, wanted each an eye;
Thine, lovely youth, to thy fair sister give;
Thus *Venus* she - blind *Cupid* thou shalt live.

On a severe and perpetual Jester.

JACK in his regal chair does sit,
The subject club at *Will's* to rule;
And is so very much a wit,
A little more wou'd make him fool.

Both good and bad, both friend and foe,
All equally his satire strikes;
No matter who receives the blow,
If he the killing weapon likes.

'Tis death to *Jack* an hour to waste,
And hear disputes with reason clad;
Who thinks his serious, want a taste,
And all his grave companions mad.

Wou'd he sometimes his humour quit,
Jack's mystic character is such,
He wou'd be thought to have more wit
Had he sometimes but half as much.

On the South-Sea.

WHEN *Daphne* from her fond *Apollo* flew,
 Just where the nymph expir'd, a lawrel grew ;
 While thus to please the god, the kindly maid,
 Her beauties vanish'd, left a cooling shade.
Britain as fond, as fair an idol view'd,
 Saw with his passion, with his flame pursu'd ;
 Strove in her arms the phantom fast to hold,
 And grasp'd a shadow, which she took for gold.

Female Sadness.

WHAT spreads that gloom around the mourning fair,
 And gives *Maria's* heart that fix'd despair ?
 When sick, her chaplain told the wretched maid,
 Departed souls ne'er drest in rich brocade ;
 Had no soft couches, screens, or downy beds,
 No sparkling rubies, and no *Mechlin* heads :
 And sadder yet, amongst the fleeting shades,
 No evening balls, or midnight masquerades ;
 The loss of which, what female wou'd not grieve,
 The only heav'n terrestrial maids believe.
 For bliss, *Maria* has one only chance,
 If angels understand to dress, and dance.

On an eminent modern preacher.

*W*H - T F - - L D must needs to penitence excite,
 For see his scarff is rich, and gloves are white ;
 Behold his notes display'd, his body rais'd ;
 With what a zeal he labours to be prais'd !
 No stubborn finner able to withstand
 The force and reas'ning of his wig and hand ;
 Much better pleas'd, so pious his intent,
 With five that sigh, than fifty who repent.
 Touch'd with each weakness which he does arraign,
 With vanity, he talks against the vain ;
 With ostentation does to meekness guide,
 Proud of his periods, levell'd against pride ;
 Ambitiously the love of glory flights,
 And damns that fame, for which he prates, and writes.

On a cunning dissembler.

*P*OLLIO, who never acts by rule,
 Both gold and wisdom too disdains ;
 Seems only to be poor, and fool,
 And is the very thing he feigns.
 For wealth he never vex'd his head,
 And study ne'er disturb'd his thought ;
 Without one book, profoundly read,
 And rich, without one single groat.

Yet thus to merit fame he tries,
And the gay mark has almost hit ;
Wants nought but prudence to be wife,
Nothing but sense, to be a wit.

On a court favourite.

TEN years at court *Endimion* sagely err'd,
And once each year had *almost* been preferr'd ;
When will experience clear the fav'rite's sight,
And when his *almost*, be exchange'd for *quite* ?
On airy hopes still prompted to rely,
Each morn he thanks his patron for a lie ;
Till now the naked wretch coy fortune woes
In tatter'd velvet, and in gaping shoes ;
With shadows cheated, and by phantoms led,
Just at the point of glory - begs his bread ;
Flies to a jail, where life's long journey ends,
For greater freedom, and sincerer friends.

On Beauty.

THAT gliding stream, how swift it flies !
That bud - how soon it blooms, and dies !
Along the vale that shadow spread,
How fleet its wing - how quickly fled !

Mira,

Mira, in these thyself behold,
Tho' cast in nature's fairest mold;
Yet think that beauty must decay;
Those eyes, the wonder of a day,
Once lose their pleasing, heav'nly light,
Their shafts less keen, and flame less bright,
No more obedient to thy will,
Forget to charm, and cease to kill.
Time on thy cheek shall once consume
The lilly's white, and rose's bloom;
Their fragrance waste, and pow'r destroy,
And rob the world of half its joy.

On Praise.

TRUE panegyrick shews like nuns profess,
And underneath a veil still pleases best;
But turns to ridicule, and low disgrace,
When, *boyden* like, it stares you in the face:
Adjusts your virtues like a bill of fare,
And shews that worth, which shou'd be shadow'd, bare;
Daubs thick the paint, which nicely guided o'er
The canvas, touches, and affects us more;
Praise, like the *Parthian*, whose unerring eye,
Then aims the surest, when he seems to fly.

On

On a dull lawyer. To J. W.

JACK follows law, as stars above
 Strive to o'ertake each other's fire,
 But at one distance always move,
 And ne'er will come one inch the nigher.

With the same fruitless toil and speed
Jack after law does journeys make,
 Which fate and nature have decreed
 He ne'er shall reach, or overtake.

On Demosthenes. From the Greek.

HAD *Mars* but form'd his war-like arm as strong
 As *Pallas* his victorious powerful tongue,
Philip, whose legions *Greece* might then disdain,
 Had led his troops to waste her realms in vain.

On the tomb of Virgil, near Naples, shaded with a laurel.

WHEN sacred *Virgil* wrote, by *Rome* admir'd,
 The poet sung what *Phæbus* first inspir'd;
 To his lov'd dust, in a small urn confin'd,
 The fav'ring god does still continue kind;
 For ever fresh bids his own laurel bloom,
 And throw its branches round the hallow'd tomb,

Which

Which o'er the mournful marble kindly spread,
His wreath alive, now shades his ashes dead.

On a bee stifled in honey.

FROM flower to flower with eager pains,
See the blest busy labourer fly ;
When all that from her toil she gains,
Is in the sweets she hoards, to die.

'Tis thus, wou'd man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets - each fav'rite joy ;
If we taste wisely, they relieve,
But if we plunge too deep, destroy.

Chusing our blifs (howe'er we boast
Our wit and sense) we chuse but ill ;
And pleasures which we prize the most,
Too oft are those which surest kill.

The cure of Atheism.

TI-DAL was modish, and sincerely griev'd
At each dull wretch that heav'n or hell believ'd !
A fever seiz'd him, in the burning fit
Moses had sense, and Paul his share of wit :
The next return more fully clear'd his eyes,
Some fairs were learned, and some priests were wise ;

Again

Again relapsing, his enlighten'd mind
 In faith grew vig'rous, as his strength declin'd ;
 Scriptures and Creeds now both began to please,
 So good a casuist is a sound disease ;
 Fully reclaim'd at last, and thinking right,
 His third kind sickness cur'd the patient quite.

*On a modern Astronomer and Deist, who fix'd
 the end of the world in 1737.*

*W*H - - - - *N* with prescience more profound,
 With all his brother-wits contends ;
 These, each aver the world is round,
 But - - - - world has many ends.

A war with heav'n before begun,
 Each God-head he attacks by turns ;
 He saves mankind without the Son,
 The earth without the Father burns.

*On an eminent general who never made a
 campaign.*

*T*H R A S O is brave - each chance of battle scans
 O'er his wife tea, at *Button's*, or at *Man's* :
 Resolv'd to fight, and to procure a lance
 From *Charing-Cross* to reach the foe in *France*.

Or else was certain cannons wou'd not hurt
 His effenc'd limbs, or powder finge his shirt.
 But since by hear-say the great warrior knows
 Bullets and bombs have no regard for beaus,
 Fly without pity - and as often hurt
 The colonel's ruffles, as the serjeant's shirt;
 Let no pert chief abroad his caution blame,
 To save his wig - who wou'd not lose his fame?
 The wreath of glory tho' the chief may miss,
 His limbs are sound - a much more solid bliss:
 Fame is a phantom, honour but a whim,
 And who, to gain a fame, wou'd lose a limb?

On a Hebrew inscription on a monument.

THAT epitaph, if understood
 (Gracing the learn'd and letter'd wall)
 Must needs have something in't that's good,
 For see - 'tis wrote in *Hebrew* all.

Th' inscription one, and one the dead,
 With equal piety commends;
 Beginning there his praise to read,
 Just in the very place it ends.

On a weeping widow in Westminster-Abbey.

SEE *Mira* there, tho' marble, grieve,
 O'er her dead lord, in tears of stone;
 The only tears, as some believe,
 She ever shed, his death to moan.

The hard, hard rock, the relick strains
 For drops, to such affliction due;
 Tho *Bird*, and she, with all their pains
 And art, can only squeeze out two.

Yet the great question to decide
 Does to some oracle belong;
 Whether she weeps, her *hero* dy'd
 So soon, or that he liv'd so long.

On the monument of a beautiful lady.

FALSE stone! that fair and fragrant bloom,
 That virgin-cheek you boast to shew,
 Smiles not within that stately tomb,
 - Corruption only dwells below.

The solemn grave where *B - - rkl - y* sleeps,
 Proud of its sad and sacred trust;
 Within its mansions only keeps
 The crawling worm, and beauty's dust.

On the same.

YE proud aspiring columns, cease
 To calm the real mourner's smart;
 In vain the *Parian* arch, to ease
 The pensive cheek, or throbbing heart.

Whoe'er inspir'd with real woe,
 To the lov'd grave reveals his moan;
 Thinks only of the dust below,
 The pious dead - and not the stone.

*On the effigies of King William in wax-work, in
 Westminster-Abbey.*

WHAT hero that, with lace so white,
 And ruffles of the finest flax?
 For wisdom prais'd, renown'd in fight;
 'Tis great *Nassau* in mimic wax.

To live a warrior, or a king,
 Who then wou'd break one moment's rest?
 To be at last that baby thing,
 Expos'd for three pence in a chest!

To majesty what fame is due,
 All loyal *Britons* hence may guess;
 The lions for a groat we view,
 Their masters, for a penny less?

*On the statues at Ludgate, new gilt by
Alderman B - - - - r.*

BEHOLD three kings with *B - - - - r*'s gold made fine,
Their crowns how rich! how gay their truncheons
[shine!

Yet still more fair one figure wou'd have stood,
Had pious *James* been there instead of *Lud*;
With freedom tir'd, and fond of being slaves,
Fools then had lik'd the fool, set up by knaves.

On a sick lady at court.

SEE *Claudia* faints, her servants fly,
And in a fright the doctor call;
Ah, Sir, says *Claudia*, must I die,
And leave the world - so near a ball!

Befide, my honour is at stake
A few weeks more my life to guard;
I have five visits now to make,
And who in debt can die prepar'd?

'Tis plain, Sir *Hans*, I wanted grace,
To thoughtless maids in vain supply'd,
Not once to wear this lovely lace,
This head at court, before I dy'd.

With

With ev'ry other joy and blifs,
 Frail life affords, I freely part ;
 But ravish'd from a fuit like this - !
 There 'tis, oh death ! I feel thy dart.

The Cambrick bought, the *Brussels* giv'n,
 And nicely finish'd to my mind ;
 'Twou'd vex a faint to go to heav'n,
 And leave fo dear a drefs behind.

On a Builder.

BATHILLUS builds ; and from himself alone,
 So frugal in his coft, has all the ftone ;
 But found that quarry, when it was too late,
 Which rais'd his houfe, had buried his eftate ;
 Some farm's fad fepulchre each coftly room,
 Each pit he dug, fome manour's fatal tomb.

On a late Prediction.

PREPARE ! next Thursday all muft die ;
 Says *W* - - - - - *n*, 'tis fad nature's doom ;
 In afhes when this orb muft lie,
 That a new orb may take its room.

The day arrives - and now 'tis o'er,
 For the dire comet that shou'd wafte
 The earth, fent word the night before
 It could not travel down fo faft.

O'er

O'er rocks and mountains to prevail,
 And wide the ruin to inspire ;
 Tho' hot and glowing in its tail,
 That it still lack'd a world of fire !

On a Shadow.

THE sun now clear, serene the golden skies,
 Where'er you go, as fast the shadow flies ;
 A cloud succeeds - the sun-shine now is o'er,
 The fleeting phantom fled, is seen no more.
 With your bright day its progress too does end ;
 See here, vain man, the picture of your friend !

*On a person who complain'd he was injur'd by a
 modern satirist.*

OF general fools alone thy muse does sing ;
 He makes the satire, who applies the sting :
 If against Atheists thou hast turn'd thy wit,
 And *Carus* is an Atheist - he is hit.
 Why shou'd he own the picture, yet refuse
 For drawing it so right, the honest muse ?
 He sees the features just, the likeness true,
 Yet blames the pen which so exactly drew :
 With honour if thou wou'dst thyself acquit,
 Disdain the crime, or else excuse the wit.

On a prime minister in a fit of the stone.

DO then the fav'rites of the sky
With us lament, like us complain?

When death approaches, must they die,
Suffer our pangs, and feel our pain?

Have purple, titles, birth, nor fame
A privilege from woes to save?

Does greatness no exemption claim,
From sighs, or honours from a grave?

On the rich couch, or royal bed,
Hear the sad wretch himself deplore;
His hands to heav'n in torture spread,
Wishing life's anxious race was o'er.

The monarch's bliss no more proclaim,
His pomp beheld, his pangs unknown;
Since sorrow often dwells with fame,
Remorse and sadness near a throne.

The wretched heirs of earthly pow'r,
We view with ev'ry ill perplex;
And those we envy'd the last hour,
We pity, or we weep, the next.

*On the Duke of Newcastle, being made a Knight
of the Garter.*

THY birth and titles both disdain,
 Which oft by fate the worthless share;
 Paternal arms, and crests are vain
 To shew *Newcastle's* fame more fair.

That circle blazing from afar,
 Thy own great virtues make more bright;
 And tho' the monarch gives the star,
 The patriot fills it up with light.

To the author of the Moral Philosopher.

FROM other quacks if you receive a pill,
 It's kind, and does but half the patient kill;
M - rg - n's prescriptions have much more to do,
 Which murder both the soul and body too.
 Whate'er he dictates, works by mystic ways,
 Like maggots, first corrupts, and then destroys;
 It cuts down all it meets, both branch and root,
 The sick and sound, and kills and damns to-boot.
 If then you prize salvation, shun his quill,
 Or if you value life, avoid his pill;
 Whose diff'rent ways in various pow'rs excel,
 These send you to the grave, and those to hell.

How fure is death where he his art employs,
 Since those his phyfic fpare, his pen deftroys?
Satan muft weep to view his triumphs end,
 When *M - rg - n* dies, his beft and fureft friend;
 Who chufes in dull blafphemy to deal,
 Rather than ftarve each day, and want a meal.

On a worthy Patron.

THE gifts the mufe bequeaths are fmall and flow,
 When you are kind, ah, let not your's be fo;
 If ſhe has err'd, impoſe a penance fit,
 And ſhun that rock on which the bard has ſplit:
 If worthy of your ſmiles, the gifts you fend
 Be large and quick - for thus you ſhame your friend;
 Convince him that you hate his niggard way,
 To write ſo feldom, and ſo little fay.

An innocent offence.

CELIA, that fair and faultleſs dame,
 Before ſhe wedded, doom'd to breed;
 In fighs her cruel ſtars does blame,
 Who without her, the fin decreed.

If she offends against her will,
 All learned moralists agree,
 Constrain'd, not chusing to be ill,
 The heav'ns are more in fault than she.

Chaste, injur'd nymph, thy griefs compose,
 Against the stars the law employ ;
 The statute will oblige thy foes
 Who got the child, to keep the boy.

On a contradictory Writer.

N-*R R I S*, to shew his own superior parts,
 Wrote against wisdom, study, knowledge, arts ;
 Each page that learning flights, with learning fills ;
 - The writer thus his own keen arrow kills.

On a modern disputant.

*D**E C I U S*, when puzzled with a crabbed doubt,
 Consults his ruby still, to find it out :
 To conquer *Decius* was an easy thing,
 But who cou'd ever yet confute his ring ?
 Unequal conflict, that we must subdue
 His head at once, and learned finger too !
 Which oft is known its reasons to display,
 When *Decius*' self has nothing more to say.

A friendly dispute.

HIS *Silvia* thus to *Strephon* said,
 To sooth the cares of life,
 None ever woe'd so fair a maid,
 Or chose so fond a wife.

His kindest love, the fair one swore
 Was to her virtues due;
 He, if she had two virtues *more*,
 Reply'd - she wou'd have *two*.

On a brave, but covetous general.

THY narrow, or aspiring thoughts throw by,
 Nor creep so humbly, while thou aim'st so high;
 Brave is the warrior's arm, his sword is bold,
 But like thy falchion, do not grasp thy gold;
 Acting a hero's, and a coward's part,
 Abroad all soul, at home without a heart.

On two ladies.

ON both their cheeks vermilion spread,
 With equal power attracts the eye;
 To one kind nature lends the red,
 Which one is forc'd to mix, or buy.

Virtue on one the blush bestows,
 Which captivates each yielding heart;
 While one her charms and witchcraft owes
 To *Gallia's* wash, and *T - nt - m's* art.

True Nobility.

MARCUS asserts his right a judge to fit
 Of books and men, of manners, and of wit.
 Is genius then to birth and fortune ty'd,
 He the best critic who is best ally'd?
 Does the nice gem, and brilliant's sparkling light
 Enrich its lord with sense, and thoughts as bright?
 To both, the learned sage's title hear,
 Noble himself, his father was a peer;
 With knowledge tho' his head was never blest,
 Heav'n makes amends - he has it in his crest.

On the death of the late King.

COMMERCE and peace restor'd, each sea his own,
Europe's proud states all bending to his throne;
Austria reduc'd and humbled - haughty *Spain*
 Forc'd to resign her title to the main;
Iberia's power by her own forts enslav'd;
Philip repuls'd, *Gibraltar* nobly sav'd;

What

What cou'd he more sollicit of the sky !
 - Just in the fulness of his fame, to die.

Cockles.

*R*OME's flying troops no more *Porfenna* blame,
 They but retire to give one foldier fame ;
 Why shou'd whole legions thy weak pow'r withstand,
 In battle check'd by one victorious hand ?

On a Coquet. From the French.

*W*HEN absent, *Flavia* bears my loss with pain ;
 When present, hears my passion with disdain ;
 Does love or hatred sway the fair one's mind,
 Say, is the nymph severe, or is she kind ?
 Ah, too severe - her eyes confess a woe,
 They cannot smile - to view her lover's woe ;
 Lamenting only, till I next return
 To give her joy - beholding how I mourn.

On Faustina's singing.

*S*WEET fyren, did thy beauteous eye
 Please like thy voice, we all must die ?
 But fate, in pity to our pains,
 Gave thee that look to break our chains ;

Hearing,

Hearing, we feel love's softest fires,
 But when we view, the flame expires ;
 Thy matchless pow'r the world must fear,
 Without beholding, cou'd we hear.

On the present Criticks.

AS lead and feathers in the arrow's flight
 Take the same course, the heavy guides the light ;
 Their nature different, yet along the skies
 One cuts the track, thro' which the other flies ;
 Let *S* - - - *t* but open, all the yelping throng
 Confirm the scent, and follow right or wrong ;
 From the old curr each puppy takes the hint,
 To damn, or like, whate'er they view in print.
 His thoughts some read at *Button's* - others spell ;
 To find who argues right, or reasons well ;
 The bawling pack their father *Rockwood* rules,
 And one dull pedant makes a herd of fools.

On Beauty.

WHILE *Silvia* at her glass her charms unfolds,
 And *Phaon's* eye a double form beholds ;
 What has the amorous youth, alas, survey'd,
 A shadow one - one soon to be a shade ?
 A real likeness the kind mirror shews,
 Herself that fleeting phantom that she views.

A Lady's sorrow.

WHAT swells *Miranda's* heart with woe,
What sadness does her soul invade!

The parson tells her, ghosts below

Wear neither *Mechlin*, nor brocade.

To die, *Miranda* does not dread,

That thought familiar to the fair;

From her rich suit, and birth-day head

To part - that gives her heart despair.

To the Duke of Newcastle.

SINCE heav'n assures us the delight to give
Exceeds by far the pleasure to receive;

To me, as oft as you your love express,

As often I contriv'd to make you blest.

If then, my Lord, I find no other way

Your goodness to return, and smiles repay;

I am content, since you are blest, and give,

Still to oblige your Grace - and to receive.

Female Happiness.

THO' yonder sky, for such a guest

Has too much light, too strong a day;

In heav'n yet *St - ff - rd* might be blest,

If angels at Quadrille cou'd play.

Now

Now wand'ring through *Elizian* bow'rs,
 She feels a sadness to survive
 Her earthly bliss, at modish hours,
 The cards at three, the coach at five.

Written under a picture of Sir R. W.

*W*ALP - LE, or *Tully*, call him which you please,
 Each spoke with the same freedom, force, and ease;
 The noble aim that fir'd each god-like breast,
 To awe the bad, and to oblige the best;
 In their lov'd country's cause alike they sped;
 One suffer'd for his virtue, t'other bled;
 To make each patriot's merits fairer shine,
 One had his *St. J - hn*, one his *Cataline*.

On a decay'd Beauty.

SILVIA, with ev'ry grace adorn'd
 When blooming, now in all her pride,
 Each fondest youth's addresses scorn'd,
 Who for her beauties sigh'd, and dy'd.
 When now arriv'd at fifty-nine,
 By turns love's gentle pow'r she tries;
 And as she finds her charms decline,
 She feels at once her passion rise.

Thus

Thus elms, a hundred Winters told,
 Just as their branches now expire,
 Turn touchwood, doated, grey, and old,
 And kindling - at each *spark* take fire.

*On the Salique law. Written after the battle of
 Hocksted.*

WHILE subtle *France*, by maxims of her own,
 Excludes each royal daughter from the throne;
England more courtly, in her *Anna's* reign
 Was proud to boast, and wear a female chain;
 And as her victor-troops in ev'ry field
 Made *Spain* retire, and haughty *Bourbon* yield;
 By six campaigns the vanquish'd monarch knew
 That sex who cou'd not govern, cou'd subdue.

*On a gentleman who married a thin consumptive
 lady.*

WITH a warm skeleton so near,
 And wedded to thy arms for life;
 When death arrives, it will appear
 Less dreadful, 'tis so like thy wife.
 A spouse so thin, tho' all agree
 Had better much be let alone;
 Flesh of thy flesh she cannot be,
 Who is made up of only bone.

On a bad Painter.

FABIUS, you say, is much inclin'd
 Each cheek with too much red to fill;
 His pieces only blush to find
 The painter drew their looks so ill.

A Fable.

AS fluttering in a web, a fly wou'd fain
 Have gain'd her wing, and broke her filken chain,
 Her voice she lifts in sadness to the skies,
 The foe now near, and thus lamenting cries;
 Thy pity to a wretch, kind stranger, lend;
 Thou too, e'er life's uncertain race shall end,
 May'st be what I am now, and want a friend.

On a fine seat unfinish'd.

WHEN *Ilion* rose, to grace the fair design,
 The walls were built by architects divine;
Neptune and *Phæbus* left their heav'nly bow'rs
 To arch the bastions, and erect the tow'rs;
 Cou'd *Gallio* hire his workmen from the skies,
 To its just height his dome might then arise;
 By their assistance reach the upper floor,
 If gods wou'd work - for men will trust no more.

On a Devotee.

PHILLIS, last night, was seen devout at *Paul's*!

That night, the town had neither plays nor balls;
No dame so constant to adore, and pray,
The times she cannot dance, or cannot play;
An equal part each sharing in her breast,
Heav'n has one half, and *Heyd - k - r* the rest.

An unequal match.

THO' Daphne, once a fair and mortal dame,
Apollo woo'd, to quench a heav'nly flame;
Phæbus and *L - tchm - ere* never sure must wed,
One rising when the other goes to bed:
The wedded pair must seldom taste delight,
Since *L - tchm - re's* morn wou'd be *Apollo's* night.

A Fable.

UNHAPPY Cremes, neighbour to a peer,
Kept half his sheep, and fatted half his deer;
Each day his gates destroy'd, and fences broke;
And injur'd still the more, the more he spoke:
At last, resolv'd his potent foe to awe,
And guard his right by statute, and by law;

A suit in *Chancery* the wretch begun,
 Nine happy Terms through bill and answer run,
 Obtain'd his cause - had costs - and was undone.

On the death of Lewis XIV.

Y^E kings no more in scepters trust,
 Your lives, like our's, a span ;
 See *Bourbon's* self's cold lifeless dust,
 That great, immortal man.

Arches were turn'd, and columns rais'd,
 His glories to sustain ;
 His triumphs sung, his virtues prais'd,
 Death answer'd - all was vain.

The *Ebon* dart unerring flew,
 Lanc'd from the fatal string ;
 As if it ne'er had heard or knew,
 That *Bourbon* was a king.

Contraria possunt esse in eodem subiecto.

W^{HEN} *R - tc - iffe* for his foolish master bled,
 To prove his love, he wisely lost his head ;
 But see the victim, various in his doom,
 His dust in *Britain* scorn'd, ador'd at *Rome* ;

His relicks some disdain, and others prize;
 In diff'rent realms, how foolish, and how wise?
 Traitor, and saint; ignoble, and divine;
 Who found a scaffold here - at *Rome* a shrine.

*To M. D. a lady who never appear'd but at
 night.*

POMPONIA fearing that the sun and skies
 Might prove by day-light brighter than her eyes,
 That her sole beauties might the shade adorn,
 Rises each eve, and sets again at morn;
 While thus by turns they hold alternate sway,
 She rules by night, and *Phæbus* flames by day.

On the death of the late Queen.

HOW soon frail Royalty is o'er
 That fame, deluded monarchs trust!

To day their greatness we adore,
 To morrow trample on their dust.

How near oblivion to renown,
 The end of glory to its bloom!

The altar where she took her crown,
 Close to the spot that shews her tomb?

Thus

Thus state and majesty are lost,
 And death recruits its empty urns ;
 Thus the vain pomp the mighty boast,
 To silence, and to shade returns.

On Beauty.

SELF-fatal beauty, like the bee is found,
 Expiring on a late inflicted wound ;
 O'er her own victims too, she breathless lies,
 And tho' she often kills, as often dies.

On the river Thames.

LIKE *Britain's* counsels thy fam'd waves appear,
 Silent and deep - both strong, as well as clear ;
 Gentle, if unrestrain'd, but proud, like those
 When *Spain* wou'd check, or *France* their force oppose ;
 The dam to burst, to bear the mound away,
 Rais'd to divert thy stream, or current stay.

*On the greatness of Spain, occasioned by the sea
 engagement near Sicily, in 1718.*

PHILIP all *Europe* might command,
 Cou'd he but two small points obtain,
 Only some troops to fight by land,
 Only some ships to awe the main.

Yet

Yet proud of his superior might,
The pious king no rival fears ;
His saints, instead of sailors, fight,
His martyrs serve for grenadiers.

On a very unkind husband.

MIRMILLO sure is wrong his spouse to blame,
And throw reproaches on her spotless fame ;
A faunt'ring thing to call his virtuous wife,
His age's burden - and a plague for life ;
The needle, tho' her hand does not delight,
Her tongue works hard - and labours day and night ;
And if with ceaseless toil one part she strains,
No matter which the part that takes the pains.

On Spanish policy.

LIKE bottled ale thick *Spanish* counsels prove,
Muddy below, and always froth above ;
In all her airy stratagems, we find
Just the same bounces, emptiness, and wind ;
The cork pull'd out, one spatters, foams, and flies,
All rage and noise, the moment that it dies ;
The other, by their own hot spirits broke,
Begin in thunder, and still end in smoke.

On

On the death of the late king.

AS western suns with milder rays,
 And fuller light, declining glow,
 Thy glory, with increase of days
 Augmenting still, does fairer shew.

Of whose great worth, thy noble tide,
 Proud *Thames*, a mournful image lends ;
 Which rolls more strong, and spreads more wide,
 Just where thy stream and current ends.

A Popish Virgin.

DRUSILLA whores, then drops a bead
 Devoutly to her queen of heav'n ;
 To *Mary* cries, a spotless maid
 Agên, now you and I are even.

Confession is *Rome's German* ball,
 That scow'rs away each sin and stain ;
 The church's pill, that purges all,
 Yet never gives one patient pain.

Shou'd she forget, if kind once more,
 To hang her beads about her waste,
 When next the vestal plays the whore,
 She runs a risk to be unchaste.

On a rich lawyer.

WHY is sleek *Aulus* in so good a plight?
 He neither works by day, nor pads by night;
 To marry well was not his lucky fate,
 Nor cou'd his father leave him an estate;
 He never took to gaming, or the way,
 And yet how rich his coach, his train how gay?
 To heap up wealth, in other arts he deals,
 Tho' not with guns, in all good commonweals,
 The state allows to rob - with wax and seals.

}

On a homely lady who sung well.

'TIS well, while we thy melting musick hear,
 That all our senses crowd into our ear;
 As we attend, had we a power to view,
 Thy harmony must fewer hearts subdue;
 Thy friendly looks unbind each fetter'd slave
 And those thy voice wou'd kill, thy features save.

On Alexander the Great.

WHILE the young *Greek*, too fond of fame,
 Consults the *Lybian* shrine,
 To sooth his pride, an answer came,
 His parent was divine.

Q q

Death

Death sent an arrow forth to prove,
 That fate his birth bely'd;
 And tho' he liv'd the son of *Jove*,
 Yet *Philip's* son he dy'd.

On an indolent lady.

CAN *Nævia* talk - nor for her safety fear?
 She wou'd be gay - but then it costs too dear.
 Since heav'n, to nymphs too cruel, has thought fit
 That folks must breathe, or cannot shew their wit;
 Chusing in silence rather to decay,
 Than speak, and waste her tender self away.

On a difficult friend.

SILIUS you hate, his virtues I commend,
 Tho' scorn'd by you, to me an upright friend;
 For this your smiles and favours you abate,
 Because we do not love alike, and hate;
 But sure, in justice, if my friend you slight,
 To love your foe I have as good a right;
 In one fair equal law we shou'd agree,
 Which binds us both alike, or sets us free;
 Unfair, upon my neck to fix the chain
 Which you refuse, because it gives you pain:

Silius,

Silius, I'll hate your foe, that does offend,
If, in return, you'd love him as my friend.

On a religious Painter.

PAUL pondering well what *Moses* taught,
His sacred precepts highly priz'd;
And by the prophet's threatnings aw'd,
Still painted just as he advis'd.

Let not, says he, yourselves to please,
Your thought an idol image feign
Of things that fill the earth, or seas,
That wing the air, or croud the main.

Paulus obeys - and as he tries
The likeness on his cloth to strike,
Of beast, and fish, and fowl, your eyes
Can trace in nature nothing *like*.

On the British blunderers, 1736.

IN distant worlds *Britannia's* power rever'd,
Her friendship courted, and her navies fear'd;
To *Europe's* threaten'd states her fame a guard,
Secure her freedom, yet her treasures spar'd;
Peace to the *Po* and to the *Rhine* restor'd,
Each stream oblig'd to own its ancient lord;

France baffled, *Lisbon* fav'd, our credit high;
 Trade spreading its rich sails through ev'ry sky?
 Her plunder to resign *Madrid* constrain'd,
 And triumphs without war or blood-shed gain'd!
 Ye *British* drones! ye *blunderers* profess,
 Still blunder on - to make us still more blest;
 Such wholesome schemes if dulness can devise,
 Who wou'd be arch with *Trott*, with *Danvers* wife?
 In parts excel, or policy advance,
 Since wisdom thus is oft outdone by *chance*.

Against the fear of death.

IF death, when distant, shakes thy heart,
 Or with sad sorrow fills thy eye,
 'Twill take each terror from his dart,
 To know that *R - chmond* once shall die.

That nations with a general tear
 Shall *Carolina* soon deplore;
 By heav'n belov'd, to *Britain* dear,
 That *George* one day shall be no more.

On an assembly kept by a Peer.

COU'D the great shades of *British* knights
 Have thought their sons wou'd e'er conspire,
 For balls, and bawdy masks a-nights,
 To let their rooms of state to hire?

While

While at the door a *Garter* stands,
 (Well known to all the stated price)
And bowing to his guests, demands
 His usual fee - for box and dice.

Shame to the fire, from whence he drew
 His tainted blood, his arms, and crest;
He takes one half of what is due
 For cards - and gives his page the rest.

- - - *Eadem sequitur tellure repositos.* Virg.

FOR ev'ry scene we lik'd above,
 A passion after death we share;
The swain still panting for his grove,
 And for her lov'd *Quadrille* the fair.

If gay assemblies did delight
 The nymph's transported heart before;
Her shade will leave its bliss each night,
 To hover round a *mattadore*.

What was on earth to *Mira* dear,
 Shall still be pleasing to the fair;
Her lark, or dove, her spouse, or peer,
 The church, or ball, picquet, or pray'r.

By

By death from ev'ry sorrow freed,
 Which wretched maids in life pursue,
 The Fates wou'd be her friends indeed,
 Were *Mira's* linnet happy too.

On a thief and a friar.

A Thief to the gibbet who lately was brought,
 By a friar was ask'd to acknowledge his fault;
 How oft he had robb'd, and where acted amiss,
 That his soul, when absolv'd, might be certain of bliss!
 Away, says the felon, in peace let me die,
 For thou hast more need of forgiveness than I;
 When I pilfer, the statute takes hold of the flaw,
 But thou art a thief without dread of the law;
 If thy trade is honest, then my trade is fair,
 One robs with a pistol - and one with a pray'r;
 With your masses and dirges a guinea a time,
 Who can pick twenty pockets without any crime;
 Can enter a closet, or empty a purse,
 Which each fool must surrender - in fear of a curse;
 Thus the statute you break, but the jury defy,
 And thrive by those cheats for which better folks die;
 If the law was more just to each dissolute gang,
 More thieves wou'd be spar'd, and more *friars* wou'd hang;
 Both guilty alike, thou wou'dst swing by my side;
 And the rope round thy waste, round thy neck wou'd be ty'd.

On

On Fog's Journal.

WHEN father *Mist* expir'd, the Fates decreed
 A *Fog* shou'd rise, and his lost fire succeed;
 Whose gloomy brow paternal darkness shrowds,
 Sprung from a vapour, and begot on clouds.

AT *Tyburn* thus when *Blewet* met his doom,
 A race of *Blewets* left, supply'd his room;
 The jury may convict, and statute hang;
 But vain their pow'r to break th' immortal gang;
 Heirs to each dying hero *Hounslow* breeds,
 And knight to knight, and pad to pad succeeds;
 The gibbet for a month the common clears,
 But then, the fire tuck'd up, the son appears;
 Round the stage-coach as busy, brave, and bold,
 Till the young thief in fame exceeds the old.

Caleb's complaint, or the patriot in distress; occasion'd by the prospect of the peace in 1736.

TO *Fog*, says *Danvers*, dearest friend,
 Is any thing a worse disaster
 Than that the realms we strive to mend,
 Each week shou'd only sin the faster?

We warn poor *Britain* of her fate,
Point out what ways alone can save her ;
Who ne'er will learn, till 'tis too late,
What arts are practis'd to enslave her.

Advis'd so often to rebel,
She still her faith and duty prizes ;
In spite of all the tales we tell
Of armies, slav'ry, and excises.

The realm has got her wits agên,
And ev'ry hopeful plot miscarries :
Tho' plann'd and manag'd by the pen
Of our best friends - our *Wills* and *Harries*.

What tricks have *Trott* and *Raleigh* try'd
With mimic sorrow, feign'd grimaces ;
Each rival in each sheet bely'd,
To blast their fame, then fill their places.

Britain, in vengeance will be wise,
Still the same stubborn thing we find her ;
Resolv'd, unkindly, to have eyes,
Tho' we have us'd all arts to blind her.

Too cautious you or me to trust,
Tho' fair and specious our pretences ;
Whene'er we vow our *knaves* are just,
Or that our *fools* have all their senses.

Backward she reads poor *Hall's* designs,
Like witches prayers, or *Hebrew* pages ;
Swears to that king his heart inclines,
Against whose right his journal rages.

Ah, what avail our well-wrought schemes,
Which *Dawl-y* has so long been boasting ;
Bought up with *W-lston's* mystic dreams,
To guard and save Sir-loins when roasting ?

Ah, why will folks so long persist
In folly, which their name disgraces ;
Or dream that *W-lpole* wou'd be mis'd,
Cou'd you and I enjoy his places ?

George then shou'd be a prudent king,
We'd own it gravely without joaking,
And taxes no such frightful thing
Paid to the crown for wine, and smoaking.

But ah ! what stratagem, or art,
What dreams hast thou, dear *Fog*, in keeping,
To swell with grief each foolish heart,
And set all *British* eyes a weeping ?

Tell folks to kindle feuds and jars,
And with dire statutes to affright 'em,
Sir *R-bert* means to tax the stars
Next Spring, that to the play-house light 'em.

New lengths of witty fiction run,
To give each subject's faith a trial;
And swear each man must hire the fun,
Or not have leave to keep a dial.

Let's then rail on, whoever fears,
'Gainst duty, conscience, oaths, and reason;
Frankl - *n* still ready with his ears,
Tho' you and I commit the treason.

Whene'er we please, our dext'rous pen,
Which *England*'s quiet always prizes,
Can soon inspire new mobs agên,
Only by threatening new Excises.

Ah! what must needy Craftsmen do
For Summer's suits and frize in Winter;
If fraud will not their stock renew,
And weekly scandal pay the printer?

Let *Britain* then not scorn our powers,
Which in her schemes may once defeat her;
Her knaves and fools have long been ours,
Let *W* - *lpole* shew his numbers greater.

*Prologue to the Opera of Rosamond, acted by
some young gentlemen at Hackney.*

FORGIVE the muse, who hopes your hearts to move
With *Rosamond's* distress, and *Henry's* love ;
Artless, and young, presenting to your view
Those scenes which *Addison's* nice fancy drew ;
The silver fount, cool bow'r, and arching shade,
By him, and hapless love, immortal made ;
Which still awakening ev'ry tender fear,
No lover's eye shall view without a tear ;
In each sad moving scene, with pity seen
The helpless victim, and the raging queen ;
How fatal the effect of loose desires,
That rage, how keen, which slighted love inspires.

YET who can hear the weeping fair complain,
Behold her anguish, nor partake her pain ?
Who the sad story of their passion read,
Nor love like *Henry*, like his mistress bleed ?
With less reproach his heart might go astray,
And wander - where such beauty led the way !
How hard with virtue the soft soul to arm,
Where eyes like her's, had leave to look and charm ?

How well we act our parts, will hence appear,
 We'll guess you pleas'd, if you vouchsafe a tear;
 Your satisfaction here your grief will shew,
 And all your pleasure only spring from woe;
 No passion else your bosom now shou'd strike,
 For if you smile - 'tis plain you cannot like.

To make kind husbands tho' our Opera strives,
 Which must endear it to all *British* wives;
 Beauty, when bleeding by a jealous hand,
 Tho' not quite guiltless, must a sigh demand;
 A rival's glowing rage, which half subdues;
 Her foe half pardon'd, as her charms she views;
 Whose looks, tho' hateful to her tortur'd eye,
 'Tis yet with pain she sees her drink - and die.
 Strange! by your tears our joy shou'd be increas'd,
 Weep then, for thus we know you must be pleas'd.

*Epilogue to the Opera of Rosamond, acted by
 some young gentlemen at Hackney.*

Spoken by Queen Eleanor.

MY passion now is o'er, and grown more mild,
 My spouse and I again are reconcil'd!
 Kind to each other, and as tender hearted
 As if we never had been foes - and parted.

Too roughly tho' my rage I late exprest,
You see I kill'd my rival but in jest;
By a short penance, forc'd her to atone
For keeping me so oft whole nights alone.

YET if all *Misses* thus were serv'd, I fear
'Twou'd raise their price, and make our poisons dear;
Our shops wou'd be half empty'd, for each fault
Were each young *Rosamond* to take a draught;
Were all to taste, and *this*, and *this*, and *that*,
'Twou'd cost a guinea to destroy a rat;
And the fair wantons at one mask enroll'd,
Wou'd make our *opium* dearer than our gold.

INJUR'D so long - my false dear *Harry* fled,
From these chaste arms, to fill a lawless bed;
What cou'd a Queen, what less a woman do,
Than fright the gypsy for an hour or two!
A few cold qualms the bowl and dagger lent,
Tho', in the main, you find no harm was meant;
Forc'd for her tricks with ghosts a while to dwell,
She soon reviv'd from death - and all was well.

IF in the process then you find a flaw,
'Twas equity, I hope, tho' 'twas not law;

Some

Some penance fure to that proud beauty due,
Which kept me long a wife, and widow too;
A bride indeed, without a bridal bed,
And clad in mourning, e'er my spouse was dead.

Alas, wou'd all *British* wives but once agree
To treat their Husbands thus, and act like me;
Send all their doxies to religious houses,
We all might hope to have much kinder spouses;
Less feuds, and much more love about the town;
And honest wives, like me, might then go down?

From the Greek of an uncertain author.

TIS *Jove* decrees our blifs or woe,
Guides each event we mark below;
Who shakes the world, and who sustains;
And blends together smiles and pains!
Man, the thin shadow of an hour,
May prize his sense, or boast his pow'r;
But as the gods approve, or hate,
Wretched, or blest, shall find his fate;
In sorrows whelm'd - or to renown
Advanc'd, as they are pleas'd, or frown.

Yet tho' the heav'ns our lot ordain,
So false our hope - our schemes so vain;

Each

Each hour of life weak man employs
In the wild chace of airy joys,
Kept by our hopes a-while in view,
Which fly as fast as we pursue.

SOME their own fancy'd blifs create ;
If mis'd, they charge the loss on fate ;
Placing before their giddy fight
Each fairy image of delight ;
Fame, wealth - their certain lot, before
This Autumn, or the next are o'er ;
Each object to their wishes dear,
They seldom reach - tho' always near.

FOR honour one on heav'n relies,
But e'er the wreath is wore, he dies.
Another, fond of sacred gain,
Unfurls his sail, and tempts the main ;
But in those treach'rous seas, which gave
His parents wealth, soon meets a grave ;
While some, subdu'd by anxious care,
By meagre want, and still despair,
Without a joy, without a friend,
Chuse life's sad scene by death to end.

VIEW wretched man in ev'ry state,
 His joys how few; how moan'd his fate;
 Sigh follows sigh, till life is past,
 And death in pity draws the last.
 Since then those gloomy paths we tread,
 Which, hedg'd with cares, to sorrow lead;
 Let us no fancy'd woes create,
 To swell the sum we bear from fate;
 Add to those wretched pangs and pains
 Weak man already scarce sustains.

*Men and Manners characteris'd. Being an
 imitation of Horace. Lib. ii. Ode 16.*

*This Ode was lately imitated under the same title, and turn'd
 into a libel against the government by a Scotch Poet.*

FOR * pensions, ribbons, pow'r, and place,
 Sad gloomy patriots in disgrace,
 With all the night, sigh all the day,
 In hopes to come once more in play.
 With envious looks they view from far
 Gr - ft - n's gold key, and R - chmond's star;

* *Otium divos rogat in patienti*

Prensus ægæo, simul atra nubes

Condidit lunam, neque certa fulgent

Sidera nautis.

While *H - ll - s'* staff, and *Walp - le's* chest,
 Take from each eye its needful rest.
 Each morn at *St - w* the grumblers theme,
 At *Tw - ck - m* ev'ry night their dream ;
 Which *L - tt - n* from slumbers keep,
 And rob the joyless sage of sleep ;
 Give him, in verse, the realm, to guide,
 In courts, or councils to preside ;
 In *Britain's* schemes you'll find no flaw,
 And *St - nge* shall understand the law ;
Y - rk shall be learn'd, and *H - ddock* brave,
 Nor armies fright, nor camps enslave ;
 Good *P - pe* shall *H - rv - y's* merit sing,
 And *George* be deem'd a lawful king.
 In *Onsl - w's* learned chair to sit
P - - - bends all his * furious wit ;
 Empties his quiver ev'ry hour
 At fools in place, and knaves in pow'r ;
 From *Parthia's* bow the arrow cast,
 Nor wounds so deep, nor flies so fast ;
 Each is a coxcomb in his list
 Who fills the posts which he has mist ;

* *Otium bello furiosa Thrace :*
Otium Medi pharetra decori,

And never can be just, or wise
 Till courtiers sink, and patriots rise.
 While plots miscarry, placemen thrive,
 Can *Harry* take his nap at five?
 Sooth the dire cares his soul that vex,
 That *James* is not, and *George* is *Rex*.
 (An equal friend by turns to both,
 Since each by turns have had his oath)
 Opiates in vain learn'd *Mead* supplies
 To close the fretting statesman's eyes;
 Quite restless in his easy chair,
 While *Houghton's* turrets look so fair;
 While his dear sov'reign is misled,
 And *R - bert* still enjoys his head;
 Whose glories all his griefs supply,
 Panting for pow'r he cannot buy.
 To * patriots never to be sold
 For *M - lb - b's* gems, or *B - df - d's* gold;
 Each purse too light, each bribe too low
 To raise a *Solon*, nurs'd at *St - w*;
 Tho' *B - - t* muses in its glades,
 And *P - t*, full oft frequents its shades.
 Suppose, to feast in greater state,
 You din'd each day, and sup'd on plate;

*Grospe non gemmis, neque purpura, * venale, nec auro.*

That

That *India's* art, and *Brussels'* looms
 Join'd to adorn your costly rooms ;
 That *Scawen's* your rich grott excels
 In stones, in coral, and in shells ;
 Your lawns with deer as num'rous spread,
 From your own hand each morning fed ;
 Soft fountains lulling you to sleep,
 Your springs as clear, your ponds as deep ;
 Add, if you please, your blifs to fix,
 Four slaves behind your chaise and fix ;
 Will a rich * coach and *Flanders* mares,
 Dispel its wretched master's cares ?
 Which on the guilty statesman rest,
 The monarch's crown, and hero's crest ;
 That bid 'em ev'ry joy disown,
 And turn their pillows into stone.

CAN † wealth then sooth the tortur'd soul ?
 All *Orm - nd* lost, or *Ch - rtres* stole ?
 The traitor's secret fears restrain,
 Remove a pang, or ease a pain ;
 Kill but one woe in *Gracchus'* breast,
 Or give the impious madman rest ?

* *Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
 Summovet licetor miseros tumultus
 Mentis, et curas † laqueata circum
 Tecta volantes.*

His country fold, his king betray'd,
 Of his own heart each hour afraid,
 For striking weekly at a throne,
 And at that head which fav'd his own.
 Ah, Viscount! hadst thou liv'd content
 With thy own farms, and * father's rent;
 No woods cut down, or manours fold
 To sup on plate, and drink in gold;
 Hadst thou each frugal sober day
 Call'd for more *Port*, and less *Tokay*;
 On one kind *Cloe* pleas'd to fix,
 Or paid but two, instead of six;
 Foe to that pomp which title brings,
 And meddled less with courts and kings;
 Hadst thou from spleen in time forbore,
 Wrote less, and thought a little more;
 How much it costs the Dome to raise,
 When fold, how small the sum it pays;
 Nor, ravish'd with an empty name,
 Before thy ease, prefer'd thy fame;
 No † judgments hanging o'er thy head,
 Had fill'd thy soul with nightly dread,

*Vivitur parvo benè, cui * paternum
 Splendet in mensa tenui salinum:
 Nec leves somnos † timor, aut cupido
 Sordidus aufert.*

Forc'd thee thy native soil to quit,
 Purfu'd by fear undone by wit.
 Soft scenes of rest thou wouldst have thought
 With want of titles, cheaply bought;
 A chearful soul a better gift,
 Than all the praise of *P - pe* or *Sw - ft*;
 A little now, a better thing
 Than twice as much - when *James* was king.
 Shall then a *Fleetstreet* Journal awe
 The court, the king, the state, the law?
 For *Britain's* good each week that lies,
 Its truths smooth falsehoods in disguise;
 Shall prating puny * *Amb - ft* think
 To daub the throne with dirty ink;
 Unman the army, and the fleet,
 With a pert jest, or penny sheet?
 Help'd by a string of strolling wits,
C - - - m to mount where *W - - - le* fits:
 Sooner by rhyme shall *Gl - v - r* thrive,
 And *Whiteb - d* *Shakespeare's* strain revive;
 Gay whiffing *S - nb - pe* prove too strong
 For *Hoadl - y's* reasons, in a song;
 In schemes pert *L - tt - n* succeed,
 And *Gibf - n* vote for *Whitfi - ld's* creed,

*Quid brevi * fortes jaculamur ævo*

Multa? quid terras alio calentes

Then

Than *W* - *de* shall fear, or *N* - *rris* shrink
 At *P* - *pe*'s lampoon, or *St.* *J* - *bn*'s ink.
 From * clime to clime in vain he runs,
 To mend his heart, or 'scape his duns;
 Who finds, where'er he shifts his feat,
 His soul as false, his dread as great;
 At *Rome*, at *Paris*, at *Ostend*,
 Virtue's sworn foe, and faction's friend.
 In vain the trembling † outlaw flies
 From his own soil, to distant skies;
 In vain to *Paris* makes such haste;
 Flies not his care and guilt as fast.
 Dire *W* - *lt* - *r* with his bond, or note,
 Ascends the barge, or climbs the boat;
 Haunts him abroad at ev'ry meal
 With a sign'd deed and binding seal;
 Which his sad bosom's peace attacks,
 Who dreads his God much less than wax.
 The || lictor's rod, which long he fear'd,
 The scaffold oft in slumbers rear'd;

* *Sole mutamus; patriæ quis exul*
Se quoque fugit?

† *Scandit æretas vitiosa naves*
 || *Cura: nec turmas equitum relinquit*
Ocyor cervis, et agente nimbo
Ocyor Euro.

O'er the leud cup, and midnight bowl,
Pour ev'ry anguish on his soul;
Uneas'd, with musick's softest sound,
Unblest, with twenty jilts around.

HERE others joys his grief unfold,
For places lost, and pictures fold;
With fools and fiddlers forc'd to sit
Each eve - a beggar, and a wit;
Still with gay song and libel fraught,
A genius still - without a groat;
Who with his manours first begins,
Then fells off all - besides his fins.

LET *P* - *pe* his exile beauteous paint,
And in the rake find out the faint;
Can flatt'ry bid him sigh no more,
Or *D* - *l* - *y*'s vanish'd shades restore?
Verse but in vain his fame to raise,
Who damns himself, tho' fifty praise.

WHATE'ER we hope, we ne'er shall find
Fortune in ev'ry instance kind;
Must therefore I be sad to day
For what the next may take away;
Sit down and sigh, or curse my fate,
Because I want my neighbour's plate?

Say,

Say, your life's comforts are but small,
 Can you or I enjoy 'em all?
 Nor eat our beef in time of need,
 While others on their ven'son feed?
 Must *O - f - d* never smile, or laugh,
 Because he wants his father's staff?
 Say, why shou'd *C - bb - m*'s heart be sad,
 Or *Church - ll*'s reg'ment drive him mad?
 Are not his walks the self-same thing,
 Whoe'er is colonel, or is king;
 With nothing pleas'd he had before,
 Because a brother-peer has more.

SNATCH then the * blessings of the day,
 And life's few comforts, while you may;
 Tho' *Danvers* plots, and *Wh - teb - d* rhimes
 To plague us for the nation's crimes,
 Heav'n yet may send us better times;
Trott meet the fate his crimes deserve,
 Or good *M - ll - y* or hang, or starve;
 No state from ev'ry ill is freed,
M - rg - n sometimes must hear a creed;

* *Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultrà est
 Oderit curare, et amara lento
 Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
 Parte beatum.*

And courtiers, for the toil unfit,
 Two hours at chapel often fit.
 Have good and bad one common * end;
 Thy foe, fair virtue, and thy friend?
 Or showers not fate its favours down
 On THOSE who oft deserve its frown?
 To fame the factious often lifts,
 And leaves the patriot to his shifts.
 Tho' worthy of a nation's praise,
 Good *B - dgel* liv'd not half his days;
 His country's prop, his church's pride,
 In exile thy lov'd † *Francis* dy'd;
Laver from his gibbet tumbling down
 E'er his dread sov'reign reach'd a crown:
 Vext still with penalties and pains,
 Dire Newgate holds thy fav'rite *Haines* :
 Each term renews thy *P - - r*'s fears,
 In pain, and trembling for his ears;
 While *James*, by heav'n's severest frown,
 Sighing in vain for *George*'s crown,
 Views *H - ddock* ev'ry sea command,
 While *W - de* still spoils his schemes by land.

* *Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem :*

Longa † Titbonum minuit senectus.

Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,

Porriget hora.

T t

In

In peace and health yet *H - - ce* dwells,
 Buys more each year than * * * * fells ;
 In his arm'd chair each ev'ning fits,
 And laughs himself at laughing wits ;
 Sees patriot-vifions wrote by rheams,
 With *Gb - ram's* trash, and *Gl - ver's* schemes ;
 With all his blunders ftill alive,
 And all his faults, at fifty-five ;
 Diverted in a coach and fix
 Each day, with *Caleb's* ferious tricks.

W H A T tho' a thoufand * fops appear,

And buz, and whifper in your ear
 " That ftroke is fmart, that period fine,
 " That fatyr juft, that thought divine ;
 " So keen, that *Walp - le* cannot fleep,
 " The wounds you give him cut fo deep."
 Whoe'er the fulfome tales fupply,
 Tell 'em, dear ftatesman, that they lie ;
 Tho' you each morn receive the gift
 From *Rome*, or *Dublin*, *P - pe*, or *Sw - ft* ;
 The praife they forge fhould rather cloy,
 And raife a blufh, than give a joy ;
 While *Britain* weeps her conquelts fold
 By thy clofe fchemes, for *Bourbon's* gold.

*Te greges * centum, ficulaeque circum*

'Tis

* 'Tis not the croud that round thee stares,
 The gay gilt coach, and *Africk* mares ;
 The sham each week by *F - - ng* spread,
 Whose Journal lies, to earn him bread.
 'Tis not the found of *Tw - n - m* rhimes,
 That into merit molds thy crimes ;
 That low chit-chat of *St - nb - 's* muse,
 That praises only to abuse ;
 Or the dull dross of *Amb - rst's* lay,
 Can make thy virtue last a day.
 If in two colours you are seen,
 In black to day, to morrow green,
 And twice each season turn your coat,
 For freedom bawl, for slav'ry vote ;
 In your own breast you fix a dart,
 While your smooth pen belies your heart.
 † Kind heav'n has given me to behold
 (Not purchas'd with Sir *Robert's* gold)
 A farm or two, where oft alone,
 The ponds, the walks, the shades my own,

*Mugiunt * vaccae : tibi tollit binni-*
tum, equa quadrigis apta : te bis Afro
Murica tinctae

Vestiunt lanæ : † miki parva rura, et
Spiritum Graiae tenuem Camænæ
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

Close by the villa's silver springs,
Nor fond of fame, nor envying kings,
I touch the muses sacred lyre,
Which virtue, thy lov'd charms inspire.
No pension'd bard, whose venal lay,
Blest freedom, wou'd thy cause betray
For all the costly gems that shine
In *Britain's* crown, or *India's* mine.
Here, in some close and cooling bow'r,
I bless my shades, and spurn at pow'r ;
The vulgar, small and great despise,
And laugh at fools that wou'd be wise ;
Young *Flavio*, panting for a star,
And merchants quite in love with war ;
With rural squires, in jocky frocks,
Directing states, and mending stocks ;
The topping knight for whom they vote,
Chose, for the largeness of his throat.
Here, from the busy world retir'd,
I mark'd who's mad, and who inspir'd ;
Happy, if I enjoy the while,
Or *O - fl - w's* love, or *R - chm - nd's* smile,
Which ev'ry care of life destroys,
Softens its pangs - augments its joys.

Psalms XXIII.

WHENE'ER I faint, oppress'd with woe,
Thy gentle hand my footsteps leads,
Where silver streams delight to flow

Thro' fruitful vales, and flow'ry meads;
Each scene around with transport seen;
The vale still fresh, the meadow green.

Beneath the shade thy wings display

I feed, and taste each dear delight;
Nor dread the flame that burns by day,
Nor fear the blast that chills by night.

Each bliss enjoy, each foe deride;
Thy love, my strength; thy arm, my guide.

How clear the cooling fountains flow,

How sweet the pastures where I feed,
These drive away each pensive woe,
Those every pleasing transport breed.

A double joy at once impart,
Both cheer the eye, and charm the heart.

As here the streams around me roll,

One yet, one mercy more supply;
Smile thou thyself upon my soul,
And bid each other rapture die;
The vales tho' fresh, the brooks tho' clear,
Can please no more when thou art near.

Tho'

Tho' treading the dark paths below,
Far from thy heav'n, those smiling plains;
With sad and fearful steps I go,
Where death resides, where darkness reigns;
Thy hand shall lead me in the way,
And turn the midnight gloom to day.

Whate'er dire terrors dwell beneath,
What scenes afright, or woes amaze;
What scenes, tho' dead, the wretched breathe,
What flames around the guilty blaze;
Do thou my steadfast soul sustain,
I view and hear, without a pain.

My table with thy bounty spread,
With envy wastes my pining foes;
While thy rich oil bedews my head,
And with thy wine my cup o'erflows;
Which gladness to each look imparts,
And pours a joy around our hearts.

Oh, let the same indulgent smile
That cheers me now, for ever save;
That love, which does my griefs beguile,
This hour await me to the grave;
That to thy name, my God, and friend,
My knee may bow, and heart may bend.

Psalms XXIV.

W HATE'ER the spacious world contains,
The fruitful earth, or wat'ry plains,
That humbly on the surface creep,
Or roll along the mighty deep;
'Twas heav'ns great voice, with one creating sound,
That fill'd with life the wide expansion round.

Beneath the floods, beyond our eye,
Her deep and dark foundations lie;
Tho' seas above her surface flow,
Capacious oceans sleep below;
Beneath the mountains hold their gloomy reign,
Which bind the boist'rous waves, as with a chain.

Whose feet shall on thy mountain rest,
Be with thy smiles and presence blest?
Who to thy sacred hill shall rise,
And claim thy temple, or thy skies?
Ev'n he who justice loves, and treach'ry scorns;
Whom virtue guides, and innocence adorns;

On him, fair *Israel*'s hope and pow'r,
From heav'n each fairest gift shall show'r;
A thousand smiles his eye extend,
His hand a thousand mercies lend;
With kind events each pious action bless,
And crown each guiltless labour with success.

Such

Such shall the happy race appear,
Who *Sion's* God with rev'rence hear ;
Such smiles shall grace, and gifts adorn
The sons of *Jacob's* lineage born ;
Those who his presence love, and Godhead own,
And bow their hearts before his awful throne.

Ye temples round your valves unfold,
Throw wide your lofty gates of gold ;
Omnipotence demands the space,
A God anon your courts will grace ;
Lift high your doors, that thro' the spacious way
The king of glory may his pomp display.

To whom does that great name belong ?
To *Sion's* God, in battle strong ;
Who pours contempt upon the brave,
And shuts the victor in the grave ;
Shaking the feeble props of human trust,
And bids the proud lie down in death and dust.

Psalms LXVIII.

LET God arise, and from his throne
Turn to the earth his dreadful eye ;
With dire amaze each foe shall own
His presence, and prepare to fly.

Pouring

Pouring confusion all around

On those who dare his wrath withstand ;
The proud his anger shall confound,
His looks consume, without his hand.

When he prepares their strength to break,
And whets his glitt'ring sword for fight ;
The melting wax is not so weak,
The flying smoke not half so light.

Not so the just, who own his sky,
Or from his arm, or presence start ;
Soft joy inspires the guiltless eye,
And gladness cheers the pious heart.

With smiles upon his brow they gaze,
His sacred courts with raptures tread ;
Look on his heav'n without amaze,
His lifted arm without a dread.

Ye worlds, prepare your noblest song
For him, whose hand all nature guides ;
Who on the heav'ns, sublime and strong,
As on a burning chariot rides ;

His praise, his worth be first decreed,
Dwelling aloft in fairest light ;
Who checks the orbs in fullest speed,
Or with his word inspires their flight.

U u

To

To him who hears from off the skies

The wretched race of man complain,

The helpless orphan never cries,

Or lonely widow sighs in vain.

He from the mourning pris'ner's feet

Breaks the strong bolt, and heals his pain ;

Perfuades his faints to union sweet,

And bursts the captive's gauling chain.

While those who his great statutes scorn,

Nor in his arm for safety trust,

With want and meagre famine worn,

Consume away, and pine in dust.

Can we forget the glorious day,

When led across the desert sand,

Cloth'd all in flame, his dread array,

Our armies own'd his guiding hand ?

The hills their strength retain'd no more,

Confess'd their weakness, and his pow'r ;

As on their tops, with thunders tore,

Was pour'd the rapid burning show'r.

The heav'ns and fearful earth cou'd stay

No more upon their trembling base ;

But just like *Sinai*, fled away

Before the brightness of his face.

Psalms LXXVI.

WHERE *Judah's* fruitful vales are spread,
And hear with joy the fountains fall;
Thy name, great God, is heard with dread,
Wherever heard, ador'd by all;
The hills diffuse it all around;
The vales prolong the sacred sound.

Fair *Salem's* feat, whose royal spires
With beauty charm, in height excel,
Thy presence fills, and eye admires,
Chose for thy court, wherein to dwell;
On *Sion's* brow thy temple rear'd,
By nations own'd, and *Israel* fear'd.

Here to rebuke th' astonish'd foe,
Their shield, thy stronger fury rent;
Shiver'd the spear, made weak the bow,
Against her walls by *Syria* bent;
In haste their impious legions fled,
While all around their battle bled.

Those bands which to the hills belong,
Whose swords in cruel spoil delight,
Thy arm, more terrible and strong,
Shall drive away; confound in fight;
Who, turning back to view thy eye,
Shall all consume, before they fly.

Thou do'st the proud of strength beguile,
And shake the victor's heart with fear ;
No more the mighty hold the spoil,
Or chase the prey, when thou art near ;
To shun thy wrath and blasting breath,
They fly - and flying, sleep in death.

When he beholds thy brow with pain,
Thy angry shaft, and lifted hand ;
How shall the driver hold the rein,
Or how the fearful chariot stand ?
Trembling, thy dire rebuke to feel,
The falling steed, and broken wheel.

What else, the spacious earth around,
Which thou, great God, do'st ever fill,
Can like thy angry look confound,
Or like thy awful visage kill ?
Man's eye with less amaze can see
The lightning's cruel flame, than thee.

When from his burning throne on high,
Dark with fierce light, *Jehovah* rose,
The meek with mercies to supply,
And shed pale fear among his foes,
The trembling earth, to which he flies,
Receives him from the rending skies.

The winds are hush'd, the seas no more
Are heard in murmurs to resound ;
They view their God, his steps adore
With conscious fear, and dread profound ;
The wond'ring deep his eye restrains,
And silence thro' all nature reigns.

Let man, vain man, with fury rage
Against thy strength, his fierceness raise ;
Thy arm his fierceness can assuage,
And turn it to thy nobler praise ;
Into the bold a terror dart,
And fix despair in ev'ry heart.

What to thy kindest love we owe,
Rich incense, and oblations sweet ;
Whate'er we promise, let us throw
Unsparring at thy royal feet ;
For mercy, gratitude return,
While with our gifts thy altars burn.

Thy arm shall break the tyrant's yoke,
The spirit of the bold restrain ;
By thee their strength in battle broke
Who sway the earth, or rule the main ;
Who, turning to thy glorious throne,
Extol thy power, nor trust their own.

Psalms

Psalm XCI.

WHO makes thy arm his strong retreat,
Great God, secur'd beneath thy wings;

Scorns the vain insults of the great,

The waste of war, and wrath of kings;

Each horror of the doubtful field,

Thy smiles, his trust; thy arm, his shield.

Each midnight snare the secret foe

Can form, or treachery devise,

His hand, thy sure defence below,

Thy eye shall mock, and heart despise;

While the blue pestilence shall fly

Unfear'd, a-cross the tainted sky.

The guardian shade his wing shall cast

Above thy head, shall still defend;

His faith through endless ages last,

His truth to know no bounds, or end;

Not the strong buckler shall secure

So well, or sword so long endure.

Each fearful terror of the night

Man's eye can dread, or fears divine,

In the deep darkness may affright

Each guilty heart, but cannot thine;

By him the arrow turn'd away

That takes its flight, and wounds by day.

Not the dire pest, which seeks the shade
To spread around her blasting breath,
Shall reach thy couch, thy rest invade,
Or fill thy house with dread, and death;
Free from each bold and baleful ill,
That in full day delights to kill.

When on his name the sinners call,
In vain with sighs invoke his sky;
Thousands on thy right hand shall fall,
Upon the left, ten thousand die;
Secure from that contagious breath
Which stretches all the proud in death.

Oh, wait a while, and view descend
From off yon heav'n the vengeful dart,
Which shall the cloud in pieces rend,
Amazing ev'ry guilty heart;
While thy strong fortrefs, plac'd on high,
Derides each terror of the sky.

What tho' the weeping earth around
Does every sorrow feel or fear,
Thy roofs shall all with joy abound,
Thy God, thy great avenger near;
The plague from thy lov'd couch who turns,
Wasting whole regions where it burns.

See

See at his word, his kind command,

His angels round their wings display ;
About thy bed delighted stand,

And guide thy steps, and smoothe thy way ;
Guarding each sorrow from thy head
Weak man has cause each day to dread.

Thou on the hissing snake shalt tread,

The fiery aspick fearless meet ;
Rouze the fierce dragon from his bed,
And crush beneath thy stronger feet ;
On his dire mane thy heel shall rest,
And spurn the haughty lion's crest.

See, see, thy God is fond to hear

The guiltless heart, with groans oppress'd ;
Strong to relieve, and kind to hear

The mournful voice, and throbbing breast.
Does the good man to honours raise
Who owns his name, and spreads his praise.

Whene'er thou do'st for succour call,

Thy eyes with streams of sorrow fed,
His wings around thy couch shall fall,
And free thy soul from ev'ry dread ;
Partake thy grief, or else allay,
And chase the falling tear away.

With

With ev'ry blifs and bleffing crown'd,
Thy life fhall wafte, and glide away ;
With honours grac'd, in fame renown'd,
Shall flourish long, and late decay ;
In life, in death ; beneath, above ;
Sov'reign his arm, fupreme his love.

Pfalm CVII. from the 22d to the 30th verfe.

WIDE as the fpacious earth is fpread,
Far as the fun its light displays,
Thy works, great God, are feen with dread,
Thy mighty wonders told with praife ;
And while each knee with rev'rence bends,
The heart, inspir'd with joy, attends.

Who fail the loud unfathom'd deep,
With fighs, implore thy arm to fave ;
In their fad thought each terror keep,
And hear thy voice in ev'ry wave ;
Or when it fwells the angry tide,
Or bids the finking furge fubfide.

Up to the heav'ns, a fearful way,
The winds the reeling vefſel blow ;
'Till broke the wave on which it lay,
It finks as fwift, and falls as low ;

Down from the sea's enormous steep,
To the dire shallows of the deep ;

Rock'd to and fro, from wave to wave,
The aking heart begins to fear,
(Each billow seeming now a grave)

With trembling sighs, that death is near ;
Since the wild tempest to restrain
Each arm is weak, all art in vain.

Raging the sea, uncalm'd the wind,
Where shall frail man for succour fly ;
Where, in his anguish, hope to find
Relief, but from thy pitying sky ?
Which smiling now, dispels his fears,
And turns to joy the wretch's tears.

As he ordains, the sulph'rous cloud
No more with direful thunder roars ;
While his almighty voice more loud
Confines the sea within its shores ;
Bids the proud waves its limits keep,
And smooths each horror of the deep.

New joy each ravish'd heart does feel,
New life inspires each beating breast,
As he directs the bounding keel
To the safe harbour, where to rest ;

Which,

Which, free from ev'ry dread, derides
The threat'ning storm, and angry tides.

*Part of Psalm CXLVIII. after the manner
of Milton.*

JOIN then in praises all, whoe'er receive
From him your life, of life each pleasing joy!
Ye angels first, who clad in purest rays,
Day without night enclose his sacred throne,
Rejoicing; thro' the wide creation fair,
Above each creature else in songs proclaim
His bounty, whence ye drew your birth, and fame,
And brightness, rivall'd thro' the ample sky
By nothing brighter! Ye, the first in pow'r,
Extol his love, and be the first in praise!
Ye next, who o'er this earth, as he ordains,
Dominion hold, and view, by his command,
Your subjects, whatsoever swims, or flies,
Or treads its spacious surface, never cease
(To men his bounty varying eve and morn)
In due return, to vary his high praise!
Break silence, all ye living fires, tho' mute,
Yet find a voice for praise, as on ye roll,
Light after light, unnumber'd thro' the sky;
Thou loudest, whose great orb surpasses all
In flame and matchless glory; from whose eye

Darting effulgence round, each lesser star
Its circle fills, and moving near thy beams,
Drinks deep of light from thy o'erflowing urn.
And thou, fair regent of the night, whose ray
Divides the darkness from thy silver throne,
Rising, or when thy orb declines, proclaim
His glory, who adorns, with milder flame,
Thy chariot, circled with a thousand fires,
Waiting thy flight attendant, from the east,
To where thy beams are quench'd in western waves.
Ye vapours, as ye upwards climb, exhal'd
By the sun's thirsty orb, where'er ye fly,
Painted or dusk, both as ye rise and fall,
Exalt him; as to rain, or hail, or snow
Condens'd, in downy flakes, or rattling show'rs,
Ye now descend, till, melting, up the sky
Ye soar in exhalations; breathe his praise,
Ye winds, from whatsoever climes ye blow,
Peaceful or loud, brushing the earth or main,
Now smooth its surface, till, by his command,
Your fury drives along the roaring wave,
And from the deep abyss beneath up-heaves
The fearful inundation to the pole.
Ye flowers that clothe the earth, and in your bloom
Vary her face with ev'ry pleasing hue,
Be mindful of his bounteous hand, who gave

Your

Your beauty and your odours ; nor deny,
As from your op'ning buds you throw each morn
Sweet incense, with your sweets to join his praise ;
Nor can you silence keep, ye silver streams,
Wand'ring thro' flow'ry banks along each vale
To pay him worship, from whose heav'n your urns
Are still replenish'd, weeping oft in showers
To fill your empty channels ! as ye glide
In softer rills, or roll thro' wider shores,
Both as ye glide, and as ye roll, proclaim
His praise, and bear it on each grateful wave.
His glory, as ye part the bursting sky,
Ye tempests celebrate, whether the main
Ye open, and its channels deep below
Reveal to human eye ; or, as ye rage,
Drive down the forest from the mountain's brow ;
Where'er your fury lives, at his command
Be silent - save where silence yields to praise.
Nor can ye want wherewith to speak his fame,
Ye thunders, dreadful wheresoe'er ye sound ;
Whether ye rock the heav'ns, or, as ye roll
In echoing vollies, bid the earth despair ;
Yet trembling when he speaks, be calm, and own
His voice the louder ! Nor can ye refrain
From adoration, and obedience due,
Ye mountains, lifting up your lofty brow

Nearest

Nearest to heav'n ; whatever load ye bear,
 Cedar, or branching oak, or shading pine,
 Bend low your heads ; in sign of worship, bend
 To your Creator ; who, above the vales
 Spread deep beneath, rears high your tops to yield
 A lengthen'd shade to cool the shades below.
 Nor thou, who visit'st first the early ray
 Shot from the East, and waking with the dawn,
 If yet upon thy grassy bed, or bore
 Aloft upon the wing, thro' fields of air,
 Oh, be not last in praise ; but in thy flight
 Up the fair roads of heav'n, or down the sky,
 Sinking or rising, where thy voice resounds,
 Oh, make each region sweet with grateful lays.
 How wond'rous (Lord !) are all thy works, how great !
 Thyself, how great and wond'rous then, to view
 Each by thy breath created, and sustain'd,
 Confessing each thy Godhead, which is seen,
 And visible ; not without transport seen,
 In whatsoe'er the earth, and sea, and air,
 Surrounding both, encloseth in its arms.

In obitum Reginae.

PHOEBE pater ! duplici fulges qui nobilis arte ;
 Non periturus honos, et tua dona, falus !
 Addere vitæ annos, medici labor ; addere longos
 Virtuti titulos, non leve vatis opus.

Quid medicæ poterant, frustra heu tentaveris artes,
Jam quid opis, tenta, carmen, et ebur habent.
Infidas *Carolinæ* alias dum flevimus herbas,
Vestra dabit laurus, nulla quod herba dedit.
Sit fugiens, sit vita brevis! fit, munere plectri,
Quod non vita unum, famaue limen habet.
Si bonus es, facilisque tuis; si maxime *Cæsar*
Es populo et patriæ, quod *Carolina* fuit;
Conjuge pro raptâ nostro de pectore luctus,
E madido lachrymæ tardius ore fluent.
Dumque cicatricem cernis, trepidasque videre,
Pertulit hæc ferrum, vulnus *uterque* tulit.
Tristius huic fatum, tacito sub corde, dolores,
Quæ plorat Regis, sentit et una suos.
Vulnus idem, par utrique ictus, cum vivere, *Georgi*,
Te voluit cælum; te, *Carolina*, mori.

*On an eminent patriot in close mourning for the
Queen's death. Address'd to the reputed author
of Common Sense.*

IN *Britain's* woe, see *Clodius* bears a part,
Sad in his dress, and smiling at his heart;
For her, dark sable round the patriot spread,
He libell'd living, and bemoans when dead;

Cambrick and crape the want of tears supply,
 And his sleeve kindly weeps, to save his eye;
 Too wise, with grief his pensive breast to swell,
 When a grave suit lamented full as well.
 From death had pitying heav'n the sov'reign freed,
 The mourner's sigh had been sincere indeed;
 Pleas'd o'er her herse a mimick woe to feign;
 The Queen restor'd, had giv'n a real pain.

SINCE *Ludgate* then, and all its Mercers, sell
 Nice modish sorrow by the yard or ell;
 Thy solemn face for greater evils keep,
 While for thy Queen thy sword and buckles weep.
 Let the large drop roll down the mourner's face,
 For *James* in exile, *St. J - hn* in disgrace;
 The deepest groan reserv'd, and fullest show'r
 For fools still out, and wise men still in pow'r;
 For patriots long forgot, or laid aside;
 Dear to themselves, and scorn'd by all beside;
 For *Danvers* forc'd at last to own his fears,
 And drop his satire, to secure his ears;
 That bards by wicked laws should be oppress'd;
 That *L - - - n* still struts a publick jest;
 His prose and verse, that rage and envy strike,
 His *head* and speaking *bat*, both priz'd alike.

Robb'd of his pow'r, that *P* - - - *y* falls in fits,
 And raves, that *kings* will not be rul'd by wits;
 That titles to the wise shou'd still belong,
 Prudence preferr'd to simile and song;
 (Senates determin'd, now in each debate
 By truth and reason, more than puns, or prate;)
 That wisdom to wit's share does seldom fall,
 That *Common Sense* is oft no sense at all.
 These ills around thy heart may spread a gloom,
 While grief for Queens is bought at ev'ry loom.

YET spare one sigh, and seem, at least, to grieve,
 Nor borrow all thy sadness from thy sleeve;
 Void of the passion, let the form appear;
 Who feign allegiance, well may feign a tear!
 False are thy friendships, treach'rous is thy eye;
 Thy duty and thy sorrow both a lie;
 Whose smile but oddly with thy mourning suits;
 Since what thy coat pretends, thy heart confutes.

On an eminent poet, patriot, and free-mason.

MYSTERIOUS! that the mason's fatal lime,
 Should be more killing than the poet's rhyme!
 Thou hast all rules of modern murder broke,
 We stand thy fire - - - and perish by thy smoke.

On an old talkative Woman.

SURE age to *Silvia* has not been unkind,
Each tooth quite gone, her tongue is left behind ;
Those gone - this left - the reason, Criticks, say ?
'Tis this - her tongue has wore her teeth away.

On a lady, who erected a monument for her husband, adorned with weeping Cupids.

THO' *Flavia* cannot, *Cupids*, in her stead,
Weep day and night around her consort dead ;
One tears his little locks his grief to shew ;
His shaft this breaks, and that destroys his bow.
While these are sad, and she neglects to moan,
The marble eyes seem flesh, and *Flavia's* stone.

On a statue of the Duke of Marlborough.

VAIN *Pallas*, boast no more thy dreaded shield,
Thy *Ægis*, blazing cross each sanguine field ;
That hero view, and own more foes have fled
From *Churchill's* arm, than from *Medusa's* head.

Librorum Catalogus, &c. *A catalogue of several curious and valuable pieces (chiefly controversial) to be sold by auction the 26th instant, at the great auction-room against the Royal Exchange, Cornhill.*

1. *VOX Populi, vox Dei*: or, an Essay on the legislative power; proving that the King, Lords, and Commons are no essential part of the *British* constitution.

2. A collection of learned and curious speeches against Pensions, Excises, and Standing Armies; written by a noble Ducal author, who voted eighteen years for Pensions, Excises, and Standing Armies.

3. *Legis summa illegalitas*; a dissertation on the sanguinary penal Laws of *England*; being a modest defence of Smuggling, Riots, and Street-Robberies. By a Person in the *Fleet*. To which is added, two defences of the dissertation, by the *Champion*, and Mr. *Wreath - ck*.

4. The *Lapland* address to the Parliament of *Great Britain*; being a proposal to furnish the Commissioners of the Navy with proper winds upon any future occasion; very necessary to facilitate any important expedition that requires haste. The winds all in very good order, to be seen at any time between eleven and four, at the printers of the *Champion*, or *Common Sense*.

5. An Essay on the pernicious and destructive tendency of admitting Placemen into the H. of C - - - ns. Written by a Person just turn'd out of the best post in the kingdom.

6. Six volumes of satires, lampoons, and libels on the King and Royal Family, by a club of Gentlemen, all zealously affected to his Majesty, and the present constitution in church and state.

7. A Theological Argument, attempting to prove, that taking the oaths to one Prince, and acting for another, may be fairly consistent with the truth, honour, and sincerity of a *British* subject. By a City Divine, Chaplain to the *Half-Moon* Club.

8. The art of Clouding; or, an ingenious method of lulling people fast asleep with their eyes open. By Capt. *Vinegar*.

9. A Set of easy, smooth, and elegant rhimes, ready pair'd for the press, proper to celebrate the parts, virtue, and excellencies of the new projected *Tory* Ministry.

10. *De usu, et antiquitate Fabellarum*; or an Essay on the use, advantage, and antiquity of Defamation. A treatise very proper at this juncture, to secure an honest Parliament.

11. An Essay on Facts and Appearances; shewing the great certainty of the first; and the great importance and validity of the last, in forming a right judgment of things and persons.

12. A modest Apology for Riots and Insurrections in all civiliz'd Governments; with an original chapter on the use and advantage of cudgels in all addresses to parliament. Extracted from the writings of the *Craftsman* and *Common Sense*.

13. A new Set of founding Words, and terrifying Phrases; carefully collected into one volume, for the use and advantage of young patriots and statesmen at clubs, fairs, coffee-houses, and bear-gardens; which being artfully disposed, and methodically digested into easy and flowing periods and sentences, without the least truth, sense, or meaning, naturally form themselves into satires, sonnets, and lampoons against the government.

N. B. The ingenious author of this collection begs leave to inform the publick, that if any worthy Gentleman is desirous to abuse his Majesty, the Ministry, or Parliament, in the handsomest manner, he may have it done at very reasonable rates, by the said Collector; who, since his late exclusion from court, has made this sort of writing his usual diversion and employment.

14. A Speech design'd for the opening of the next Sessions of Parliament; proving the Ministry must be infallibly wrong for entering into a war, or declining a war with *Spain*.

15. Modern Uniformity; an Essay on Steddiuess in a man's political conduct; shewing, that a person may act for and against any scheme, or party, in a government, twice in one sessions, without the least variation of his principles, or way of thinking.

16. Modern Paradoxes vindicated; or, an Argument to prove, that a Prince who saves a subject from hanging, ought to be esteemed that subject's greatest enemy. By a Secretary to the Pretender.

17. An Invektive against power and places a man has lost, or cannot attain to. Written at the request, and for the consolation of a discarded General. Printed at *Edinburgh*.

18. The use of *Opium*; or, the advantages of sound sleeping at the time of a general election. Address'd to the new *Tory* Dissenting Ministers.

19. *Alter et idem*. Essays written at different times for and against the Liberty of the Press, by the pen of the same Viscount.

20. The

20. The High-flying Dissenter - in Calf - a Discourse proving, that the most violent persecutors of the Dissenters in one reign, are the most likely to prove their best and surest friends in another.

21. Dreams, Shadows, Delusions, and Chymæra's, at reasonable rates. Collected for the support and improvement of the Country Interest; propos'd to be sent to every borough in *England* before next *May*, all frank'd by a city Member.

22. The nature, use, and advantages of political Clamouring; shewing, that to promote divisions and jealousies in a State, is, and ever was the best security to a Prince; and the strongest proof of a subject's duty to his Sovereign, and love for his Country. By *M - lloy*.

23. A new mechanical Invention for deciding all city disputes by a stil-liard; which exactly adjusts the merits of all writers in proportion to the weight and heaviness of their works. Written by the President of the *Half-Moon* club.

24. The soporiferous, balsamick, or dozing Cordial; which gives immediate relief to all persons who are over-burden'd with common sense, reason, or reflection; prepar'd, and given *gratis* to any Freeholder in *Great Britain* (to enable them to judge distinctly of the qualifications of their next Members.) By an eminent City Doctor.

25. A new philosophical Method of being dutiful and loyal subjects to any Prince or Government, without duty or loyalty. To which is added, a curious Scheme how to make any person an excellent *Whig* on *Tory* principles.

26. An Enquiry into the nature and original of modern Patriotism; shewing, that the loss of Power is the source and parent of Honesty; the great incentive to Virtue and Integrity; and the chief promoter of a man's Love to his Country.

27. Detection of Frauds and Cheats a violation of *British* property, and a national grievance, to be redress'd by Parliament. Written by an eminent Smuggler.

28. The whole Game, or the new Coalition; shewing, that Protestants and Papists are the very same persons in their principles, both civil and religious, and differ only in sound and appellation. To which is added, a separate article, to prove, that 'tis no way essential to the liberties or happiness of *Great Britain* to be governed by a Protestant Prince. *Authore M - lleio Ante-Georgiano*.

29. Cheating no Robbery; or a modest apology for Smuggling; proving it the right of all *Englishmen*, secur'd to them by *Magna Charta*, to defraud any government, if they can do it with impunity. Extracted from the Weekly and Country Journals.

30. The Separatist cajoll'd, or the Wise outwitted; being a serious affectionate Address from the *Craftsman* and his brethren to the Dissenters; beseeching

befeeching them to renounce, at this critical juncture, their conscience, and common sense; and, at the ensuing election, to distress their best friends, in order to oblige their very worst enemies.

31. Now or never: Being a serious expostulation with the Electors of *Great Britain* to promote the *Jacobite* Interest, more effectually to secure the Protestant Religion, and defeat the hopes of the Pretender.

32. *Lunæ decreſcentio imago*; or, the prospect of a City Eclipse; being a curious prospect of an eminent *Half-Moon* just entering upon her last Quarter.

33. *Numerandi nova ars et methodus*; or, an Essay to prove that the minority is and ought to be esteemed the greater number, in all patriot computations.

34. Forswearing no Perjury; or, the unreasonableness and invalidity of Oaths to bind the conscience in temporals. By a late Secretary to the Pretender, now the first patriot in *Great Britain*.

35. A collection of learned Speeches spoken last sessions against Bribery and Corruption. By a Person who bought eight hundred votes in a certain borough to carry his election.

36. *Lusus Belli*, or the new Art of making War; showing, that one Prince may sink the ships, blow up the castles, destroy the commerce and colonies of another, without any intention of doing him the least injury.

37. An Essay on the nature of national Conscience; proving, that the only crime a Gentleman commits in wronging and injuring a Government, is being hang'd for it. By Mr. *Mackray*. Revis'd and recommended by Capt. *Vinegar*.

38. *Limites Politici*; a critical Essay on the Boundaries of civil Duty; wherein a new method is discovered, how a good subject may libel a King or Government, and write three times a week within a hair's breadth of treason, and never be guilty of it. By a Patriot, and a Jesuit.

39. *Exordia Tyrcinia; seu præcepta quædam melioris notæ, ad juventutem in rebus politicis rite instituendam*; being rules and directions to enable any young Student in Politicks, with a bold genius, and a very moderate share of parts and learning, to talk smoothly and elegantly in the House, upon any scheme or subject of which he is perfectly ignorant. By Mr. *L - - - n*.

N. B. The author has written ten songs, and twelve epigrams, against the King and Ministry, with great applause.

40. *De censu et ærario; dissertatio polemica*; a Dissertation on national Funds, &c. wherein a plain and easy method is discovered, to pay all the debts of the kingdom in three years, without money or taxes. By a Gentleman entirely in the Country Interest.

41. The Art of talking in Generals; or a secure Method of blackening Communities, without touching Individuals. To which is added, a new Patriot-scheme of trying and convicting Criminals, without the usual tedious solemnities of proof and evidence.

Libri Latini in 4to.

1. *ARS et norma æquivocandi; seu methodus Christiana-politica mentiendi pro veritate. Opera et studio J. M. Presbyteri Anglicani, e Societate Jesu.*

2. *Ratio Fidei apud Anglos; Dissertatio Polemica, de vanitate, et inanitate juramenti. Post fidem sæpius violatam a viro prænobili et litterato H. S - - - n conscripta, Jacobo Tertio e Secretoribus Consiliis.*

3. *Traëtatus Physico-Theologicus de fatuorum et insanorum regimine, sine medicis et medicamentis. Ad præclaros insanientium fautores, D^m. B - - - t, D^m. C - - - - t, D^m. P - - - - y, aliosque ejusdem indolis fautores, humillime dicatus. Authore Calebio, celeberrimo Anglo, et Medicaastro.*

4. *Discrepantium nova Coalitio; seu, ratio comprehendendi incomprehensibilia; methodus nova et accurata, contraria contrariis conciliandi; qua hostes acerrimi, diverse de Rege, de Republica, de Ecclesia sentientes, facili opera ex inimicissimis fiunt amicissimi. Artem hanc primo aperuit * * * ulterius provexit * * * * ad finem feliciter perduxit mirus ille fraudis omniginæ artifex. H. S. Arm. anno 1740.*

5. *Pseudologia Britannica; de usu et necessitate commentorum in republica recte instituenda, libellus; tam veterum quam neotericorum scriptis et exemplis suffulta. Opus hoc, diu multumque desideratum, typis nitidissimus, et charta Parisiensi perpolitum, suis suorumque notis pulchre exornavit, Hercules Londinensis, pseudologus, hujusce ætatis et regni, facile celeberrimus.*

A Letter from the Publisher of Common Sense to his friend.

Dear Frank,

I Write to you with a very heavy heart, which I owe, in a great measure, to a weak head. You are not ignorant upon what plausible motives I was lately drawn in to publish a certain Journal; but find, by
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woful experience, that while I am retailing another man's *Common Sense*, I am really discovering a want of my own; and enjoy the empty credit of a paper which is ruining my fortune, at the same time it pretends to add so much to my reputation.

I must own indeed, from the design of the paper, I thought I might draw some advantage from it. It was cry'd up, I found, by all the Tories, and Jacobites, and honest male-contents of our party; who strove to out-do each other in applauding the merit of the Journal, and the vast abilities of the author. I knew he had just miss'd a place in the government he aim'd at, and concluded him, from thence, a person of genius, honour, integrity, and every private and publick virtue; and tho' I was sensible that his present, were directly opposite to his former professions, yet I was fully satisfy'd, that his strong resentments (to which you know we are oblig'd for the conversion of most of our new friends) wou'd secure him in our interest and measures for the future.

His open and undisguis'd manner of attacking the court, and schemes of the ministry, could not fail, I imagined, to recommend his Journal to all those candid readers, who have of late been firmly persuaded, that the least degree of power, must imply the greatest iniquity and corruption; and who are much better pleas'd with ten faults, than a hundred virtues of their governors.

Now these many excellent qualities in my Letter (beside a strong propensity to admire it myself) must needs endear it, as I thought, to all those worthy statesmen who have chose to distinguish themselves of late by those two eminent patriot-virtues, a profound love for their country, and a thorough and hearty contempt for the laws and constitution of it; and who cou'd think of no better way of doing their duty, than by villifying and insulting those, who had both the inclination, and the power, to have rewarded them for it.

—————*Sed eheu! Quantum in mærorem
Quanta de spe decidi?*—————

I have paid, I find, much dearer for my simplicity, than many other folks have for their wisdom. My paper, I was so proud of, and delighted with, (you know, *Frank*, I love to copy my master, and am a dear lover of similitude) put me in mind of my pipe just lighted, which is all fire at one end, and all smoke at the other; and where the greatest blaze always produces the thickest vapour. Wou'd you think it possible for a man, in his whole life, to meet with those insults I have done in a few days? I was ask'd last *Saturday*, by a pert officer at the *Rainbow*, who was my *Grocer*; and if the advance of sugars had not rais'd the value of my Journal;

nal? But I was never so thoroughly nettled, as one day last week, at a noted shop in *Holbourn*; Sirrah, says the master to a servant who stood behind him, you see we want paper; fetch me a rheam or two of *P-rfer's* popery, I see 'tis heap'd up as high as the cieling in his warehouse, for want of sale: a pound of pepper, I know, will buy a thousand of 'em, and half that quantity, its author; who, I hear, disposes of more of 'em to the cooks in *London*, than the patriots in the country. You know I keep *M-rgr-n's* Philosopher, and *T-ndal's* Christianity for some unbelievers at *St. James's*; *W-lston* I reserve for my free-thinking customers about the *Temple*; who chuse to have their chocolate wrap'd up in a little blasphemy, which they assure me gives it a finer relish than *Vanilles*. *Budgell* and *Sw--t*, I hear, are all bought up for spits and pewter; and half the edition of *Gustavus* is bespoke for sweetmeats against the next Lord Mayor's day. Never let me see a page more within these doors of Mr. *Danvers*, or Mr. *L-tt-n*, (says this impudent puppy) my servants, have scarce spoke one word of truth since I first took in their papers. You know, Sirrah, that I lost ten of my best Whig customers by binding up a few *Malaga's* in some of their late essays; they swore they infected every thing they touch'd, and gave my goods too strong a tincture of patriotism. The *Dissertation upon Parties* had like to have lost me the custom of a first minister: It was the usual covering I made use of for his Lordship's tobacco; who assur'd me, it had turn'd his coachman into a rank republican, and enabled him to argue very learnedly against the Revolution. Forget not to bring with you a few sheets of the *Occasional Writer*, for our sugar-plumbs; as that paper seems designedly written to please and amuse children; and if I order in any more *Prot--ts*, you will not find half so many of 'em in Mrs. *Dodd's* shop, as Mr. *Pontack's* kitchen.

I shall trouble you with one insult more I met with this morning in *Tuttle-Fields* - A pert young rascal who was flying his kite (and whom I knew very well) coming up to me - Well, Mr. *P-rfer* (says the young fauce-box) your business here, I presume, is with me. I see you are quite loaded with patriotism, and am sorry it is not in my power, at present, to ease you of a little of it; for indeed you have sent us such prodigious quantities of late, that kites would be as numerous in the air as swallows, were we to mount up half the dissertations, and essays, and songs, and epigrams you send us. I must therefore humbly desire Mr. *L-----n's* pardon a month or two longer, since 'tis not in my power to oblige every state-writer when he requests it. The birds we have already compos'd out of his prose and poetical labours, are so numerous, as to exceed the largest rookery in *Essex*; and wou'd shadow several acres of ground if they flew together. We fly off *L--nid-s* the next brisk wind; the author, I think, wants SUBLIMITY; and 'tis the only proper way, in my opinion,

nion, to give his poem a just elevation. Besides, there has been a strong interest made to our society, to take *Gustav - s* and *Eleonora* into our service, which we have partly agreed to. In short, Mr. *P - rser*, we have several Rheams just arriv'd from *Moorfields*, upon subjects wrote as well, and argued as plausibly, as those of your master; which we have engaged to set next a wing; otherwise should be glad to treat for your's, or any of your friends waste papers.

And I have often wondered (continues the pert Rascal) that no modern wit has attempted to find out a resemblance betwixt our kites here, and your modern patriots, which to me seems very natural and apparent. Our kites, you know, love to flutter in that airy region where most of those gentlemen, for many years past, have been amus'd in building castles. They are a sort of creatures, likewise, in their motions very wavering and unsteddy, perpetually riggling about from one side to the other; the only difference between 'em seems to be, that one is mov'd about with a little *gust*, and t'other by a little *disgust*. Our kites are likewise observ'd to have a huge unwieldy body, with little or no *head* belonging to it. They are likewise profess'd enemies to calm and fair weather, because they have little hopes of *rising*, unless the air is troubled, and in some agitation. The similitude still is more visible, if you consider, that our birds, be they never so high-advanc'd in their sublimest elevation, are always pulling and tugging for more line and packthread, which they commonly, in the end, break asunder, and with it their own necks. Perhaps it may be trifling to mention, that these *high-flyers* of ours are guided and assisted in their motions more by their tails than their heads. To carry on the comparison no farther, I shall only remark, that these birds of ours are very seldom of a piece throughout; I had one of 'em last week, very tall and well built, who was a Whig on one side, and a Patriot on the other: one of whose wings argued for, and the other against the ministry. He drew up in his ascent almost five pound of packthread, which was not sufficient to bear him to that height he aim'd at; which giving way at last, he rov'd and flutter'd a while in the air, which after a thousand turns and fluctuations, drove him at last, all maim'd and tatter'd, from the fields of *H - - - m*, to the plains of *D - wley*; where he has been long endeavouring, but in vain, to plume and repair his wings for a second flight. I cou'd not bear the impudence of the Rascal any longer - for tho' I am no enemy to wit and humour (which has indeed been the great support of my Journal) yet the parallel seem'd to touch our friends so nearly, that while I smil'd at the archness of the *simile*, I was not at all pleas'd with the propriety and application of it. I am,

Dear Frank,

Your sincere friend and servant,

J. P.

A second Letter from the Publisher of Common Sense to his friend.

Dear Frank,

IN my last I gave you a short account of an insult I met with from a pert young fellow in *Tuttle-fields*; in this, I send you a brief history of a conversation I had with a friend, which, tho' of a quite different nature, yet gave me almost the same uneasiness.

As I return'd through the Park last evening from *Westminster*, I observed a person in a very thoughtful posture making up towards me. By the solemnity of his step, a certain gravity in his approach, and biting one of his thumb nails as he walk'd along, I concluded he must be either a great poet, or an eminent politician; and that he was that instant forming an Epic poem, or a new ministry; and from a sudden air of satisfaction, which broke out that moment in his looks, I fancy'd he had then just pitch'd upon his hero, or prime minister. Nor was I mistaken in my conjecture, for it prov'd to be my patron himself, returning from the melancholy club of his seceding brethren he had left behind at *Twick - m.* After the usual ceremonies were over, taking me by the hand, I perceive, Mr. *P - rser*, says he, that of late you have seem'd a little dissatisfy'd and out of humour; nor is it difficult, I believe, to assign the true reasons of your discontent. I hear there has not been, of late, so quick a demand for my Journal as formerly; tho' I thought I lash'd as heartily, and attack'd as boldly, as I ever did in the whole course of my paper. You must be very sensible what tricks I have play'd, and what stratagems I have invented, to raise the credit, and quicken the sale of my Essay. I have follow'd it often to the press with acclamations of wonder, while my brother *Caleb* and I have agreed to adore each other, as often as he speaks of mine, or I of his politicks. I myself weekly write to, and applaud myself for the eminent services I do, and have long done to my unhappy country: And, you know, I have a set of young patriots in pay in the most noted Coffee-houses of the city, who have all solemnly engaged never to believe one word in any publick paper, that contradicts mine.

I am not ignorant, that what has sunk the reputation of my paper of late, has been a few dull insipid dialogues in the *Gazetteer*, without one single grain of wit, humour, or even common sense in 'em. Tho', whatever the ministerial dunces are pleas'd to think of me, I know you are perfectly satisfy'd, that every person of genius and capacity allows me to be the greatest orator, and the profoundest statesman in *Europe*, if you ex-

cept the *Cardinal* and the *Champion*. You were with me, I think, one evening, Mr. *P-rser*, when I projected a plan of accommodation between the *Turk* and the Emperor, at a game of backgammon; and took *Cadiz* from the *Spaniard* over a dish of coffee. You were by, I know, at another time, when I paid off ten millions of the national debt, without raising a shilling upon the subject. You must well remember, when I reduced the land-tax to six-pence in the pound one morning at *D-wley* - I began the scheme just at the first stroke of my upper lip, and before the fellow had reach'd my chin, had quite compleated it. Several wholsom laws have I enacted for the good of *Great Britain*, while my whig was powdering. And wou'd a certain great man I cou'd mention, submit to regulate his conduct by a set of maxims in my keeping, make peace or war, take in, or turn out, as I should direct, he would find no more difficulty to govern a nation, than to dance a minuet; and a realm wou'd be as easily guided, as a hackney-coach, or a wherry.

However I have been treated of late by some insolent scribblers, you, my friend, must be sensible of my merit, who have seen the compliments I have receiv'd, at several times, from the *Literati* of *Tonquin* and *Isphan*, and the most eminent *Brachmans* in the *East-Indies*. You are a witness, that I say much finer things in poetry, than many other people do in prose; and am so very fond of this new way of reasoning, that I have prepar'd the draught of a bill, now in my pocket, to oblige every member in the House of C - mm - - s to talk and argue in metre; and the Speaker to deliver his opinion, and issue out his orders in heroics, or else to resign the chair. Tho' I may be possibly laugh'd at for this odd project, yet I am perswaded that we have gain'd more friends, and done our cause greater service by our ballads, than our arguments; and have therefore fix'd upon a noble Peer for President in our new ministry, for the excellent songs and epigrams he has compos'd against the old.

To shew the usefulness of such a scheme, I need only mention, that I prevented the surrender of *Port-Mabon* and *Gibraltar* by a single ballad. And it is well known, that *Dunkirk* had before this time been repaired, and a terror to the *British* nation, had I not shew'd the design by a reasonable epigram.

If a few of my late papers have wanted the fine sense and spirit, the keenness and vivacity of some of my former, you will consider, that no author at all times writes with the same humour, genius, or sublimity. All my friends know very well, that I compose by my barometer; and I find my genius rise and sink exactly with the mercury. For this reason, I never attack the court, or libel a House of Commons, till the glass is at settled *fair*, when I say as many good things in an hour, as I can do in a month when the atmosphere is dull and heavy. The air, you know,
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has been muddy, and the wind full north for some time past; which I find much the dullest point in the compass. I had several fine schemes froze up last *December*, which, I am afraid, will require several months thawing; and one in particular blown away in the late hurricane, which, without a *British* fleet, undertook to clear the *American* seas, by reading the late act against *Riots* to the *Spanish Guard de Costa's*. Have a good heart, Mr. *P-rser*, I want only a clear sky, and a few days of fine weather, to introduce a Republic, and a new Ministry; the two favourite points, which you and I know modern patriotism has been long projecting.

As to those heavy insipid creatures who now and then appear in print against us, I must desire you to be in no manner of pain about 'em. I do assure you, there is not fifty of their papers read in a month between *Berwick* and the land's end; and those few, by none but Collectors and Excisemen. One epigram of mine has struck the whole fraternity dumb for a month together; and I have a satire now by me, almost finish'd (revis'd and approv'd by myself) which, before next *Michaelmas* term, shall silence these unmeaning hirelings for ever. After which, you shall find *Freeman* and *Osborn* as seldom mention'd in *Great Britain*, as *Nimrod*, or *Semiramis*. I know these little prostitute fellows all to a man; and I do assure you upon my honour, that there is not an ounce of sense, genius, or learning, among twenty of 'em. Tho' they produce a scrap of *Latin* now and then from a classical author, there is not one of them knows whether *Horace* was a *Roman*, or a *Numidian*; *Virgil* an Epic poet, or a general. One of these dunces, to my certain knowledge, mistook *Livy* for *Plato*; another made *Plutarch* a primitive bishop; and a third, *Pliny* secretary of state to *Charles* the Vth of *Germany*. And I am well assur'd that one of this class, who assumes the air of a scholar, is now learning his *Accidence* at a private school at *Hackney*; and after six months drudgery, is not yet got beyond *possum*. It is no manner of secret, that *Britannus* drove a coach seven years from *Epsom* to *London*; and guided a Hack long before he attempted to manage a Government. The mighty *Sidney*, it is well known, serv'd an apprenticeship to a *Brewer* in *Shadwell*; and when his master fail'd, left his tubs, and turn'd politician. The facetious *Osborn* I have long since silenc'd, and transform'd into an old woman; turn'd his pen into a distaff, and his tye-wig into a pinner. Mr. *Export*, with all his endeavours to conceal himself, I have found to be a tide-waiter at the Custom-house; and for *Walsingham's* little wit and humour, he stole it all from our writings, his own not being sufficient to find him in snuff and tobacco. As for Mr. *A. B.* or Mr. *C. D.* I believe that neither of 'em went very little farther in their alphabets. In short, you may read a ream of paper scribbled o'er by these fellows, without

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one similitude to prove a fact, or embellish their essays. The introducing of which into all debates is a method entirely new, and the honour of it solely ours; which I propose to introduce into the pulpits, and courts of *Westminster*; and without which, I do aver it a thing impossible for an author to argue clearly, or write correctly, whatever advantages besides he is master of. Ah, Mr. *P-rser*! wou'd a certain monarch, of a certain island I cou'd name, be once persuaded by his best friends to establish a privy-council of wits, instead of statesmen, and place a poet for a president at the head of 'em; cou'd he once be convinc'd how much fancy was preferable to reason, how much humour exceeded judgment, and a similitude out-did an argument, he himself might soon become a happy prince, and his subjects an envy'd people: Gin might be restor'd, smuggling reviv'd, hanging discontinu'd, and *Britain* become once more the envy, and the dread of nations.

Be of good heart still, Mr. *P-rser*, in three months time you shall find a Gazetteer in *England* as strange a creature as an elephant, or a crocodile. As the weather now begins to clear, expect nothing from me for the time to come but a torrent of wit and humour, bearing down all before it, except when it is interrupted now and then by the North wind, or a cloudy atmosphere, when, I find, I do not write much better than other people.

To the Author of the Daily Gazetteer.

S I R,

YOU frequently entertain your readers with the prices of goods at *Bear-key*, and *Billingsgate*, in which very few people have any manner of concern or interest. I beg leave to send you an account, underneath, of some commodities to be dispos'd of very cheap, which, I think, you have never taken any notice of, tho', in my opinion, very proper to be communicated to the publick; that your brother writers, in a dearth of intelligence, may know where to furnish themselves with materials proper to enrich their respective Journals. By publishing my catalogue of wares (intended for the benefit of my country only) I assure myself of the custom of my very good friends and fellow-labourers, Mr. *Gore-b-m*, Mr. *Haines*, and Mr. *P-rser*; together with their respective masters and principals, whether 'squires, knights, lords, poets, or ballad-makers; for whose help and service, in their particular dissertations, I undertook this useful and generous labour. And I desire you wou'd acquaint these worthy gentlemen, whose custom I assure myself of, that the retailer of the under-written goods, obliges himself to maintain the truth

truth of any falshood he disposeth of to 'em, for a fortnight at least; in which time, it is presum'd it may have reach'd to the farthest parts of the island, and effected the business it was sent abroad to accomplish.

A Specimen of some modern Christian virtues, consisting of Inuendo's, Insinuations, Suggestions, and Assertions; very necessary to inflame the resentment of the people, and to compleat the patriot-scheme. Enquire for the Grand Preservative, at my Warehouse in White-Friars and Covent-Garden. H. B.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
For a dearth in <i>England</i> , and a prodigious scarcity of money in and about <i>London</i>	-	-	0 2 0
For carrying a million of money in the last packet-boat into <i>Hanover</i>	-	-	0 5 0
For finding 100,000 <i>l.</i> in her late Majesty's closet	-	-	0 10 0
For burning <i>Magna Charta</i> by the command of the present ministry	-	-	0 0 9
For a glass lanthorn at <i>H - gb - on</i> , as large as an ordinary cupola	-	-	0 2 6
For a stable at the same place, holding a thousand horses	-	-	0 9 0
For dividing the yearly produce of the Sinking Fund between the King and his Ministry	-	-	0 5 0
For an ounce of patriot-loyalty, very scarce	-	-	50 0 0
For a <i>Craftsman's</i> blush, equally scarce and uncommon	-	-	20 0 0
For a secret alliance between <i>Spain</i> and <i>Kouli Kan</i>	-	-	0 3 0
For an argument to prove that true courage consists in flying, or desertion	-	-	0 0 3
For another, to prove minorities the greater number	-	-	0 1 3
For a tun of wooden shoes, transported by an order of council from <i>Calais</i> to <i>Dover</i>	-	-	0 0 9
For five speeches of Mr. <i>L - tt - - n's</i> , without a pun, a joak, or a simile; not spoken from his hat	-	-	0 0 1
For a secret order to Admiral <i>H - ddock</i> not to meddle with the <i>Azogue</i> ships	-	-	0 2 0
For a design of the Ministry to deliver up <i>Gibraltar</i> and <i>Port-Mahon</i> to the <i>Spaniards</i>	-	-	0 5 0
For opening and repairing the harbour of <i>Dunkirk</i> , and filling it with fifty <i>French</i> men of war	-	-	1 0 0
For a war being of absolute necessity to enrich a trading nation	-	-	0 3 6
For a late hurricane in the sugar islands, occasion'd by the signing a late Convention	-	-	0 1 6

For

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
For a place-bill being necessary at court, but unjust in the city	0	3	0
For a comet seen lately at <i>Twickenham</i> , denoting the downfall of the present Ministry	0	1	0
For a patriot continuing six months of the same principles	0	3	6
<i>Ditto</i> , for his opposing the present Administration from principles of virtue, honour, and conscience	-	-	-
For a tax designed next sessions upon beef, pork, mutton, potatoes, and water-gruel	1	1	0
For hanging rioters, smugglers, and rebels; being against law and equity, and a direct breach of the rights of <i>British</i> subjects	5	0	0
For a design to build a bridge next Spring from <i>Wapping</i> to <i>Hanover</i>	1	1	0
For another to blow up the river <i>Thames</i> , and drown the city	0	5	0
For Mr. <i>P-pe</i> being a modest satirist, and a very good protestant	0	2	6
For Lord <i>C - - -</i> , Lord <i>C - - -</i> , and Lord <i>C - - -</i> , being staunch Whigs in every step of their late conduct	0	0	2
For sedition, defamation, and falshood, being three cardinal Christian virtues	1	5	0
For an argument to demonstrate, that great exportations, and importations, are infallible signs of the decay of trade	0	0	9
<i>Ditto</i> , that the riches and wealth of a nation does not consist in money	0	2	6

N. B. The same person has a large quantity still by him (tho' he has dispos'd of abundance more lately) of jealousies, fictions, dreams, shadows, amusements, to please and delude the populace. Allowance to be made to those that take large quantities to retail amongst their country customers.—He begs leave to acquaint the publick further, that he has lately found out a secret to annihilate facts, reconcile contradictions, and to create any thing out of nothing, better than *Moses*; and to draw a lie at any time so like a truth, that the nicest discerners shall not be able to distinguish one from the other. And I desire to acquaint my very good friends, the *Craftsman* and *Common Sense*, that as our fleets are now equipping, and land-lies are like to be of little service, that I have prepar'd large numbers of marine, which will come much cheaper, as the carriage of 'em from abroad is not so expensive as those which come by land.—And they are shap'd and form'd in such a manner, as to last a day, a month, or a year, as suits best the occasion and necessities of the buyer. They are sent to any part of the town, or country, for ready money only;

only ; frank'd by a company of patriots, lately commissiion'd for that purpose. I am,

S I R,

Your very humble servant,

H. B.

To the Author of the Daily Gazetteer.

S I R,

A Correspondent of that ingenious mechanick, the author of the *Country Journal*, has, by his discerning genius, and deep sagacity, lately discovered, that you now and then receive an ode, or an epigram, sometimes a trifling puerile satire, from one of your coadjutors, who he is very sure lives in the latitude of fifty-two and a half; is a short corpulent man, about fifty years old, and teaches a private school (in which the top classic he ever read to his boys was *Cato*) about three miles Eastward of the *Royal Exchange*. That he has hit upon your friend and helper, he is fully persuaded from some unerring criterions, which enable him to distinguish the writings of a Divine from a Layman; by which he can infallibly decide, whether any author wears a fur gown or long sleeves; is in, or out of the commission of peace; and ventures so far sometimes, as to pronounce dogmatically upon another circumstance of a writer's life, whether he is a married man, or a batchelor.

Now, Sir, as the place of any person's abode goes a great way towards discovering his character, and his merits, it is, no doubt, for this reason, that Mr. *Danvers* has of late been so curious, not only to inform himself of the professions, titles, and employments, but even the residence of those gentlemen, who have the misfortune, in some political points, to differ from him, and now and then to suppose him a little weak, or faulty. For you must know, Sir, that a letter, suppos'd to be penn'd at *Richmond*, might have a little wit, or humour in it, which would appear extremely dull, or ridiculous, if it was found afterwards to have been written at *Newington*, or *Hackney*; tho' it has been observ'd, that the air of that village has been much amended, and the genius of the parishioners refin'd, and much alter'd for the better, since the erecting their new turnpike.

I am well assur'd, that it is Mr. *Danvers's* real opinion, that the climate and atmosphere of any place must have a mighty influence, not only upon the parts and understanding, but even upon the morals and principles of the inhabitants. It is from this conviction, that he is able to ac-

A a a

count

count for the sudden mysterious conversion of several of his friends, who had for a long time, been very corrupt in their lives, and erroneous in their sentiments; and crossing a small river, and three acres of land, became very great penitents, and tolerable good statesmen. It is farther added, that he is well acquainted with a certain park in *B - ck - am - shire*, of that mysterious, tho' honest quality, as to transform the rank-est Whig about Court in a few days into a stanch Tory, or a Patriot; and furnish him with plausible arguments against the Convention, the Revolution, and a peace with *Spain*: The air of this park having such an astonishing purity, as to oblige several colonels, to rail at standing armies; several courtiers to harangue against places and pensions; and one or two *B - - ps* to look upon Translations as unchristian; and all of 'em to vilify and condemn those measures as weak, dishonourable, and wicked, which they had espous'd, recommended, and conducted themselves by, for twenty years before. And from this visible difference in the qualities and atmosphere of different places, this wise Journalist experimentally concluded, that the very Fogs of *Dawl - y* and *Twicken - m* were more inspiring and salutary, and had produc'd more learned, and religious writers, than the purest air and sun-shine of *St. James's* or *Kensington*; within whose verge, it was impossible for any thing to be produc'd, but what must be destitute of sense, of virtue, and even common honesty.

As every man has some peculiar vice or virtue, some weakness, or excellency in his nature, to distinguish him from the rest of mankind, *Mr. Danvers*, I hear, assumes a merit from the different style, manner, and reasoning of any author, to settle the exact point of his residence, and determine minutely the distance he lives from the Court, the Exchange, or the Treasury. And a friend of his has often assur'd me, that he never knew him fail in his conjectures above half a league these fourteen years, and that only in two or three trifling instances. The first was, in ascribing a ballad to *Mr. White - ad* which happen'd to be written by the sexton of *Stepney*. The second, by honouring *Mr. T - m - n* with an excellent panegyrick, which, it seems, was sent to his printer, *Mr. Haines*, without a name, by a taylor of *Covent-Garden*. The third, when he loaded the ingenious *Mr. L - tt - - n* with the highest encomiums for verses in the Magazine, which were found afterwards to be compos'd by an eminent poet in *Moorfields*, who had just dethron'd *Kouli-Kan*, and was elected himself Sophy of *Persia*. In these instances he owns his friend was mistaken; but thinks the mistake more pardonable, as it arose from something of a very great resemblance he had observ'd in the different productions of these several writers.

I must beg leave, however, to dissent a little from the account this Gentleman gives of his friend's great sagacity in the discovery of authors. An honest

honest country parson, a particular acquaintance of mine, was handled very severely in *September* last, for some papers upon trade, which, to my knowledge, were publish'd by a solicitor in *Chancery*. And I knew a prime minister treated in the same rough manner for a dissertation upon Patriotism, whose author was never within fifty miles of *London*. From random guesses of this nature, it frequently happens, that an archbishop has suffer'd the reproaches due to a free-thinker; and a plenipotentiary has been arraign'd in the room, and for the offences of a country curate; and many eminent writers have shar'd the praises; as well as the corrections, which belong'd to others.

Tho' the *Craftsman* is very well assur'd that he has found out the person, occupation, and country-seat of one of your low assistants, who has been frequently, of late, the subject of his mirth and facetious raillery; yet he has some doubts remaining about the place and manner of his education, or rather, if he had any education at all; which he cannot possibly think cou'd have been at either of our universities; so mean his merits, so low and worthless his productions.

Now I am so weak, as not to apprehend what manner of advantage it can be to this sage enquirer to be satisfy'd in these doubts; because he must know, if he knows himself, that a person may enter either of our universities with a little portion of learning and virtue, and leave 'em with a great deal less than he brought along with him: That he may be admitted into those seats of knowledge with reputation and character, and leave 'em with shame, reproach, and infamy. He must know, that it is possible for a person to be a very good man, a tolerable good christian, and no very bad writer, who has never taken any degree, or even seen the inside of a college in *Oxford* or *Cambridge*. That those famous seminaries confer no grace, let him be a witness - that they do not always inspire us with prudence, wisdom, or honesty, let him stand up as a second evidence. - That they enrich the mind now and then with the ornaments of wit, humour, and raillery, destitute of truth, honour, and virtue, let his writings, if he pleases, be produc'd as an undeniable, and a lasting demonstration. However, to satisfy some doubts he still has about this Gentleman's education (who has been oft mistaken, and as often traduc'd for the guilt and iniquities of his brethren) I take the liberty to assure him, that the person pointed at by him, had his education for many years, and took some regular degrees in a certain university, at a time which he can never forget - I mean, when he had the misfortune to be driven from a Fellowship, and expell'd from that very University, for several eminent patriot-virtues, which were mistaken by a blundering President for vices and enormities. I am,

S I R,

Yours, &c.

The Patriot at full length; or, an inscription for an obelisk.

THE PREFACE.

WE have been frequently entertain'd, for some years past, by an eminent writer, with characters of arbitrary Princes, and wicked Statesmen, drawn from the accounts of modern times, as well as distant ages. And this with a very laudable and impartial view of instructing all, without doing the least injury to any living persons, by those little useful parts of history! Who, as they could not be prejudic'd, ought not, for that reason, to be displeas'd with any thing said of people, who, perhaps, liv'd many centuries before them: And therefore he look'd upon it as very unfair treatment, and an act of the greatest injustice, to find his good intentions to serve his country so invidiously represented, and, by many, so grossly mistaken; as if he publish'd the vices of some men, with no other design but to sully the virtues, and point out, by an artful insinuation, the enormities of others, in order to expose them to publick censure, contempt, and hatred. Cannot, says he, a Tiberius be bloody, a Coscia ravenous, or a Sejanus cruel, without reflecting a dishonour upon a British Prince, or a British Minister? Cannot the ambition of a De Witt, the pride of a Woolsey, and the ravages of a Rufinus, be taken notice of with a very unblameable intention, to terrify others from engaging in their vices, by putting them in mind of their sufferings, and their fate? Now should I allow any force or weight in this author's way of reasoning, he would get very little by it; because it would be of the same service to myself as it has been to him; and give me an equal privilege of drawing characters, and meaning no body by 'em, as he himself has so often, and so innocently done before me: And would prove that conduct very silly, as well as partial, to attack an author with those objections, which must hurt a man's own self, before they can weaken or prejudice his enemy. From whence it will likewise appear very unreasonable for an English Squire, or Viscount, to take any offence at what is said of an English Barrister. A meer phantom, that never had any existence but in an Essay, or a Journal; and as unreal and shadowy a being as a Fog, a Trott, or a Nestor; who, instead of Gray's-Inn, has his dwelling amongst the clouds.

The favour I have to request, or rather to demand of the publick, is, that the same freedom of thought which this author has us'd in his writings, sometimes with applause, always with impunity, may be indulg'd to others, as well as claim'd by himself; it being the equal right and privilege of all; and may, I hope, be exerted as laudably in a defence of the innocent, as it has often been in vindication of the guilty. And shou'd any person censure this

this liberty, or think himself injur'd by it, perhaps he may do it very much to his own disadvantage; since 'tis a sentiment of this judicious author, that no man can be displeas'd with a character, in which he does not imagine himself some way concern'd: That 'tis only a consciousness of guilt that makes a personal application of it; and finds in the picture, some remote resemblance at least of the original.

*Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.*

HOR.

THIS PYRAMID

Was erected to perpetuate the memory and actions

Of *CALEB D'ANVERS*, Esq;

Who in a late reign, which his policies render'd
Contemptible, and his example infamous,
Obtain'd his honours by an exertion of very great
Iniquities, and lost them by a commission of greater.
As he liv'd, so he died, an enemy to his king,
To his country, and to all good men;
By his artifices, rather eluding the severest penalties
Of the law, than by his practices not deserving them.
Those few he suffer'd, which were rather mercies
Than punishments, added much to his
Resentments, but very little to his penitence,
Or amendment;

His insolence to the throne rising in proportion
To the favours he received from it:
And whose greater indulgence only
Cou'd have render'd him more base or cruel:
Which, instead of softning his heart, or engaging
His affections, serv'd only to exasperate his hatred;
Not contented to be thought unjust,
Till he had heightned that crime, by being
Ungrateful.

In all his dangerous attempts to deceive
The people, and to distract the state,
No man had ever a greater appearance of virtue,
And, at the same time, so absolute a want of it:
For in all his infamous libels to defame the prince,
And to weaken his government,
The professions of the patriot were always urg'd,

To

To disguise the schemes of the traitor ;
 And therefore the shadow of a truth did him
 As much service as the substance ; and a plausible
 Falshood had all the advantages of a reality.
 This man had the dexterity to turn his worst
 As well as best qualities to his advantage ;
 And never entertain'd a virtue which prejudic'd
 His interest ; or parted with a vice, which he knew
 Wou'd promote it.
 He liv'd long enough in power, which he acquir'd
 By falshood, and exercis'd with tyranny,
 To corrupt the court with the worst example,
 To debauch the people with the worst principles,
 And to inspire 'em both
 With the most dangerous schemes of policy, that were
 Ever invented by the most wicked, or practis'd
 By the weakest part of mankind :
 Who were oblig'd to think like fools, before
 They cou'd act like patriots ;
 And to sacrifice their judgment, to give the strongest
 Proof of their affection :
 Who with a tender of their services, were unable
 To make him an offering of their senses,
 Which they had before resign'd,
 In a compliment to the capacity of their new leader.
 The sharpness of this man's invectives
 Made him but a poor amends for the forfeiture
 Of his allegiance and honour :
 Which, as it added to his vicious reputation,
 Doubled at once his guilt and impiety ;
 Who was pleas'd with every action
 That augmented his fame, tho' at the same time
 It derogated from his virtue.
 For, as he had more knowledge than integrity, and the
 Sense of the statesman far exceeded the uprightness
 Of the patriot ;
 The world was convinc'd, that his pernicious schemes
 To distract his country first, in order to enslave it afterwards,
 Flow'd rather from a perverseness in his will,
 Than any defect or weakness in his judgment :
 Which shew'd him capable of assisting the nation with
 The best counsels ; when he was perpetually * employ'd

* See the Report of the Secret Committee, throughout.

In a propagation or defence of the worst.
 This *French* guardian of our *British* liberties,
 Had discover'd a mystic way of breaking the *laws*
 According to *law*;
 Of offending against the liberty of the *press*, while he
 Was writing in defence of it; nay, of violating
 The common rights of mankind, at the same time
 When he pretended the warmest zeal in the vindication
 Of them.

He pleaded the intention of the statute against
 The letter of it; and, in the same page where he appear'd
 A most zealous assertor of our freedoms,
 He justify'd the sacrifice of our persons.
 The dictates of nature, nay of conscience, being urg'd,
 To defend a violation of national justice,
 Nay even of humanity:
 For while he openly inveigh'd against the tyranny
 Of legal prosecutions, even of the most veteran offenders,
 He publicly avow'd the equity of * *extra-judicial punishments*,
 Nay of murders, and assassinations;
 Of sacrificing a *British* subject,
 Without the formality of a trial, an examination,
 Or a verdict, by a *British* jury:
 By which infamous doctrine, this loud declaimer
 Against arbitrary power, in those who never
 Practis'd, and always abhor'd it, put a sword
 In the hands of disaffection, and violence;
 And gave a commission to the lowest and meanest
 Of his faction, to execute any act of rage,
 Or cruelty,
 Whenever he wanted their assistance to satiate
 His revenge, or gratify his resentment:
 This pitying statesman, who shed his sorrows
 Weekly over the afflictions of his country,
 Who view'd with compassion, even the sufferings of the
 Guilty;
 (And the greater the guilt, the more sensible his compassion)
 He, who cou'd not behold, without the most tender
 Commiseration, a † criminal punish'd, tho' in a much
 Gentler manner than the law directed,

* *Character of Rufinus, and others*† *Trial of Francklin.*

Cou'd yet calmly plan the destruction of the ablest
Minister, the wisest and most upright subject,
In *Great Britain*,

Without the least degree of regret, or compunction,
Nay, with gladness, with triumph, and exultation :
Exciting the people to acts of barbarity and violence,
By weekly panegyricks upon insurrections and murders ;
Where the victims were pointed out in the plainest
Manner, he had destin'd for a sacrifice ;
Who were sure to be persons of the most distinguish'd
Character, for their wisdom, their integrity, and
Their honour :

Virtues which he never possess'd,
And which therefore he always hated ;
As they check'd him in the progress of his iniquities,
And often frustrated the intentions of that guilt,
Which they had never power to eradicate
From so harden'd a bosom.

It was usual with this man to bemoan the hardships
We felt, and treasures we exhausted in a late war,
When he was trying, at the same time, every art
To widen our divisions, to expose our weakness,
And to engage all the powers in *Europe* to embroil
Us in another.

Affecting the warmest concern for our peace and safety,
When he was arming every subject at home with
The most violent and unjust resentments ;
And every enemy we had abroad, with the most
Dangerous jealousies.

Amongst many other peculiar privileges, he claim'd
A right of inverting the maxims both of religion
And morality ;

And, to effect the designs of his revenge, or vanity,
Cou'd mould the allegiance of one subject into a crime,
And the treason of another into a modern virtue.
He knew how to turn the merits of an enemy into
His disgrace ; and the infamy of a friend, into the
Most laudable accomplishment ;

Having art and eloquence to represent the most ruinous
Projects salutary, and the most healing and prudent
Schemes, destructive to the interest of the nation :
Which by his artifice and management

Has often applauded some, that were meant to sacrifice,
And rejected others, which had a direct and
Natural tendency to make her happy.
While he exclaim'd at a legal limited military power,
As arbitrary, and dangerous to our civil freedoms,
He projected a glorious law, to make that very power
Absolute, and uncontrollable;
Without which, no government yet was entirely enslav'd,
Or her liberties extinguish'd.
As a passion for popularity influenc'd all his
Actions, his character was an odd mixture
Of severity and ambition,
Of pride and humiliation;
Relying entirely on the ignorance or credulity
Of the vulgar, for that incense and adulation
They offer'd to his vanity.
Who wou'd have enjoy'd at least one consolation, had
Their leader's designs been prosperous, of being deluded
First, and undone afterwards,
By the very best of their *Friends*.
In the whole course of this eminent person's behaviour,
He affected rather to be important, than upright;
To be a fine statesman, than a good subject;
To enjoy a fame, than to deserve it.
Who wou'd have been much better pleas'd with a
Panegyrick on his parts, than one on his virtues:
Esteeming it a much greater happiness to be admir'd
For his genius, than his probity;
Since one enabled him to be mischievous,
The other only to be honest;
Which he look'd upon as a much lower accomplishment;
And an ornament more proper for a *Christian*,
Than a *Craftsman*.
With *Cataline*, the closest and most dangerous
Enemy to the *Roman* state, he violently affected
The title of a Patriot, and took the same methods
To acquire it:
For while he seem'd so ambitious of the name,
He liv'd a profess'd enemy to that worth, and those
Publick virtues, which distinguish
And adorn so exalted a character.
As he had many more that flatter'd, than lov'd him,
B b b

And

And who cou'd forgive his vices, as long as they drew
Any advantages from them,

He turn'd the necessity they lay under of flattering
His crimes, into a compliment, he imagin'd, they paid
To his importance :

All of 'em secretly detesting that conduct, which their
Hearts must abhor, at the same time when their tongues
Were applauding.

That reputation, which by his subtil arts he gain'd
Amongst the vulgar, was the mere effect of the
Prejudices of some *few* to the government, the partiality
Of others, and the depravity of all :

Who must be tinctur'd with some degrees of that
Guilt themselves, which they cou'd admire,
Or forgive in others.

He reconcil'd himself often to his most inveterate
Enemies, not to serve their designs, but his own purposes ;
Not to gratify their hopes,
But his own ambition, or cruelty.

Courting the interest of those men, while he despis'd
Their weakness ; and deriding their credulity,
At the same time when he courted their favour.
He was able to conquer the strongest averfions
Of his nature, to indulge the impulse of his
Passion :

When he resolv'd to sacrifice a friend he envy'd,
Or an enemy he hated.

This upright, this ador'd, this conscientious
Patriot, was, at one time, a pensioner
To the King of *France*, an agent for the Pretender,
And a first minister to the crown of *England* ;
And, as it served the ends of his own private interest,
Or ambition, by turns deluded, or betray'd each of 'em.
Tho' in this, however, he shew'd some regard to justice,
That he was equally unjust, and perfidious to 'em all ;
So that you had nothing to dread so much as this
Man's enmity, except his friendship,
Which was more dangerous,

As the engines chose for your destruction
Were always more conceal'd and secret.
During the exercise of his fatal greatness, he never
Consented to any one act, that did not dishonour his

Prince,

Prince, injure his country, and oblige
 The nation's very worst enemies.
 Who placed all their hopes of enslaving *England* in this
 Man's promotion, and lost 'em in his disgrace and exile.
 He was treacherous in every trust he accepted;
 False to every engagement he enter'd into;
 And unfaithful to every prince and state
 To whom he had vow'd fidelity and allegiance.
 By the scandalous peace he concluded in the very
 Midst of our triumphs, which gave
 The *victor* shame, and the *vanquish'd* glory,
 We submitted at once to a resignation of our conquests,
 The sacrifice of our honour, the forfeiture of our
 Credit, and the total extinction almost of
 Our national virtue:
Britain at this day labouring under a succession
 Of evils, entail'd on us, and our posterity, by this man's
 Ignorance or iniquity.
England trusted him, and was sold;
France receiv'd him, and was bubbled;
 The *Chevalier* entertain'd him, and was pillag'd;
 Always buying his peace with one prince, by some
 Act of treachery or falshood to another:
 Making his very crimes, a mark of his repentance;
 And his last guilt, an atonement for his former;
 And therefore the surest way of making him your friend,
 Was to engage him in the service of your enemy;
 To whom, you were sure, he could not continue
 Long faithful;
 Gravely affecting an appearance of that sincerity
 He never practis'd; and that nice honour he always
 Derided.
 He could pardon, nay applaud the baseness of
 One man, if he could turn it to his advantage;
 And openly arraign the virtues of another, if they
 Obstructed the views of his pride and ambition.
 In all his conduct being more influenced by
 The advantages of an action, than the justice of it;
 And if he found it useful, his heart always
 Suggested that it must be upright.
 Being too shrew'd a casuist to drop a design,
 Or decline an enterprize, only because

It was wicked and dishonourable.
 He ranfack'd the histories of every age and nation,
 For governments the most cruel, oppreffive, and tyrannical;
 To represent the most mild, the most juft,
 And merciful:
 Marking in capitals, and Italicks, the *base King*,
 Or the *wicked Favourite*; and leaving it to ingenious
 Malice, to make the application.
 Thefe bold and invidious parallels he publiſh'd weekly,
 With no other intention, but to incenſe the people againſt
 Thoſe perſons who had ſolicited his pardon;
 And againſt that very prince, who gave him a life
 Which his repeated treaſons had often forfeited:
 And no wonder he treated his ſovereign with ſo much
 Indignity, ſince the virtues of ſo good a prince muſt
 Always be hateful to ſo wicked a ſubject; who reſolv'd
 Never to forgive him, becauſe he refus'd to add
 Injuſtice to mercy,
 And perſiſted, never to reward that guilt,
 He was once ſo indulgent to pardon.
 This ſteddy, regular, uniform Patriot, in the courſe
 Of a few years, had headed as many factions
 As he had ſerv'd maſters:
 For he careſs'd by turns the *Whig*, the *Tory*,
 The *Diſſenter*, the *Jacobite*, and *Papiſt*;
 That glorious and natural coalition, which he had
 The honour of forming and perfecting;
 With this only intention
 (Which was at laſt diſcovered)
 To gratify, by their intereſt, his own aſpiring ambition,
 And afterwards to deſert and laugh at 'em all.
 He boldly pronounc'd all thoſe meaſures weak, or wicked,
 Which were concerted with the greateſt prudence
 To ſtrengthen the government, to preſerve its peace, and
 To baffle thoſe ſchemes, which with much art, but
 More wickedneſs, were contriv'd for its deſtruction:
 While the very ſame conduct, which diſtinguiſh'd a good
 Subject in one reign, began, in this ſtateſman's opinion,
 To deſame him in another:
 And was now intended to lead us directly into ſlavery,
 Which for forty years paſt had preſerv'd us from it:
 A power of diſpenſing with laws, and acting in a

Strict conformity to them, being in this writer's judgment
The very same action.
He corrupted the most prostitute slaves of his faction
To declaim weekly against *corruption* :
And by the strongest influences that can
Bias human nature, *brib'd* his servile agents
To bawl out against ministerial *bribery* :
Arraigning those measures as criminal, which every
Wise government has ever chosen to reward its best friends ;
And which he himself had taken, to engage in
His service, the nation's very worst enemies.
We observ'd in this person a peculiar talent of
Exerting his publick virtues :
He shew'd a veneration for his prince's wisdom,
In a constant opposition of his measures ;
And a load of invectives against his counsels :
He made known his sacred regard for the royal character,
By perpetually defaming the throne, or deriding it.
His affection for the government was demonstrated
By an open disturbance of her peace, a bold contempt
Of her authority, and a regular uniform derision
Of her justest and wisest determinations.
Rejoicing at every fortunate event that seem'd to threaten
His country with calamity or danger :
Never so fortunate, as when he beheld her in distress ;
Never so wretched, as when he saw her great and prosperous ;
In spite of his own unwearied endeavours
To make her miserable.
Tho' he had given many undoubted proofs of a fine genius,
And an extensive knowledge,
Yet, in many instances of his conduct, we suffer'd as much
By the weakness, as the wickedness of his policies.
The events of which left it doubtful,
Whether his counsels were more impotent or pernicious ;
If his country suffered more by his ignorance, or iniquity ;
By his want of experience, or want of honour.
When the nation, at a vast expence, had quieted those tumults
He openly encourag'd, he represented those taxes
Burthenfom and illegal, rais'd by law, to suppress
His own rebellions,
And defeat the defects of his own dangerous conspiracies :
Exclaiming at a few gratuities allow'd to our firmest
Friends,

Friends, who had himself resign'd up whole provinces
 To our greatest enemies.
 For he made a present of *Spain* to *France*; of *India* to
 Spain; of a conqueror to a captive; of a victorious
 To a vanquish'd enemy:
 Surrendering up our fame, our honour, our commerce,
 The glorious rewards of twenty successful campaigns,
 Purchas'd with seas of blood, and millions of treasure,
 To his own private interest and ambition.
 The faithful friends of *Britain* he betray'd,
 Or sacrific'd;
 The dangerous enemies of *Britain* he encourag'd and
 Supported; the wealth and treasure of *Britain*
 He consum'd and exhausted.
 Defrauding the nation, at one time, of almost
 * Thirty thousand pounds, which he seiz'd for his own private use,
 And charg'd to the publick service.
 Doing greater injuries to his country by his wicked counsels,
 Than *France* was ever able to do by her
 Policies, her fleets, or her armies:
 Who rely'd on the treachery of an *Englishman*
 For the destruction of *England*; and had
 No other assurances for the success of her schemes and negotiations,
 But this patriot's perfidiousness;
 By whose friendship, and secret endeavours, they were
 Carried on; oft became fatal, and prosper'd:
 Having almost finish'd a peace with the ministers of that nation,
 When the law made it high-treason even to correspond with them.
 In peace, he was an admirer of war; in war, a promoter of peace;
 Always determined to oppose every measure which his prince,
 The ministry, and even the whole legislature approv'd of;
 Without any other reason for his opposition.
 He was unable to support, with a becoming decency,
 Either his good, or his bad fortune;
 For he wanted temper to bear his disgraces with
 Fortitude, or his honours with moderation.
 Being the most insolent creature in the possession of
 Power; and the most abject, or turbulent, when he lost it.
 So that his unhappy country was doom'd to suffer equally,
 By his meanness and exaltation;
 By his fraud and perfidiousness when a first minister;
 By his rage and sedition when a discarded traitor.

* See the Report of the Secret Committee.

He

He made use of his learning, to deprive other people of their
Senses; of his parts, to turn others into fools, or madmen;
His profelytes (oftner converted by resentments, than reason)

Who were oblig'd first to condemn themselves,
And arraign their past conduct as silly or wicked,
Before they cou'd pardon, or pronounce his measures
Either wise or honourable:

No man ever headed a faction, or oppos'd a government
With a greater desire, or capacity, to do it a mischief:

For he had a genius form'd to contrive,
A resolution fitted to prosecute,
And a heart inur'd to perpetrate the basest actions:
Never deterr'd by the danger, or iniquity, of any
Enterprize, from attempting to commit it:

For if the guilt was great, he concluded the glory wou'd
Be greater, if he succeeded; or the defeat more
Pardonable, if he miscarried.

A thousand facts he resolv'd to maintain, without shame,
Which he had asserted, and publish'd before,
Against probability:

Being determin'd never to relinquish a falshood which
He had once contriv'd and propagated; for if it injur'd
An enemy, or lessen'd his character, or virtue,
It executed its commission with honour,
And cou'd not be base, because it was useful.

In the contentions he maintain'd with the glorious assertors
Of our liberty and happiness, he was always favour'd with the
Applause of the *vulgar*, the *prejudic'd*, and the *discontented*,

His great, if not his only admirers:
In whose learned opinion he was always just, upright,
And victorious.

Tho' he had ambition enough to aspire at the highest
Employments, he had never virtue sufficient to discharge
The meanest with integrity.

So that every accession to his greatness became
Dangerous to the true interest of his country;
As he always employ'd it in a violation of her
Freedom, her happiness, or her glory.

As if by an odd ambition he aspir'd to be great, only
To be mischievous; and coveted greater power, to be
More false, more cruel, and more oppressive:

He became a profess'd rebel to a prince to whom he had

Sworn

Sworn fidelity; and a friend to an usurper, he had most
Solemnly, tho' falsely, abjur'd.

Owing the greatest honours of his past life, to a
Conduct, which wou'd have sentenc'd any other subject in
Europe to a scaffold; an ignominy, which he often
Threatned to those very persons, who had sav'd him from it.
The sovereign, for whom he gravely profess'd the highest
Veneration, had not an enemy in his kingdom, but
This man ador'd him; nor a faithful friend, whom
He did not hate, traduce, or persecute.

Admitting none into his confidence, or councils, who had
Not first merited such a peculiar favour, by a *due want*
Of allegiance and fidelity:

And who deserv'd his friendship and protection,
By often insulting the royal name, to obtain,
With him, a title to the royal favour.

It was usual to hear this man boasting the tenderest regard
For his prince's interest, in that very page where he was infecting
His subjects with principles of disloyalty; arming them
With the unjustest resentments against his person,
And the most plausible pretensions to oppose his government,
And weaken his title.

Suggesting often, on his side, a breach of those stipulations,
By a strict observance of which he held his crown.
Whose character he injur'd less by his open censures,
Than his ridiculous adulations and panegyrics:
Which tho' his hand publish'd, his heart cou'd never dictate;
Which inspir'd him only to hate,
But never to praise, with *sincerity*.

Thus, while his very loyalty was seditious, his duty
Treasonable, and his friendship dangerous, the nation
Suffer'd less by other men's vices,
Than this man's piety:

Which was as much to be dreaded by the throne, as his
Hatred, or resentment; which cou'd never do it more mischief
Than his pretended affection.

He pleaded loud for the frequency of parliaments, whose members
He insulted, and whose legal privileges he attempted to annihilate.
Whose rights were sacred, while he hop'd for any advantage
From their favour and suffrages:
But became empty and chimerical when he found
Their power turn'd against him.

An advocate in his writings for the glory of that King, whose
Person he had libell'd, and whose just prerogative he had invaded.

A zealous defender of that succession,

Which he rais'd a rebellion to defeat,

Which he often endanger'd, and always hated:

Bemoaning the errors of a *Popish* prince, as fatal to our

National happiness, in that very page where he justify'd

The necessity, and own'd the blessings of a revolution.

The sincerest friend of that government he took a

Pleasure to distress; and to that happy constitution

He strove so often to tear in pieces.

Inspir'd by a mixture of great pride, and greater cruelty, to

Sacrifice the peace, the interest, the security, and every

Other blessing of a brave, but infatuated people,

To the impulse of private rage, passion,

And disappointment.

Always meaning *himself*, whenever he mention'd

The *publick*, which was in the most imminent danger

Of being ruin'd, whenever she rejected his schemes,

Or derided his policies:

Suggesting often a design in his enemies to restrain the liberty

Of the press; a falshood, which his own treasonable writings

Sufficiently confuted;

Since his own impunity declar'd that freedom boundless

And unlimited, which suffer'd him so long to scatter his

Poison, and propagate his seditious doctrines,

Without censure or correction:

By his treachery, he sacrific'd our confederates at home;

By his rashness, or ignorance, our fleets abroad;

Which, with a private view to his own advantage, he engag'd

In a desperate, and a dangerous * expedition in unknown seas,

Which was resolv'd upon without judgment, carried on

Without caution, and finish'd without success,

Except to himself, and our enemies:

Who began now to dread but little from that nation, who

Had chosen such pilots to steer her councils.

Being recall'd at last from exile, where his guilt

And his treasons had driv'n him, by an act

That had more lenity than prudence, more good nature

Than policy, to recommend it;

This grateful, this pardon'd criminal, employ'd the remains

* *The unfortunate expedition to Canada.*

Of a wicked life, in an exertion of the most desperate revenge
Against that indulgent prince and family, who had consented
To forgive, and restore him.

Having this quality as singular, as infamous in his temper,
That he as seldom pardon'd his friends for the good offices,
As his enemies, for the unkind ones
They ever did him.

Which made it as dangerous almost to oblige this man,
As to provoke another.

Since he had a genius, that cou'd turn a favour into an injury :
And, from a kind intention, draw a pretence for a revenge,
At least a resentment.

After a fatal recovery of his liberty, which most men
Forefaw wou'd endanger that of his country,
We beheld with astonishment an abandon'd faction
Paying, and a fugitive from justice receiving, adorations :
And greater deference paid to the judgment of one
British criminal, than the sense of a whole *British* parliament.

We heard, with an equal mixture of shame and indignation,
A rebel dictating to kings and senates ; an incendiary
Applauded for his faith and allegiance ; a traitor
Pitch'd upon to give laws to the *British* legislature, and
Determine the rights of a free people ; in danger often
Of being betray'd into the vilest slavery,
By those plausible, but pernicious schemes,
Which pretended to secure their properties, to recover their lost freedom,
And restore them to their former happiness :
Blessings, which were often endanger'd by this Patriot's
Virtues ; and happily secur'd, by the *guilt* and
Ignorance of those who oppos'd him.

After a life of so much infamy to himself, and so much
Mischief to his injur'd country, he had one only way left
Of attoning for his manifold offences to her,
And that was - by *dying*.

This happily restor'd to the Prince the affection of his subjects,
And to the subject the love of their sovereign :
Reviving once more that mutual confidence between 'em,
Which this man's wicked practices had long obstructed,
And by some invidious distinctions, almost totally destroy'd.
On this marble then, less smooth than his deceiving tongue,
And softer than his stony heart, let the memory of this
British Patriot for ever flourish :

Who

Who for many years, with equal malice and dexterity, obstructed
 Every wise and prudent scheme, calculated for our interest and
 Security; and encouraged every desperate attempt
 That threatned to distress, to dishonour, or enslave us.
 Whose conduct left the nation this only choice, to reject his counsels,
 Or her own welfare and safety;
 Either to get rid of him - or perish by him.

*A Supplement to a late excellent poem, entitled,
 Are these Things so?*

Address'd to the KING.

WHILE *Europe's* various realms your virtues own,
 And ask a daughter each to guard her throne;
 Proud from your hand to take the noble dow'r
 Of birth and fame, of beauty and of pow'r;
 By turns, while nations throng your envy'd isle
 To learn where war shall rage, or peace shall smile;
 What states ally'd, from terror shall be freed;
 What foe, that bids your arm defiance, bleed!
 Your fleets, when jarring pow'rs contend for sway,
 Deciding which shall rule, and which obey!

SAY then, shall censure wound, or pride disown,
 Those virtues which support and grace your throne?
 Impair that noble worth, or fame depress,
 Given by indulgent heaven to save and bless;
 How fair the lustre of that sov'reign's crown,
 Whose dangers only spring from his renown?

Too weak the eye of envy to sustain
 That light it pours around, without a pain !
 Which in her King she oft is forc'd to view,
 At once with wonder, and with sadness too ;
 Tho' prone to rage, and wishful to rebel,
 Cursing her heart, because it likes so well ;
 In vain the hero, father, friend, inspires ;
 She sees, and weeps - and as she sighs, admires.
 By his great worth the Fury wretched made ;
 Repining o'er that fame she cannot shade !

IF then Sedition lifts her snaky head,
 From thy firm heart, ah, banish ev'ry dread !
 What has the conscious upright breast to fear
 From the base sword, or from the rebel-spear ?
 While *Britain's* Genius round its fav'rite King
 Holds its strong shield, and throws his guardian wing;
 Still watching round his couch with pious care,
 When fraud contrives, or falsehood plans the snare ;
 Blunts ev'ry shaft that treason wou'd convey
 To his lov'd breast - or turns the point away.

To fill her motley list, and madding train,
 Let Faction then select the blind and vain ;
 From *Hockley* chuse her hero's to out-shine,
 Thy dastard troops, oh *W-de* - and *C-thc* - *rt* thine!

A mur-

A murmuring tribe, whom God cou'd never please ;
 Now loud for war ; and panting now for peace !
 The self-same scheme by turns the best and worst,
 Blessing to day, what yesterday they curst ;
 Fond of those ills that prudence bids us shun ;
 Quite starv'd in plenty - and by wealth undone -
 Resolv'd that nothing shall be just, or wise,
 Till C - b - m's reasons open G - rge's eyes.

AT *Britain's* envy'd fate let these repine ;
 Each warlike-hand, and upright heart is thine !
 The libel scorn, in cells and grotto's nurs't ;
 Inspir'd by hunger now, and now by thirst ;
 The two kind muses which assist their lay,
 And teach 'em how to sing, and what to say ;
 Prompted to write the meagre lifeless strain
 Oft by the belly - seldom by the brain ;
 With the coarse offals of a shamble fed,
 And lying weekly for their daily bread,
 The copy pawn'd - before the verse is read ;
To-morrow feeding (such the hungry lay)
 On the lean scraps and leavings of *to-day*.

IF Majesty so low cou'd e'er descend
 To read those lines, by want or envy penn'd ;

By

By wisdom guarded let 'em view thy throne,
And tremble at the virtue they disown.
Place thy great Parent's courage up to view,
And the same fame, by deeds as fair pursue;
Who with that generous love that did inspire
The monarch's bosom, mix'd the hero's fire;
In ev'ry action brave, as well as wise,
Who shew'd the King that pardon'd, cou'd chastise;
That the same eye with pity which look'd down
On guilt so oft, if scorn'd, cou'd wear a frown;
Correct the madness of a guilty isle,
And into vengeance turn a monarch's smile.

HER ensigns then let treason wave on high,
Deride, or view 'em with a hero's eye;
Shew her thy fleets o'er all the ocean spread;
Thy realm's protection, and each rival's dread;
Unable to endure their thunder's sound;
And *Spain's* proud turrets smoaking on the ground.
While haughty *Gaul*, that fain with scorn wou'd view
Thy navy's strength, beholds with terror too:
Whose schemes and counsels give thy breast no pain;
Not damp't, but *rising* o'er her king's disdain.
Shew her base troops their madness to restrain
Thy legions crown'd, and *Preston's* fatal plain;

Shew

Shew her the glorious field with slaughter red,
Where her gay coward-troops beheld - and fled;
Where *Britain's* loyal bands, and warlike spear,
Shook her mock-king and perjur'd bands with fear.
And yet a stronger terror to impart,
Shew her, great Prince, your own intrepid heart;
Where the sad eye may read, o'erwhelm'd with woe,
A scorn and pity for each abject foe.
The gifts united in thy royal mind,
And mercy in one breast, with courage join'd;
Calm in each trial, 'midst all dangers brave;
By wisdom guided when to crush or save;
When the keen sword of justice to withhold;
To raise the suppliant, or chastise the bold;
More pleas'd in ev'ry action to fulfil
The dictates of his honour, than his will;
To act the father's, than the sov'reign's part,
And rather mend, than break the stubborn heart.

SAY, faithful muse, for thy discerning eyes
Can trace hypocrisy through each disguise;
When cloath'd with duty, or bedew'd with grace,
It skulks behind the patriot's lying face;
In a smooth phrase, acts well the traitor's part;
Love on her tongue, and treach'ry at her heart.

Say,

Say, in each realm what numbers thou hast seen
Made righteous by repentment, or by spleen;
By pious wants whose morals strangely mend;
In place, the king's - when out, their country's friend;
A kind repulse, a lucky discontent,
Has to the soul its virtues often lent;
Fill'd it with parts and piety all o'er,
Darkned with guilt, or dulness curst before:
Celsus grew learned, upright, just, and wise,
Soon as the poft he lost had clear'd his eyes;
Found, the first moment fortune threw her dart,
Fresh virtues budding round his faintly heart.
His honour with his crosses still begins,
He looses first his place, and then his sins;
In the first moment of his fame's decay,
One after one, which kindly die away:
The statesman like the snake in vernal air,
Which drops his coat, to shew more fleck and fair;
Ill luck compleating what his good begun,
He ne'er was half so wise - as when undone;
Keen in each sheet, his satire's sting he owes
To the kind rage and malice of his foes;
Who long conceal'd, bring his rich gifts to light,
Their smiles not half so useful as their spite:
So great a foe to reason's seeing clear
Are pensions - and twelve thousand pounds a year.

How

How bold a champion then had freedom lost,
Had *George* still smil'd - and *Celsus* held his post?
Lov'd by his prince, and trusted with a place,
He still had wanted courage, parts, and grace!
His sense conceal'd - a Journal seldom wrôt;
Unmark'd the hero, and the sage forgot!
How dearly shou'd he prize the valu'd hour,
To give him fame, that robb'd him of his pow'r?
With the lov'd change the convert more than blest,
To live by courts despis'd - by fools carefs'd.

For glories vanish'd, give his heart no pain;
They purify the soul, and purge the brain;
Pour light into the mind, with clouds o'ercast,
And help it to relent for frailties past;
These may the man, but not his worth displace,
Who nobly soars to glory through disgrace!
Hear him now speak - his periods cut so keen,
Horace, you'd swear, had taught in *Aberdeen*;
From *Rome*, that *Glasgow* had receiv'd her rules,
And *Tully* water'd *Scotia's* learned schools;
Brought eloquence and arts again in vogue,
And banish'd thence her dulness and her brogue.
By courts unheeded, now he joys to view
All truth with him, and wisdom banish'd too;

His wretched king of ev'ry mail afraid ;
By foes insulted, and by friends betray'd !
Our counfels all, or weaknefs, or miftake ;
And of our guides, not one in twelve awake.
The venal mitre clubbing with the crown
To fix our chains, and pull fair freedom down ;
Amaz'd the giddy nation does not find
The prince deluded, and the people blind ;
His country by thofe fchemes to ruin brought,
Which he himfelf, not yet enlighten'd, taught.

NOR *Curio's* fame, forgetful mufe, defpife ;
From Fortune's frown, like *Celfus*, growing wife :
His gratitude confefs, and virtues own,
Sav'd from a fcaffold, to direct a throne !
Who breaks himfelf, the better to contrive
New ways, how frugal ftates may live and thrive.
Now in each packet from the South or Eaft,
He brings home peace or war - as fuits him beft ;
Without or feas, or wind, his couriers fail ;
Fame fpreads the news, and fame brings o'er the mail ;
He forms her tales, and keeps her fcouts in pay,
And prompts her what to fwear, or what to fay ;
A proper office for each tongue fupplies,
One hir'd for truth - and ten to prattle lies ;

The court in fault, whate'er its flatt'ers say,
 That troops will eat, and captains will have pay;
 That wicked armies food and cloathing need,
 When dry and hungry, that they drink and feed;
 While each convincing Journal makes it plain,
 This scheme was weak - that boasted treaty vain;
 Resolv'd, till he again the nation steers,
 That all shall blunder - Commons, Kings, and Peers.
 Sad *Britain's* woes in weekly rhimes deplor'd,
 Till *W - lp - le* is remov'd, or *James* restor'd;
 Till *Rome* once more sets happy *England* right,
 And all our ills are cur'd by *George's* flight.

LET then close cabinets no more pretend
 New schemes to offer, or the old ones mend;
 Senates no more in consultations meet,
 Sound wisdom shines alone in *Curio's* sheet!
 Who judges can direct, in courts preside;
 Instruct the prelate, and the sov'reign guide;
 Praise *Spain's* * tribunal, and propose from thence
 To hang - without a witness, or offence.
 The time exact, and seasons can describe,
 When 'tis a virtue, when a sin to bribe;
 How long a patriot may a fraud pursue,
 How long an author lie - and yet be true!

* *The Spanish Visita, or State-inquisition, propos'd once by the Craftsman to be introduced into England; in which no criminal is to know the person who accuses him.*

For what just causes realms a king may flight,
Swear on two sides - and yet in both be right.
With reasons stor'd, to arm the learned throng
Against the state, when senates lead 'em wrong;
False notions in their head who wou'd instil,
And teach 'em to be true - against their will.
Pleas'd in more mystic science to excel;
From love, to curse - from duty to rebel:
To prove themselves good subjects to a state,
They sily scorn, or else sincerely hate;
Till now, the patriot-scheme scarce understood,
Of nursing private feuds for public good;
In pure allegiance 'gainst the throne to fight,
And jarring states by discord to unite.

WITH *Curio's* schemes, oh muse, and manners tir'd,
To others haste, by wit and want inspir'd;
From their lov'd libel never let 'em part,
Since ev'ry curse each night brings in a quart.
Still in spruce couplets let pert *M - // - r* deal,
And rather want a conscience, than a meal;
How wou'd the priest support his tatter'd pride,
Did not the muse a rose and band provide;
A kind lampoon his gaping gown repair
Much better than a collect, or a pray'r?

Ah,

Ah, let not *W* - - - *d* miss his lean reward
(Something between a bellman and a bard)
Stop you the torrent of his patriot-ink,
How must he dine to day, to morrow drink?
Unless in verse each week some courtier bleed,
Ah how can *R* - - *b* be cloath'd, or *G* - - *rie* feed?
Who ends his sheet with scandal, and begins -
Lives well six days in seven upon his sins.
Give him a minister to stab or curse,
You cure his * itch at once, and fill his purse.
Blest with a guinea in his time of need,
A coin he never touch'd beyond the *Tweed*!
Wou'd not a pistol better much supply
The *Hockley*-chief with money, than a lie?
(In battles than in books much better read,
And savage, as the bulls and bears he fed)
Since those who dread a sword, may yet fulfil
The ruffian's aim, and murder with a quill:
The pen's much safer than the pistol's blast,
Since courage is requir'd to cock the last:
The trembling heart may libel, lie, and write;
And cowards may defame, who cannot fight.
Whose blest succession never is to die,
While *Hounslow*'s plains can *Hockley*'s stage supply.

LET him unheeded then his doggel squirt,
Stinking and stale, made up of dung and dirt?

* *Lues Scotica.*

Nauseous,

Nauseous, and only by our noses fear'd,
Drawn from those sties and jakes he often clear'd.
Shirtless he sleeps one day in garret mean,
To view the next his sleeves and ruffles clean ;
Chusing, with owls, in darkness to compose,
And hoot by night - to ward off duns and blows.

FROM these, ah prudent muse, retire in time,
E'er poison'd with the steams of baleful rhyme !
To other names for healing balm repair ;
Their conduct wise, their actions great and fair !
From the base crowd select each injur'd name,
Rivals in virtue, and ally'd in fame ;
Where nations to protect, and senates please,
Nature with art, and force conspires with ease ;
Their hearts to awe, and saving zeal restrain,
From envy launc'd her keenest shafts in vain ;
(Just like the *Pelian* dart her weapon's found,
Which guiltless strike, and heal whate'er they wound)
Pleas'd only when their country's smiles are gain'd
By wholesome laws, or injur'd rights maintain'd ;
Their worth by ev'ry grateful voice confess ;
Fear'd by the impious - by the upright blest.
A conscious joy whose bosom ne'er cou'd prove,
But from a senate's thanks, or nation's love ;
From prudent schemes, to save their country cast ;
For glory hop'd - or god-like actions past.

Each arm'd with powers of reason and of art,
To melt the cold, and shake the stubborn heart;
A triumph o'er their country's foes to gain;
To quell the bold, and undeceive the vain.

WHILE these, lov'd Prince, surround thy guarded throne,
And bless thy courage, and thy wisdom own;
With them thy future fame and glories trust;
And to be great, to these be only just.
Grac'd by thy smile, and proud of thy command,
See there thy *Pellb - ms* rise, and *H - rv - ys* stand;
A *Cholm - ey* born the statesman's line to grace,
A *Richm - nd* to prolong the Patriot-race;
Learn'd *Atticus* again in *Y - rk* ador'd,
And *Cato's* worth in *Onsl - w's* fame restor'd;
The wreath from *Tully's* brow by *Walp - le* won,
And *Rome's* best plans by *Britain's* schemes outdone.

IF then sedition wou'd thy peace annoy,
Neglect her arts - to scorn, is to destroy;
Let the smooth falsehood pass unheeded by;
Place is the aim - when freedom is the cry;
Search to the soul the statesman's leering wile,
And measure not the duty by the smile;
This may deceive, and act the kindest part,
When fraud inspires, or treason swells the heart;
Shew a pleas'd visage, and a peaceful eye,
And with a guise of truth, conceal a lye.

Thine

Thine be each breast, by faith and duty try'd,
Inspir'd by zeal on truth's and virtue's side ;
The bosom which cou'd ne'er a terror feel
From the close falshood, or the threaten'd steel ;
The patriot's libel, or the traitor's arm ;
Against 'em both, their upright fame a charm.

IN *Britain's* wise debates while these preside,
Guard by their power, and with their counsels guide ;
Give their lov'd isle, its laurels to reclaim,
A peace with glory, or a war with fame ;
To fully the fair lustre of thy reign,
Faction conspires, and force attempts in vain ;
Aw'd by that virtue which each subject charms,
While one her Journal drops, and one her arms.

So the firm rock deep seated in the main,
Does the loud tempest, and the wave disdain ;
Beat by the angry surge on ev'ry side,
Its stedfast base repels the rolling tide ;
Drives back the noisy billows as they rise,
And scatters the wild seas across the skies ;
Their empty fury by its strength surpast,
And dying - end in froth and foam at last.

